

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 8.—6 JULY, 1844.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE incomparable Spectator is the only British Journal we have seen, which has not fallen into a passion about the Prince de Joinville's speculations upon a steam armament to attack Great Britain—if it should become necessary.

These English journalists are right. It would be very cruel and barbarous to plunder and burn English merchant ships, or to batter down or hold to ransom English sea-port towns, killing peaceable men, and women and children. But we, who are out of England, cannot avoid making in some degree a *general principle* of it; and it seems to us that it is as wicked to do this to other nations as it is to do it to the English; and that it is as wicked for Englishmen to do it, as for Frenchmen to do it. And then we have a recollection that some of the English writers have speculated upon the expediency of battering down *our* sea-coast towns, and exciting the negroes to attack their *masters*, (they probably trusted to the chivalry of the slaves, as a security for the women and children.) And then the wholesale slaughters in India, and the cutting down solid masses of helpless Chinese, (in our opinion the greatest crime in history,) by way of opening trade! It really seems to us, whose habits and prejudices are all in favor of England, that she has less cause than any other people, to profess so holy a horror of shedding the blood of the weak and helpless.

But it has been a boast of England, that while the French and the Yankees are excitable, and can be easily goaded into passion by a *little fun*, the English are quite above the annoyances of journalists and pamphleteers. How is it, then, that sensitiveness is so apparent on this occasion? Can it be that the French prince has really touched a sore point, and that England feels herself less invulnerable, less *safe*, than she was before? Such has been our opinion ever since the applicability of steam to war-ships has been ascertained. So long as *sailors* were necessary in naval engagements, the superiority of England was sure—for it is impossible for a rival government, by any outlay of money, to create this indispensable ma-

terial. But when the steady steam battery came into existence, and the improvements in gunnery were made, it became possible, by an equal expenditure of capital, to rival the English navy—so far at least as to dispute the passage of the narrow channel upon equal terms. If there should be war between England and France, there will be successors of Paul Jones. Let us hope that the danger of this may have a due weight with future Palmerstons.

It will be seen that private trade with the Niger is about to be resumed.

As it is acknowledged that all the effect of the English navy upon the slave-trade has been to increase its horrors, let us hope that the conjecture of the Spectator may be realized, and that the treaties which England has made, (and which have often threatened to bring on a war with us and with France,) may be abandoned.

The Spectator seems to have a clear understanding of the immediate causes of the Philadelphia riots, and is disposed to do us justice.

The Energiatype shows a farther improvement in the wonderful discovery of the Daguerreotype. This, the Electric Telegraph, and the Atmospheric Railway, overwhelm us with admiration.

The Royal Love-Letters are curious, as showing the state of refinement and intelligence which the first family in the nation has attained to—and the gentleness with which women are treated who are so fortunate as to be connected with it.

If we *could* only have given the pictures of the English Exhibition in China, our readers would have heartily enjoyed it—especially such of them as have seen Mr. Dunn's admirable Chinese Museum, now in London. Even without them, however, there is much good in the article.

In the Memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans, and the article upon the Reprints of the Stuttgart Literary Union, we give some good continental matter.

THE TEA-ROSE.

[The following is taken from an American publication entitled "The Mayflower"—a series of sketches by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mrs. Stowe's scenes and characters are of a domestic nature, each exhibiting some feature in every-day life which we are apt to regard as of little or no importance. That which we extract very simply but happily inculcates the duty of cherishing a sense of the beautiful among our lowlier neighbors—"that fine feeling which rusts out and dies, because they are too hard pressed to procure it any gratification."—*Chambers' Journal*.

THERE it stood, in its little green vase, on a light ebony stand, in the window of the drawing-room. The rich satin curtains, with their costly fringes, swept down on either side of it, and around it glittered every rare and fanciful trifle which wealth can offer to luxury, and yet that simple rose was the fairest of them all. So pure it looked, its white leaves just touched with that delicious creamy tint peculiar to its kind; its cup so full, so perfect; its head bending as if it were sinking and melting away in its own richness—oh! when did ever man make anything to equal the living perfect flower!

But the sunlight that streamed through the window revealed something fairer than the rose—a young lady reclining on an ottoman, who was thus addressed by her livelier cousin. "I say, cousin, I have been thinking what you are to do with your pet rose when you go to New York, as to our conservation you are determined to do; you know it would be a sad pity to leave it with such a scatter-brain as I am. I love flowers indeed; that is, I like a regular bouquet, cut off and tied up, to carry to a party; but as to all this tending and fussing, which is needless to keep them growing, I have no gifts in that line."

"Make yourself easy as to that, Kate," said Florence, with a smile; "I have no intention of calling upon your talents; I have an asylum in view for my favorite."

"Oh, then you know just what I was going to say. Mrs. Marshall, I presume, has been speaking to you; she was here yesterday, and I was quite pathetic upon the subject, telling her the loss your favorite would sustain, and so forth; and she said how delighted she would be to have it in her greenhouse, it is in such a fine state now, so full of buds. I told her I knew you would like to give it to her, you are so fond of Mrs. Marshall, you know."

"Now, Kate, I am sorry, but I have otherwise engaged it."

"Who can it be to? you have so few intimates here."

"Oh, it is only one of my odd fancies."

"But do tell me, Florence."

"Well, cousin, you know the little pale girl to whom we give sewing?"

"What! little Mary Stephens? How absurd, Florence! This is just another of your motherly old-maidish ways, dressing dolls for poor children, making bonnets, and knitting socks for all the little dirty babies in the neighborhood. I do believe you have made more calls in those two vile ill-smelling alleys behind our house, than ever you have in Chestnut street, though you know everybody is half dying to see you; and now, to crown all, you must give this choice little bijou to a sempstress-girl, when one of your most intimate friends, in your own class, would value it so highly. What in the world can people in their circumstances want with flowers?"

"Just the same as I do," replied Florence, calmly.

"Have you not noticed that the little girl never comes here without looking wistfully at the opening buds? And don't you remember, the other morning she asked me so prettily if I would let her mother come and see it, she was so fond of flowers?"

"But, Florence, only think of this rare flower standing on a table with ham, eggs, cheese, and flour, and stified in that close little room where Mrs. Stephens and her daughter manage to wash, iron, and cook."

"Well, Kate, and if I were obliged to live in one

coarse room, and wash, and iron, and cook, as you say; if I had to spend every moment of my time in toil, with no prospect from my window but a brick wall and dirty lane, such a flower as this would be untold enjoyment to me."

"Pshaw, Florence; all sentiment! Poor people have no time to be sentimental. Besides, I don't believe it will grow with them; it is a greenhouse flower, and used to delicate living."

"Oh, as to that, a flower never inquires whether its owner is rich or poor; and Mrs. Stephens, whatever else she has not, has sunshine of as good quality as this that streams through our window. The beautiful things that God makes are his gifts to all alike. You will see that my fair rose will be as well and cheerful in Mrs. Stephens' room as in ours."

"Well, after all, how odd! When one gives to poor people, one wants to give them something *useful*—a bushel of potatoes, a ham, and such things."

"Why, certainly, potatoes and ham must be supplied; but, having ministered to the first and most craving wants, why not add any other little pleasures or gratifications we may have in our power to bestow? I know there are many of the poor who have fine feeling and a keen sense of the beautiful, which rusts out and dies because they are too hard pressed to procure it any gratification. Poor Mrs. Stephens, for example, I know she would enjoy birds, and flowers, and music as much as I do. I have seen her eye light up as she looked upon these things in our drawing-room, and yet not one beautiful thing can she command. From necessity, her room, her clothing, all she has, must be coarse and plain. You should have seen the almost rapture she and Mary felt when I offered them my rose."

"Dear me! all this may be true, but I never thought of it before. I never thought that these hard-working people had any ideas of *taste*!"

"Then why do you see the geranium or rose so carefully nursed in the old cracked teapot in the poorest room, or the morning-glory planted in a box, and twined about the window? Do not these show that the human heart yearns for the beautiful in all ranks of life? You remember, Kate, how our washerwoman sat up a whole night, after a hard day's work, to make her first baby a pretty dress to be baptized in."

"Yes, and I remember how I laughed at you for making such a tasteful little cap for it."

"Well, Katy, I think the look of perfect delight with which the poor mother regarded her baby in its new dress and cap, was something quite worth creating; I do believe she could not have felt more grateful if I had sent her a barrel of flour."

"Well, I never thought before of giving anything to the poor but what they really needed, and I have always been willing to do that when I could without going far out of my way."

"Well, cousin, if our heavenly Father gave to us after this mode, we should have only coarse, shapeless piles of provisions lying about the world, instead of all this beautiful variety of trees, and fruits, and flowers."

"Well, well, cousin, I suppose you are right, but have mercy on my poor head; it is too small to hold so many new ideas all at once—so go on your own way," and the little lady began practising a waltzing step before the glass with great satisfaction.

It was a very small room, lighted by only one window. There was no carpet on the floor; there was a clean but coarsely-covered bed in one corner; a cupboard, with a few dishes and plates, in the other; a chest of drawers; and before the window stood a small cherry stand, quite new, and indeed it was the only article in the room that seemed so.

A pale, sickly-looking woman of about forty was leaning back in her rocking-chair, her eyes closed,

and her lips compressed as if in pain. She rocked backward and forward a few minutes, pressed her hand hard upon her eyes, and then languidly resumed her fine stitching, on which she had been busy since morning. The door opened, and a slender little girl of about twelve years of age entered, her large blue eyes dilated and radiant with delight, as she bore in the vase with the rose-tree in it.

"Oh! see, mother, see! Here is one in full bloom, and two more half out, and ever so many more pretty buds peeping out of the green leaves."

The poor woman's face brightened as she looked, first on the rose, and then on her sickly child, on whose face she had not seen so bright a color for months.

"God bless her!" she exclaimed unconsciously.

"Miss Florence—yes, I knew you would feel so, mother. Does it not make your head feel better to see such a beautiful flower? Now, you will not look so longingly at the flowers in the market, for we have a rose that is handsomer than any of them. Why, it seems to me it is worth as much to us as our whole little garden used to be. Only see how many buds there are! Just count them; and only smell the flower! Now, where shall we set it up?" And Mary skipped about, placing her flower first in one position and then in another, and walking off to see the effect, till her mother gently reminded her that the rose-tree could not preserve its beauty without sunlight.

"Oh yes, truly," said Mary; "well, then, it must be placed here on our new stand. How glad I am that we have such a handsome new stand for it; it will look so much better." And Mrs. Stephens laid down her work, and folded a piece of newspaper, on which the treasure was duly deposited.

"There," said Mary, watching the arrangement eagerly, "that will do—no, for it does not show both the opening buds; a little farther round—a little more; there, that is right;" and then Mary walked around to view the rose in various positions, after which she urged her mother to go with her to the outside, and see how it looked there. "How kind it was in Miss Florence to think of giving this to us," said Mary; "though she had done so much for us, and given us so many things, yet this seems the best of all, because it seems as if she thought of us, and knew just how we felt; and so few do that, you know, mother."

What a bright afternoon that little gift made in that little room. How much faster Mary's fingers flew the livelong day as she sat sewing by her mother; and Mrs. Stephens, in the happiness of her child, almost forgot that she had a headache, and thought, as she sipped her evening cup of tea, that she felt stronger than she had done for some time.

That rose! its sweet influence died not with the first day. Through all the long cold winter, the watching, tending, cherishing that flower, awakened a thousand pleasant trains of thought, that beguiled the sameness and weariness of their life. Every day the fair growing thing put forth some fresh beauty—a leaf, a bud, a new shoot—and constantly awakened fresh enjoyment in its possessors. As it stood in the window, the passer-by would sometimes stop and gaze, attracted by its beauty, and then proud and happy was Mary; nor did even the serious and careworn widow notice with indifference this tribute to the beauty of their favorite.

But little did Florence think, when she bestowed the gift, that there twined about it an invisible thread that reached far and brightly into the web of her destiny.

One cold afternoon in early spring, a tall and graceful gentleman called at the lowly room to pay for the making of some linen by the inmates. He was a stranger and wayfarer, recommended through the charity of some of Mrs. Stephens' patrons. As

he turned to go, his eye rested admiringly on the rose-tree, and he stopped to gaze at it.

"How beautiful!" said he.

"Yes," said little Mary, "and it was given to us by a lady as sweet and beautiful as that is."

"Ah," said the stranger, turning upon her a pair of bright dark eyes, pleased and rather struck by the communication; "and how came she to give it to you, my little girl?" "Oh, because we are poor, and mother is sick, and we never can have anything pretty. We used to have a garden once, and we loved flowers so much, and Miss Florence found it out, and so she gave us this."

"Florence!" echoed the stranger.

"Yes—Miss Florence l'Estrange—a beautiful lady. They say she was from foreign parts; but she speaks English just like other ladies, only sweeter."

"Is she here now? is she in this city?" said the gentleman eagerly. "No; she left some months ago," said the widow, noticing the shade of disappointment on his face; "but," said she, "you can find out all about her at her aunt's, Mrs. Carlyle's, No. 10 — street."

A short time after, Florence received a letter in a hand-writing that made her tremble. During the many early years of her life spent in France, she had well learned to know that writing. This letter told that *he* was living, that he had traced her, even as a hidden streamlet may be traced, by the freshness, the verdure of heart, which her deeds of kindness had left wherever she had passed. Thus much said, our readers need no help in finishing my story for themselves.

From the Athenæum.

SONG OF THE GERMAN WEAVER.

THOSE of our readers who have travelled in that beautiful part of Germany called the Saxon Switzerland, and thence onward through Silesia to the Riesen Gebirge, will have knowledge not only of the character of the country, but of its industrious people, living not in towns, but, as it were, in one continuous village along the bottoms of the valleys, following the course of a river or rivulet. They will remember the houses, half built of wood, and gaily painted red, and green, and yellow, like so many Mrs. Jarley's caravans standing in the sunshine; and they will remember, too, all the webs of linen-thread which lay on the hill sides bleaching, and all the looms that they heard at work within the houses. They will remember that in these gay, straggling brookside villages, is made all the beautiful damask table-linen which has been their admiration at the hotels and in private houses half over Europe. As they passed through this region of German weavers, they, no doubt, have thought of our own weavers in Manchester and Glasgow, living in dens of poverty, working sixteen hours a day, and hardly seeing God's sunshine, and to their fancies these Silesian villages seemed bits of Arcadian life. The prosperity of that region, however, is with the things that were—times are altered, even there; political changes and restrictions, principally perhaps the closing of the market which they had for their goods in Russia and Poland, has brought down the curse of the bitterest poverty and want on these industrious people. The hand-loom weavers of Lancashire are not suffering more severe want than they.

Our own Hood wrote "The Song of the Shirt," like a knell sounding from the depths of despair to call up human kindness in human hearts, and the German poet Freilgrath, one of the noblest-hearted

men and finest poets of Germany, has written, too, his poem from the mountains of Silesia, which is a worthy pendant to Hood's song. The following is a translation, by Mary Howitt, of Freillgrath's poem, but which we must first premise with a word or two of explanation.—Rübezahl, familiar to our readers as Number-nip, had his haunt among the Riesen Gebirge, and was the especial friend and patron of the poor. The legend of Rübezahl is one of the most touching and beautiful of the German popular stories :—

From the Mountains of Silesia.

Green grow the budding blackberry hedges ;
What joy ! a violet meets my quest !
The blackbird seeks the last year's sedges,
The chaffinch also builds her nest.
The snow has from each place receded,
Alone is white the mountain's brow ;
I from my home have stolen unheeded ;
This is the place—I 'll venture now ;
Rübezahl !

Hears he my call ? I 'll boldly face him !
He is not bad ! Upon this rock
My pack of linen I will place him—
It is a right-good, heavy stock !
And fine ! yes, I 'll uphold it ever,
I 'th' dale no better 's wove at all—
He shows himself to mortal never !
So courage, heart ! once more I call ;
Rübezahl !

No sound ! Into the wood I hasted,
That he might help us, hard bested !
My mother's cheeks so wan and wasted—
Within the house no crumb of bread !
To market, cursing, went my father—
Might he but there a buyer meet !
With Rübezahl I 'll venture rather—
Him for the third time I entreat !
Rübezahl !

For he so kindly helped a many,—
My grandmother oft to me has told ;
Yes, gave poor folks a good-luck penny
Whose woe was undeserved, of old !
So here I sped, my heart beats lightly,
My goods are justly measured all !
I will not beg,—will sell uprightly !
Oh, that he *would* come ! Rübezahl !
Rübezahl !

If this small pack should take his fancy,
Perhaps he 'd order more to come !
I should be pleased ! Ah, there is plenty
As beautiful as this, at home !
Suppose he took it every piece !
Ah, would his choice on this might fall !
What's pawned I would myself release—
That would be glorious ! Rübezahl !
Rübezahl !

I 'd enter then our small room gaily,
And cry, " Here, father's gold in store !"
He 'd curse not ; that he wove us daily
A hunger-web, would say no more !
Then, then, again would smile my mother,
And serve a plenteous meal to all ;
Then would huzza each little brother—
Oh, that he *would* come ! Rübezahl !
Rübezahl !

Thus spake the little weaver lonely,
Thus stood and cried he, weak and pale.
In vain ! the casual raven only
Flew o'er the old gnome-haunted dale.

Thus stood he, whilst the hours passed slowly,
Till the night-shadows dimmed the glen,
And with white quivering lips, said lowly,
Amid his tears, yet once again,
" Rübezahl !"

Then softly from the green-wood turning
He trembled, sighed, took up his pack,
And to the unassuaged mourning
Of his poor home went slowly back.
Oft paused he by the way, heart-aching,
Feeble, and by his burden bowed.
—Methinks the famished father's making
For that poor youth, even now, a shroud !
Rübezahl !

THE DUKEDOM OF SUSSEX.

A committee for privileges of the House of Lords sat on Thursday morning, the Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair, to consider the claim of Sir Augustus Frederick D'Este to the rank, title, and honors of his late father, the Duke of Sussex, Earl of Inverness, and Baron Arklow.

The committee was numerously attended. The Lord Chancellor and all the law lords were present ; and the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Justices Williams, Patteson, Coltman, and Cresswell, and Baron Parke were also present, having been summoned to assist their lordships.

The counsel for the claimant were Sir T. Wilde, Mr. Erle, and Mr. Wilde ; and the case was watched on the part of the Crown by the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, and Mr. Waddington. We sincerely regret to say that the Attorney-General appeared to be still very weak and suffering.

Sir Thomas Wilde said that he appeared at their lordships' bar to present to their consideration the grounds on which Sir Augustus D'Este claimed to succeed his late father as Duke of Sussex. He had presented to her Majesty his humble memorial praying that he might be declared entitled to the succession, and it had been her Majesty's pleasure to refer this memorial to their lordship's consideration. The claimant would prove beyond all doubt that he was the son of his late Royal Highness. There would be no difficulty about that. Nor, it was hoped, would there be any in establishing his claim as the legitimate descendant of his father. He anticipated that the real question, which their lordships would have to consider would be that which related to the construction and effect of an act of Parliament, the 12th Geo. III., commonly called the Royal Marriage Act. It was with no small degree of confidence that he looked to their lordships for a declaration of their opinion that that statute did not apply to the case of this claimant.

The points that he should have to establish were—first, the fact of the marriage, which took place at Rome on the 4th of April, 1793, and of which he apprehended there would be no doubt ; next, that that was a valid marriage, independently of the Royal Marriage Act ; and lastly, that it was a valid marriage notwithstanding that act. He should, before discussing these points, state the circumstances under which the marriage took place.

Their lordships knew that Prince Augustus, the son of George III., was sent abroad at the early age of thirteen. It would appear, from the course of his education, and the period of his absence,

that it was intended that he should be domiciled abroad, and become an inhabitant of other dominions of his Majesty rather than that he should live in England. He was sent to the University of Gottingen in his thirteenth year, and remained there till he was twenty. At that age his health was much affected, he had become subject to asthma. It was supposed that his growth had been beyond his strength, and that it was necessary he should go to Italy, to try the effect of a warmer climate. He arrived there at the end of 1792. The arrival of a young and accomplished English prince at Rome would, of course, create a great sensation, which was not likely to suffer any diminution when his manners and accomplishments became known in society there. He was very gladly received in all society. Lady Dunmore was at that time at Rome with her two daughters, Lady Augusta and Lady Virginia Murray. Lady Augusta, especially, possessed very considerable personal attractions, and her other merits were worthy of her rank, her sex, and her station. The Prince became warmly attached to her. She did not at first favor this attachment. She was aware that any connection with a family, however high and honorable, but which was not royal, was not likely to meet with approbation. He himself struggled with his passion, but the struggle threatened to be fatal to him—he abstained from food, and intimated his resolution to marry or to die. His attachment and his offers were studiously concealed from Lady Dunmore, but the prince and Lady Augusta met as often as they possibly could without attracting observation. At last he pressed for marriage in the most urgent manner. She was six or seven years older than he, and she acted a most honorable part. Though she was not insensible to the merits of his Royal Highness, though she must have been impressed with his attachment—though these circumstances would naturally induce on her part a strong feeling of regard towards him, yet she felt that it was necessary for her to resist her own feelings, and to assist him in repressing the indulgence of his own wishes. But parleying on such occasions never did much good. Where an ardent attachment existed, in proportion as the object of it showed magnanimity and generosity, in that same proportion was the passion of the other party excited and inflamed. Thus every appeal made by Lady Augusta to the prudence of the prince, every attempt to induce him to impose a restraint on his own wishes, only increased the ardent repetition of his own entreaties. At last she gave way, and both seemed to have formed a determination to marry.

It would be proved to their lordships that neither of these young people had at the time the slightest idea of the Royal Marriage Act. The only difficulty that they anticipated was in the possibility of the royal displeasure. It even seemed that the prince imagined that when he was twenty-one there would be no difficulty in his marrying in England or elsewhere, and his object was to procure a marriage at Rome, so as to secure to himself for life this lady, in whom his happiness was centred. That object was with him one of paramount importance—he would have sacrificed anything to it. He was a man of too much honor and of too high feeling to entertain for a moment the intention of attempting to possess Lady Augusta upon any terms but those of marriage. To that purpose he thought there was no objection but in the possible opposition of the king; and he thought

that a marriage at Rome, would place him beyond the power of his Majesty's resentment; and he hoped that, that having taken place, he should be able, when he came to England, to conciliate the king, and then he intended publicly to celebrate the marriage, and thus reconcile his duty with his wishes. This accounted for a promise which some of the evidence would show he had made, never to disclose the name of the clergyman who had married them. He thought that, in fact, he should be permitted to have this second marriage, if he could have a private one performed at Rome. The prince applied to the priests of the Roman Catholic Church to celebrate this marriage, but they declined to do so. It happened that there were at that time very few Protestants at Rome. Mr. Gunn was there. He was a clergyman of the Church of England, and was there on some private business—he was employed on a search after the Stuart papers, and this introduced him to his Royal Highness. Mr. Gunn felt that it would be an imprudent act on the part of the prince; and when, therefore, he was asked to perform the ceremony, he refused for some time, but at last he yielded. The parties met at the residence of Lady Dunmore, taking advantage of an opportunity when that lady was absent. Mr. Gunn was made to call on Lady Augusta. She received him, and, while they were in conversation, the prince came forward, and the two young persons importuned Mr. Gunn to perform the ceremony. He did celebrate it according to the rubric of the Church of England. Everything which could render the marriage valid in that way was performed; and nothing, so far as form went, was wanting to give it force and validity. After a few months the prince was recalled to England. The lady and her family were likewise about to return hither, and on their road they met at Florence. The consequences of the intercourse between them had then begun to manifest itself. The lady was unwell, a medical man was called in, and at Florence, in order to prevent her from being treated in a manner which her case did not really require, the truth was confessed, and then, for the first time, her mother became acquainted with her marriage. They came to England in September or October, 1793. The prince went to his own family, and she remained with hers. From the first he had been extremely desirous that no question should be raised as to the legitimacy of the child, but he knew the pledge of secrecy which he had given to Mr. Gunn at Rome, and he was desirous of keeping that pledge. But, when the condition of the lady rendered it necessary that some step should be taken, the prince caused the bans of marriage to be published in the church of St. George, Hanover-square. They were published in the names of Augustus Frederick and Augusta Murray, names which did not attract attention, and no one knew of the marriage which was intended to take place, and which did take place shortly afterwards. It was impossible to say at what time the king was informed of the matter; but it appeared that very shortly afterwards a nobleman, having occasion to search the registry of marriages in that church, saw the names and handwriting, and immediately afterwards the king became acquainted with the fact of the marriage. The fact of the king's knowledge did not appear to have been communicated to the prince, for he was shortly afterwards ordered abroad, where he remained for some years, and it was not till after his departure, and after some severe proceedings

had been adopted towards the lady, that the fact of the king's knowledge of the matter was ascertained. Some time afterwards the prince was taken ill at Berlin, and the lady went thither to attend her husband. There was some difficulty in her getting a passport, and at last she obtained one in a feigned name, and departed to discharge her conjugal duties. After she had been there a short time she was required to quit Berlin, and she returned to this country. The prince afterwards returned to this country, and he then lived with her for some little time in a house which he occupied in Lower Grosvenor-street. During this time his communications with the Royal Family were not satisfactory, and he quitted England. From that time they never met again.

In the first instance the prince had left England at so early an age that he could have had no knowledge of the virtues or the firmness of his father, and thought, when about to marry, that his father would relent; but he knew from history what the character of that father was, and, in fact, he positively resisted, from the beginning, anything like a concession or a consent. Some years had passed away when, after this residence in Lower Grosvenor-street, the prince again quitted England. In the mean time his brothers had received titles and provision for their maintenance; he alone was kept in a state of extreme depression. Separated from his wife, from his family, oppressed with absolute poverty, he suffered dearly for the imprudence he had committed. His wife for some time suffered similar evils, and the consequences were such as might naturally have been anticipated. The lady became perhaps a little impatient under her sufferings. Wants and wishes had been excited in her which could not be gratified. In England she had, for the first time, become aware of that act of Parliament, which appeared the more to be feared from the obscurity of the terms in which it was couched, subjecting, as it did, the persons who violated its provisions to all the consequences of a *præmunire*—a word which, to those who did not understand it, appeared to threaten them with transportation. Complaints of her wants and privations were made to him, and, perhaps, appearing to him unreasonable, as these wants and privations were inevitable, produced by degrees in his mind an altered state of things. Letters of disappointment, possibly of reproach, followed. She was not aware of the efforts made by him to do her justice; and all this led to alienation of feeling between them; and having separated in full warmth of feeling, believing that their happiness depended on each other, they never again met.

Some time afterwards proposals were forwarded to her through Lord Grenville, to settle £4,000 a year on her on certain conditions, such as giving up the royal livery; and the lady, smarting under the circumstances already detailed, accepted these proposals. The claimant, however, was then, and always had been, the object of his father's affection, who addressed him in terms of as warm affection as were ever used by parent towards his children. The prince, too, desired that the son should succeed to all his honors. In his will, where he made the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., and the Duke of York, his executors, he urged them in the strongest manner to maintain the interests and rights of his son; and, even after being fully made acquainted with the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act, the prince still asserted the legitimacy of his son, and looked on him as

entitled to succeed to his own titles and honors. The influence of the royal character was predominant in these affairs, and the separation produced in this way became permanent.

The claimant grew up; he thought he had claims on his father to bring the question of his rights to an issue; but the prince had the most marked aversion to a public discussion of the matter during his life. His son did not sympathize with this feeling; and, when he saw his father becoming more and more infirm, and the clergyman who had celebrated the marriage dropping into the vale of years, he pressed the matter on his father, perhaps, a little too urgently for his father's pleasure. He at length filed a bill in Chancery, in order to obtain an examination of witnesses, and so to perpetuate testimony; but this bill could, by the rules of law, have no legal effect; his hope was that his father would have yielded to it. But the Duke of Sussex refused to be examined, on the ground that by such examination he might render himself liable to the penalties of the Royal Marriage Act. The clergyman refused in the same manner, and, as the law could not force the examination none took place. He ought here to mention that no other child had been born after the lady's visit to Berlin. The marriage had, as a fact, never been doubted, and the evidence that still remained would establish it. He should not read to their lordships any of the letters which preceded the contract of marriage. They were, like other letters, remarkable for the warmth of expressions of affection. The *sponsalia*, or contract, consisted of a paper signed by the prince and Lady Augusta. It was in the prince's own handwriting, and was in these terms:

"As this paper is to contain the mutual promise of marriage between Augustus Frederick and Augusta Murray, our mutual names must be put here by us both, and kept in my possession; it is a promise neither of us can break, and is made before God our Creator and all-merciful Father.

"On my knees before God, our Creator, I, Augustus Frederick, promise thee, Augusta Murray, and swear upon the Bible, as I hope for salvation in the world to come, that I will take thee, Augusta Murray, for my wife, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part; to love but thee only, and none other; and may God forget me if I ever forget thee. The Lord's name be praised. So bless me, so bless us, O God; and with my handwriting do I, Augustus Frederick, this sign, March the 21st, 1793, at Rome, and put my seal to it, and my name.

(L.S.) "AUGUSTUS FREDERICK.

"(Completed at Rome, April 4th, 1793.)"

"March 21st, 1793, Rome.

"On my knees before God, my Creator, I, Augusta Murray, promise and swear upon the Bible, as I hope for salvation in the world to come, to take thee, Augustus Frederick, for my husband; for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part. So bless my God, and sign this. AUGUSTA MURRAY."

The expression "completed at Rome" meant "married," or that the contract was completed by marriage, for in a counterpart of this document kept by the lady the word was not "completed," but "married." The letters he should now read would sustain the statements he had made relative to the difficulty of getting a priest to celebrate the marriage. The first was dated March 26, 1793, and in these terms:

"Do, my dearest Augusta, trust me: I never will abuse the confidence you put in me, and more and more will endeavor to deserve it. I only wait for your orders to speak to Mr. Gunn. Say only that you wish me to do it, and I will hasten to get a positive answer. See, my soul, it only depends upon you to speak; thy Augustus thou wilt find ready as at all times to serve you. He thinks, he dreams of nothing but to make thee happy. Can he not succeed in this, all his hopes are gone; life will be nothing to him; he will pass the day in one constant melancholy, wishing them soon to conclude, and finding every one longer than the other. Indeed, my Augusta, that cannot be the case; my solemn oath is given, and that can never be recalled.

"I am yours, my soul, ever yours,

"Have you wrote to me, my soul, since dinner? Have you told me what I ought to know? Has the Abbé been with you? He must bring good news."

Her answer was in these terms:

"Again I have confidence—again I have trust in our future endeavors. Forgive me, my treasure, my soul's joy, for having given you a moment's uneasiness by my past anxieties; but I agree with you, my beloved prince. I think Mr. Gunn ought not to be spoken to but as the last extremity. The Abbé is employed busily about finding among the Greeks or *Americans* a pasteur or patriarche, and this evening he comes to tell me what has been the end of his researches."

The learned counsel here read some other letters in a similar strain. On the 4th of April some serious doubts appear to have arisen, and the prince wrote on that day the following letter:

"Will you allow me to come this evening? It is my only hope: oh, let me come, and we will send for Gunn. Everything but this is hateful to me; more than forty-eight hours have I passed without the smallest nourishment. Oh, let me not live so. Death is certainly better than this, which, if in forty-eight hours it has not taken place, must follow; for by all that is holy till when I am married I will eat nothing, and if I am not to be married the promise shall die with me! I am resolute; nothing in the world shall alter my determination. If Gunn will not marry me I will die." * * *

On the same day she wrote in answer thus:

"My treasure, my dearest life and love, how can I refuse you? and yet dare I trust to the happiness your letter promises me? You shall come if you wish it; you shall do as you like; my whole soul rejoices in the assurances of your love, and to your exertions I will trust. I will send to (———), but I fear the badness of the night will prevent his coming. My mother has ordered her carriage at past seven, and will not, I fear, be out before the half hour after. To be yours to-night seems a dream that I cannot make out; the whole day have I been plunged in misery, and now to awake to joy is a felicity that is beyond my ideas of bliss. I doubt its success; but do as you will; I am what you will; your will must be mine; and no will can ever be dearer to me—more mine than that of my Augustus—my lover, my all. Don't be angry at my not adding my husband. I cannot any more say this till marriage sanctions it. Forgive my doubts—my fears. They are excusable in Augusta."

On the same day she wrote the following letter to Mr. Gunn:

"Dear Sir,—After you have been with the prince I shall be very happy to see you. My mother does not go out till near nine, so if you can come at nine

we will drink tea together, and talk over our misfortunes. I am, dear Mr. Gunn, your much obliged humble servant.

"A. M."

And then this:

"Dear Sir,—I cannot help thanking you very much for the goodness you have shown, and I feel very grateful for your having yielded to our wishes in opposition to your first determination; but still I should like to speak to you to-morrow if you can conveniently call. I am sure I shall be at home, and alone, at any time between twelve and two. I am, dear sir, your ever obliged and humble servant.

"Thursday night."

"A. M."

These letters came from Mr. Gunn's executors, and the second was indorsed by him as being written after the marriage. It appeared that they kept a journal, in which were recorded their transactions and their feelings. One extract, dated on the day of the marriage, was in these terms:

"A bright sunshine of hope blazed upon me yesterday, but the darkest ray of despair succeeded it. I return thee, oh prince, thy promises, thy oaths: if love does not make you mine, I scorn all other claims. I am extremely wretched, but I must submit to inevitable destiny. How that destiny changed at night, dare I tell? Oh, my God and my Lord, let me remember this awful day; let me remember the new, the dear duties it imposes on me. At night my lover and my prince came; then came a clergyman. Oh day, ever sacred to my memory! Oh moment, that I must record with letters of gold; you are written on the tablets of my heart; you have changed my destiny; this morning, wretched and forlorn; this evening, the happy wife of the most amiable, the most honorable among men. Teach me, O Lord, to deserve the favors you lavish upon me, and grant that I may ever have reason to bless this day."

After the marriage they appeared to have exchanged letters, which he should now read, and which were in these terms. The first was written by the lady, the other by the prince:

"My dearest and now really adored husband! you are but this moment gone—the sacred words I have heard still vibrating in my ears—still reaching my heart. Oh, my prince, my lover! and now indeed my husband, how I bless the dear man who has made me yours. What a precious, what a holy ceremony; how solemn the charges; how dear, and yet how awful. Do you feel happy, my only love? Tell me you do, that I may bless my destiny. To be your wife is the summit of my wishes; I have attained that summit; but if my loved, my adored husband has one moment of regret my happiness is fled, and despair returns. But do I talk of despair when joy ought to be my only theme—when it fills my whole soul?

"Shall I hear from you to-morrow morning, my only beloved! Will you write to your wife? Will you tell her how you have gotten home, and whether the coming out has given you cold?

"Your dear note is just arrived, my dearest husband! I will observe all you tell me, and assure you I feel happier than words can express."

"Wife! dearest of all beings! my dearest Augusta! what happiness, what comfort to my wounded heart, to find all sorrow vanished from it; yes, my soul, to feel what inclination, the dearest inclination, joined to duty, has done. We have made a hard promise to Gunn, a very hard one indeed; but what would we not have done for to have obtained the highest blessing—that of never being separated, our conscience free. Does my Gussy know that she can

no more have a will of her own, that she will and must be strictly guided by me? Oh yes, that the dearest creature knows; how rigidly we must observe what we swore to Gunn. Gratitude demands this; and, though a trial, we shall enjoy everything better afterwards.

"I may say at least Gunn has made us make a dreadful promise, and we must keep it. This is hard—much more so than we think; but a trial for to reap so much blessings from is just; and though at times we shall be sorry for having made it, yet comfort ourselves we have made a great acquisition."

On the 15th of September, 1799, the prince made his will, in terms which left no doubt as to what he thought of his own marriage and his son's legitimacy. This was an extract from it:

"I think it requisite and just for me to declare in this my last will that I was solemnly and duly married to Lady Augusta Murray, (second daughter of the Earl of Dunmore,) on the 4th day of April, 1793, at the city of Rome, and in the inn commonly known by the name of Sarmiento, where my aforesaid wife then resided with her mother, Lady Dunmore, and her sister, Lady Virginia Murray; and also that, for greater security, and not from apprehension of the first being insufficient, I again performed the ceremony of marriage with my said wife at the parish church of St. George, Hanover-square, in the county of Middlesex, by virtue of bans published in the said church on the 5th day of December, in the year of our Lord, 1793; and that, notwithstanding a decree has since passed the Court of Doctors' Commons to declare my marriage unlawful and void, yet I feel myself still not less bound by every obligation of law, conscience, and honor, to consider her as my lawful and undoubted wife in every respect as if that decree had never taken place. And that I consider and ever shall acknowledge our son Augustus Frederick, who was born after both these marriages, as my true, legitimate, and lawful son."

In another will, made in 1800, he appointed the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York as his executors, and entreated them to maintain the just rights of his son. He wrote on the same subject to various persons of influence, and took every means short of that open public avowal, which, if then made, would have superseded the necessity of the present proceeding. Such were the means he took to assert his marriage. There were now but few persons alive who had taken part in these transactions. The only person of the family now alive was Lady Virginia Murray, now residing in Paris, who would come here as a witness should their lordships deem her attendance necessary, but who could only prove the secrecy which had been observed by the prince and her sister respecting the whole affair, till the circumstances he had already mentioned had rendered a disclosure necessary and inevitable. The facts he had stated were, he thought, sufficient to establish the fact of a marriage.

This, then, brought him to the statute. There were now two questions to be considered: first, whether, supposing the marriage made at Rome, under circumstances like these, was held to be a marriage of the claimant's parents, this act contained anything which would render a marriage that was otherwise perfectly valid of no value whatever, and make the offspring, who would otherwise be legitimate, merely bastard. But he should not argue that point till he had made some observations on the statute; for, if the statute could render it null, it would be of little importance

that it was in other respects valid and binding. In arguing on the statute, he must assume the marriage to be in other respects a good and lawful marriage. Assuming that he came to the question whether it was void by reason of this act of Parliament, one of the parties to it being, within the words of the act, a descendant of George II., was this act confined to marriages contracted in England, or in British territories, or did it prohibit British subjects from marrying anywhere, or under any form, without first obtaining the consent required by its provisions? He contended that its effect must be confined to this country, and to marriages contracted within the British territories, and that the ordinary rules of construction, would so confine it. Such, he was sure, would be the conclusion of their lordships when its history was considered. The act was passed in the summer of 1773. In the previous year the marriages of the king's brothers, the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester, had been made public. The children of the king were too young at that time to require such a statute for their protection. The act was rather an expression of the royal displeasure against the king's brothers, than anything else. It was passed with extreme rapidity—it might be doubted whether it was consistent, either with regard to policy or religion, and on the face of it little consideration was shown either for principles or details. It was passed after a short but vigorous opposition, and was adopted amidst the protests of many noble lords. The Marriage Act of George II. had been considered by the courts as an act creating disabilities, and, therefore, to be strictly construed; the Royal Marriage Act much more truly deserved that character, and required the application of that rule of construction. It was indefinite both as to the persons to be affected by it, and the time during which it should operate upon them. It interfered with that which was most sacred in its nature, and most necessary to a man's happiness and to the good of society, and it professed to hand over to one person the choice of that which was dearest to man, though the person thus intrusted with the choice might have no one sympathy with the person for whom he was to choose. The first objection to the act in point of law was, that there was no period during which its provisions were restricted in their operation—it would operate on the descendants of George II. forever. If all the children of George III. had families as numerous as his own, the multiplication of persons on whom the act was to operate would have become ridiculous. If the public interests required such a restriction, the public ought to provide for the persons on whom the restriction was placed, for even the most remote descendants of George II. were affected by its operation. The circumstance alone showed the sort of rules of construction that ought to be applied to such an act. This act was uncertain as to time, place, and persons, and its value and general expressions could not be assisted by the doctrine of implication. In order to enforce this act, their lordships must abandon all the ordinary rules of construction, and guess at possible intentions.

Lord Campbell: You do not go so far as some of the lords who dissented from the bill, and declared that it was against the constitution, and though passed in Parliament could not have the force of law.

Sir T. Wilde never went to that length, when the Parliament which made the law possessed the

power to enforce it. It might be unholy, irreligious, and bad, but still it was law. What were its terms? He would read the whole of it, and then comment on its provisions.

[The learned counsel here read the act. The two chief clauses are these:]

"Be it enacted that no descendant of the body of his late Majesty King George the Second, male or female, (other than the issue of princesses who have married, or may hereafter marry, into foreign families,) shall be capable of contracting matrimony without the previous consent of his Majesty, his heirs or successors, signified under the great seal, and declared in council; and that every marriage, or matrimonial contract, of any such descendant, without such consent first had and obtained, shall be null and void, to all intents and purposes whatever.

"2. Provided always, and be it enacted, that in case any such descendant of the body of his late Majesty King George II., being above the age of twenty-five years, shall persist in his or her resolution to contract a marriage disapproved of, or dissented from, by the king, his heirs or successors, that then such descendant, upon giving notice to the king's Privy Council, which notice is hereby directed to be entered in the books thereof, may, at any time from the expiration of twelve calendar months after such notice given to the privy council as aforesaid, contract such marriage; and his or her marriage with the person before proposed and rejected may be duly solemnized without the previous consent of his Majesty, his heirs or successors; and such marriage shall be good, as if this act had never been made, unless both Houses of Parliament shall, before the expiration of the said twelve months, expressly declare their disapprobation of such intended marriage."

[A third clause subjected all parties concerned in the marriage to the penalties of premunire.]

Sir T. Wilde, having concluded reading the act, continued:—In this act there was no limitation on the power of the crown; and the fancied power of the party to give notice under the second clause might be forever prevented by the simple delay of the crown to express any dissent. Then again, the issue of princesses marrying into foreign families were excepted from the operation of the act. Why, that would have excluded the issue of Princess Charlotte, and perhaps even the issue of her present Majesty, for both were princesses who married into foreign families, unless, indeed, the fact that her Majesty had come to the throne before her marriage prevented the act from applying to her. The fact that such a question might be raised on the act showed how loosely its provisions were drawn, and how rigidly it ought to be construed, if it was not to be turned into means of defeating the principles, as well as impeding the practice, of the law of England. The act, it would be said, created a personal incapacity. But for that very reason it must be strictly construed. Now, its effect must in some measure be judged by the means of enforcing it. It created not only an incapacity, but a crime, one punishable by a premunire; in other words, by forfeiture of goods and imprisonment. But how was this premunire to be enforced? How could an offence against the laws of this country be committed by persons beyond the seas, unless the act creating the offence declared that it might be committed by such persons? In all other cases that rule of construction applied. No crime declared to be such by our law could be tried in this country if committed abroad, unless the law distinctly declared

that it should be so tried, and settled how it should be tried. In foreign states a marriage good by the laws of those states was recognized as good here. Such was a principle of law, existing not here alone, but throughout the civilized world. The marriage in this case was not good by the law of the place where it was celebrated. He should not repeat his arguments, that no statute of this country could affect British subjects in foreign states, without expressly declaring that the Legislature intended so to affect them. But such was the rule; and the cases of the laws against slavery and against usury were instances strikingly in point upon this subject. The learned counsel here proceeded to refer to several legal authorities in support of his arguments, and concluded by observing that he hoped, upon a review of the circumstances of this case, that their lordships would be of opinion that there was nothing to deprive the claimant of those honors to which he was, in justice at least, so fully entitled. He trusted that their lordships would consider the act of Parliament as one which, imposing liabilities, required, according to the ordinary rules of law, to be strictly construed, and as one the provisions of which could not be implicitly extended to cases for which it did not contain any express enactments. He should not stay to consider what might be the consequences of a contrary construction—what fearful events might arise from it—how it might even give rise to all the horrors of a disputed succession, and bring on the country all those evils which it had so long been our happiness to avoid. He simply asked their lordships to act on the ordinary rules of law—on those rules which had been found the best security for our lives and property, and, if they did so, he felt confident that they would in the end advise her Majesty to award to the claimant those honors to which he was justly entitled.

The further hearing of the case was adjourned *sine die*.

From the Athenæum.

Western Barbary: its Wild Tribes, and Savage Animals. By J. H. DRUMMOND HAY, Esq. Murray.

HERE is a fresh and pleasant volume,—we need not say cheap, seeing that it forms the ninth of Mr. Murray's *Colonial and Home Library*. It consists of notes made by the son of H. M. Consul-General at Tangier, on a journey into the interior: the object of which was to purchase for Her Majesty "a barb of the purest blood." Mr. Hay failed in his mission, but succeeded in collecting materials for an interesting work—as we hope to prove: premising, in the way of duty, that the perpetual flourish of his style, however accordant with a land where tale-tellers, and serpent-charmers, and holy madmen, and dervishes are as rife as they were in the days of Maugraby or Prince Camaralzaman, becomes occasionally a little wearisome. Modern Arabesque is too often a failure, and Mr. Borrow's gipsy narratives are, perhaps, the one exception which proves the rule.

Every page (to be sure the *Colonial Library's* pages are substantial and double-columned) contains its picture. The very departure from Tan-

gier city may be hereafter stolen by way of opening for a romance :—

"As we passed through the *Sok Srare*, (the little market place,) groups of tall Reefians, enveloped in their haiks or hooded gelab, the long mountain-dagger slung by their side, their heads bare and closely shaved, with the exception of a long lock hanging wildly on their shoulders, were resting on their *Agarreen*, or Moorish hoes, waiting for hire; whilst every now and then there passed by with measured steps a Taleb, (Moorish scribe,) returning from his matins in the great mosque, the living image of those 'who enlarged the borders of their garments, and loved greetings in the market-place.' We passed the Upper Fountain, where black slaves were screaming and squabbling as to who should first fill their antique-looking jars; whilst the Jew, the slave of slaves, waited humbly until his acknowledged superiors of Islam were satisfied. As we reached the gates of the town, old Hamed Ben Khajjo, the porter, made his appearance. In one hand he carried a ponderous bunch of ancient-looking keys; in the other a rosary, which he continued to finger, muttering away, as he counted his beads, some of the ninety-nine epithets of the Deity—'O Giver of good to all! O Creator!' And then another bead; and then a curse on the great-great-grandfathers of the crowd, who pressed upon him. The heavy half-rotten gates, covered in part with camel skin, much of which had been devoutly cut off for charms or medicinal purposes, swung back groaning on their hinges, and we passed out."

Then came the characters engaged in the adventure: the soldier and sole escort, Mallem Ahmed, mounted on a strong chestnut horse, with a flowing haik and a soolham of blue cloth, a tall red Moorish cap, and a pair of "dandily worked yellow boots with terrific spurs;" talkative Hadj Abdallah, with his black *gelab*, and the long Reefian knife stuck in his girdle, a sheikh of probity, and excellently skilled in the points of a horse; Sharky, "cook, butler, and slut" to the expedition; and Don José M. Escazena, the best of travelling companions and an accomplished sketcher. The road was over the hill of *Baharein*, or Two Seas; not easy to travel, but well beguiled with stories. Mr. Hay, indeed, takes more than the usual allowance of "yarn" to every *knot*. Hardly has he reached the top of the mountain which commands a view of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic (whence its name,) than he is encountered by Hadj Amar, armed with a peaceful bowl of milk, and the two start off in the "Do-you-remember" style of Act the First. But the reader need not fear detention over these episodical narratives, spirited though some of them be, since we propose to glean among the realities, before meddling with the wonderful tales which he gathered "on the rough road, and never thought it long." Skipping then, at once, the Hadj's story of Alee Boufrahee, the famous Barbary thief, we shall allow Mr. Hay to continue :—

"I interrupted our new acquaintance in his story, to point out to my Spanish friend some Moors thrashing corn. Mares with their colts tied

abreast by the head or neck are used for this work. One man stands in the middle holding the reins, whilst another shouts and applies the whip or goad when necessary. Mules and donkeys are employed in bringing the sheaves. The country folk are dressed in light woollen shirts, their arms and legs bare; a red cap or small turban covers the head; their shoes are religiously left at the margin of the thrashing-floor, it being regarded as holy ground by all the children of the East. I remarked that they carefully avoid making any calculation of the produce of their harvest, and are offended if you question them as to their expectations, checking you by the grave reply—'As God may please.' There is a curious custom which seems to be a relic of their pagan masters, who made this and the adjoining regions of North Africa the main granary of their Latin empire. When the young corn has sprung up, which it does about the middle of February, the women of the villages make up the figure of a female, the size of a very large doll, which they dress in the gaudiest fashion they can contrive, covering it with ornaments to which all in the village contribute something; and they give it a tall peaked head-dress. This image they carry in procession round their fields, screaming and singing a peculiar ditty. The doll is borne by the foremost woman, who must yield it to any one who is quick enough to take the lead of her; which is the cause of much racing and squabbling. The men also have a similar custom, which they perform on horseback. They call the image *Mata*."

We have met something like this manikin elsewhere, and remember, at the moment, the stuffed figure which is tossed about by the little boys, at the Antwerp *Kirmesse* in August. Proceeding on his journey, Mr. Hay's attention was next arrested by a fine three-year-old, "feeding with her dam amongst the stubble," with a head so small that she might truly "have drunk from a quart pot." A young half-naked Arab sprung up from amid the stubble like an apparition, ready with her lineage, and conscientiously stating that the one drawback to her entire desirableness was, that the rider who put her to her full speed would be deafened by it! The next group encountered was a party of hunters, "their legs well protected by palmetto buskins formed exactly like the greaves of ancient Greece, with a leathern apron to defend the body from the thorny thicket." They were boar-hunting, and their cries to the dogs (Mr. Hay vouches for his familiarity with the Mogrebin dialect of the Arabic) make a whimsical addition to a dictionary of venery :—

"By the note of the dogs they knew that the beast was at bay; so on dashed the whole hunt, shouting to their dogs to keep clear of the boar, and expressing their feelings in the most *endearing terms*; such as, 'My children—My dearest—Take care, he sees you—He is an infidel, a Nazarene—He will have his revenge—None but the one God!'"

Mr. Hay declined the lion's share of the pork pressed upon him, and invited the hunters to a supper of bread and fruit,—poor fare, we submit, after a day's sport. We have treated our readers

to a study or two of Barbary costume, they shall now have the European gentlemen at their nightly *symposia*, Mr. Hay and the artistic Don appearing in dressing-gown and slippers, but wearing each, in addition, a *lady's bonnet and veil!* as the best approved protection against the mosquitoes. The Barbarians seem to be now as polite as the French used to be; and even when the Frank sallied forth from the tent, on a subsequent evening, to treat with the Saheb Alarby for a horse, equipped in this epicene fashion, the only remark it provoked was, that the head-gear "was the very thing for robbing a bee-hive in." By the way, these tents are by no means the comfortless and unfurnished abodes the name suggests. Those of the Moorish officers are sometimes made of strong silk or fine damask, and are as well matted, carpeted, and cushioned, as the houses in the towns: those of the Arabs are humbler but more lasting in texture, being woven of palmetto fibre with goat's hair or camel's wool, with a brood of chickens, it is true, sometimes among the other movables. The scriptural handmill, or quern, and the baker-stones, and the spinning-wheel and distaff, and "the large and grotesque-fashioned chest," and the earthen jars, saddle, and long gun which "complete the furniture of the Arab's home." These tents, too, be it recollected, are, with persons of fortune, mere summer-houses. They have town mansions of sun-dried bricks, "for winter and rough weather," of greater pretension: and of the sights which may be therein seen by favored Europeans, let Mr. Drummond Hay tell, in describing his visit "to the house of a great man in this curious country:"—

"Having passed the outer porch of the Cid's abode through a low arch of horseshoe form, the party of which I was one were conducted into a little garden, where the verberna-louisa, the jessamine, and the rose vied in luxuriant vegetation. Our path was shaded from the piercing rays of a September sun by the thick foilage of vines trained over fantastic trellises of cane, through which hung temptingly within our reach fine grapes, both red and white, with some of a singular ash-color, and others of a long tapering form, peculiar perhaps to this country, and called, in the poetical language of the people's Arab ancestry, 'the damsel's fingers.' We ascended a few steps to an alcove, in front of which played a bubbling fountain, and through its jet of sparkling water came the cool breeze scented by flowers. Here we found our host sitting on a rich Rabat carpet, in the cross-legged tailor fashion universal in this country, with many an embroidered cushion to complete the luxury of his divan. A little behind the great man, yet where he could wait and watch for every wish of his lord, stood a young bronze-colored slave, whose fine eyes rolled their white orbs in astonishment at the Nazarene visitors. Three handsomely carved chairs had been placed for the Christians; such chairs as one might suppose to have been a gift to an ancestor of the kaid from some friendly governor of Tangier, in the time of our merry King Charles."

The host regaled the party with compliments,

accompanied (as the musicians say) on his rosary of green ivory beads, and then with exquisite tea served in delicate porcelain; cakes, and sweetmeats. The Moor is a Johnsonian tea-drinker, but loves his beverage furiously sugared. After tea came the treat of treats. The host's heart warmed to the point of his taking the great key from his girdle, unlocking the harem door, and pressing them to walk in. We cannot make room for half the objects described by our keen observer: how he noticed what (for brevity's sake) we may call the great man's armory; also, the trousseau-box of the favorite, and laid, saltire-wise, across its lid, an eight-stringed lute and the noisy *tom tom*:—how he observed that the mirrors made ill-natured reflections—a strange *galanterie* in a lady's chamber;—and that the brazen chandeliers were cast in that form of the two intersecting triangles which stands for Solomon's seal.

"Whilst our host was noting to my companions the names of the villages that are to be seen from a lattice, through which they were admiring the distant scene, I became impatient at a nomenclature which I had already by heart, and so moved sauntering away, peering about into sundry curious nooks and passages that form the strange distribution of a Moorish palace. At length, becoming somewhat alarmed at my own hardihood, I turned to rejoin the master of the house; when a door, through the chinks of which all my movements must have been watched, was thrown open, and out rushed the Houris, black, white, half-caste, fat, thin, old and young! It was impossible for me to escape, and had I made a precipitate movement, I should have become liable to the worst of imputations; so I stood stock still, and was quickly arrested by the powerful paws of a jet-black dame, and then commenced a general scrutiny of my person. 'Look,' said one, 'I told you the Nazarenes had a mouth, and a nose, and ears, just like the Mahomedans!' 'See,' said another, taking up my hand; 'one, two, three, four, five!—exactly the same number!' 'But what are these?' screamed a third, who had laid hold of the skirts of my coat; 'does he hide his tails here?' 'And he laughs, too!' they exclaimed. From this, indeed, I could no longer refrain, although I was becoming seriously uneasy, lest my absence should be discovered by the great man; for I was now in the midst of the most forbidden fruit, although it proved far inferior to what my fertile fancy had previously imagined. Indeed a less attractive posse of womankind I never beheld: for almost all these ladies were at a time of life when the fineness of the Moorish features had disappeared; and the only redeeming grace that remained to them, which is common, indeed, to all the white women of West Barbary, was the large gazelle eye. As to the admired *en bon point* of youth, it had been replaced by a gross fatness, which covered forms that were once perhaps of perfect symmetry. According to the taste of the Moor, a lady is in perfection when her charms are a load for a camel. One, however, of this motley circle deserved all my admiration as a Mauritanian Venus. This was a delicate-looking girl; her age, I thought, was sweet fifteen—the prime of womanhood in this precocious country; for their beauty seems to fade with the *teens*. Her complexion was very fair,

her eyes dark hazel, to which the black border of 'Kohol' gave a languid expression. She had a coral-lipped mouth, round as a ring, as the Moorish ode describes the feature. Her black hair, braided with silver cords, waived in profusion over her shoulders. Her sylph-like figure was clothed in a pale green caftan, embroidered on the bosom and skirt in a silver thread. This garment reached a little below her knees, and over it she wore an outer robe of light gauze, confined around the waist by a red zone of Fez silk. The sleeves of her caftan were wide and open near the wrist; showing at every turn an arm like alabaster, which was encircled by a plain but massive bracelet of Soodan gold; and her uncovered legs were seen from below the caftan clasped with chased silver; her feet were also bare, for in her sally with the rest she had forgotten her slippers; her feet, as well as her hands, were dyed with henna of a bright orange color. Over her head she had thrown a light muslin kerchief; but in this sudden tumult her curiosity got the better of her national caution, and she stood before me quite unveiled. During the uproar occasioned by my intrusion, the youthful damsel was the only one silent; but now taking alarm from the noise of the rest, she half hid her pretty features, and cried in an anxious whisper, 'Hush! hush! hush! My father will hear; and then, oh! what will become of this young Christian!' 'What do we care?' said a barrel of a woman, with eyes that rolled like gooseberries in a saucer, and whom I took to be the most favored dame of this party-colored assemblage; for her dress far surpassed that of all the rest in costliness. 'It was the Christian's fault for daring to—.' She could not finish her speech, for the gruff voice of their lord was heard. 'What is that noise? Where's the other Nazarene?' And then his heavy step came tramping nearer and nearer. Off scampered all the surrounding spirits, black, white, and grey. The little damsel was the last to move, and evidently with less apprehension than the rest. Veiling closely all her features except one dear eye, she said to me, in a quick whisper, 'Don't be afraid, Nazarene. Tell my father it was all our fault; he is very good-natured, and you are so young.' I had by luck a rosebud at my breast. I answered by giving it to her with a thanking smile; and instantly she flew after her companions. 'Elle Haramy! Hollo, young rascal!' said the big man, as he laid hold of me by the collar; and I began to feel that my head was very insecure on my shoulders. 'Kah, kah, kah!' and his fat sides shook with laughter; 'So, boy! (my chin was yet smooth,) you have been among my women, eh! Don't you know you deserve to die?' suiting the action to the word by drawing his hand across my throat. 'Eh! trying to carry off my gazelles! Eh! you young Nazarene.' Though frightened out of my wits, I had just breath enough to gasp out, 'O my lord, if I have done anything to displease you, attribute it to ignorance of your customs. In my country it is usual to pay our respects to the ladies in preference to everybody else.' 'Ah! deceiver,' said he; 'you Nazarenes must have a pleasant time of it too. Kah, kah, kah! I must go to your country. Kah, kah! Yes they speak true; they speak true when they say that your Paradise is on earth. Come along, young sir; I will show you the kitchen, where I have a black beauty in a cook; pay Christian attention to her, if you please. Kah, kah, kah!'"

But we are loitering rather than making way. Our solitary chance, indeed, of discharging our duty, lies in ceasing to follow Mr. Hay step by step: and the utmost we shall be able to do this week is, to offer, by way of specimen, an illustration or two of Barbarian superstition; the first chiefly because it recalls to us a traveller who, though lost, is not forgotten.

"A camel led through a country town in England, could not have excited more curiosity and astonishment, than the appearance of my Spanish friend and myself, in the wild village through which we were passing. At each door stood whole families gaping with amazement; whilst the younger children shrunk in terror, at beholding such strange apparitions. One youth, bolder than the rest, having approached our party, demanded of the Hadj what kind of beings we were. The Hadj, with a grave face, replied that we were *Jins*, or evil spirits, which he had caught and was conducting to Lارايعه, to be shipped for the land of the Nazarene. Upon which the lad fled howling to his hut. I remember poor Davidson mentioning to me the general belief he had found prevalent amongst the Arabs in those parts of the Levant, which travellers seldom frequent, that the Frank is in league with devils, witches, and unearthly beings. He told me that, on more than one occasion, he had profited by such fancies, when his life had been in danger from the wild tribes among whom he had ventured. Davidson was bald, and wore at that time a toupet. A body of Arabs, having surrounded him, had commenced plundering his effects, and threatened even his life; when suddenly Davidson, calling upon them to beware how they provoked the Christian's power, dashed his false hair to the ground, saying 'Behold my locks; your beards shall go next!' The Arabs fled, abandoning their plunder. On another occasion, when making some astronomical observations he was so inconveniently pressed upon by a crowd of insolent Arabs, that he found it impossible to continue his operations: so, turning to them, he said, 'O fools, seek ye destruction! Know the power of the Nazarene!' Then, beckoning one of the elders to approach, he told him to look through the sextant, whilst he, slowly moving the index, informed the barbarian that he would behold the sun to leave its course, and approach the earth. The Arab, pale with fright, after a momentary glance, threw himself on the ground and begged for mercy, beseeching Davidson that he would forthwith leave their land, and take compassion upon their herds and crops, upon which he felt convinced that the Nazarene had the power to inflict murrain and blight."

We are not precisely reconciled to this mode of managing a wild people, even in a land like this, rife with "periaps and spells"—witness the wonderful story (p. 61) of the snake charmer, whose doings Mr. Hay witnessed. Whatever may happen at the present juncture, for the sake of the future, the Magic of Truth is the thing which should alone be resorted to. But the tourist or resident in Morocco must have strong nerves, as he may be called upon to encounter strange playfellows in his morning walks.

"Shortly after we had passed the Sultan's

arsenal, we were met by a disgusting but not unfrequent spectacle in Morocco; it was a sainted maniac, naked as on the day of his birth, except a party-colored sackcloth, which covered his shoulders and back; his hair was long and matted, and his beard extended to the middle of his breast; in his hand he carried a short spear, ornamented with plates of brass, and bits of red cloth. On approaching him our attendants dismounted, and bowing their heads, seized his hand and kissed it. My turn came next; and as I did not like to come to such close quarters, I threw him a small piece of money; upon which the poor creature jabbered some few words of thanks, and then stalking up to me with all the dignity of a bashaw, and an air of condescending patronage, seized the collar of my coat and spat upon my eyes. I knew enough of the habits of the people to be aware that this was a high compliment, but I could not restrain myself from making a wry face upon the occasion; and I was pulling out my handkerchief to wipe off the filth, when the Mallem cried out, "O blessed Nazarene, what God has given let no man efface. Thou shalt be happy. Seedy Momoh, the inspired, has spat upon thee. Thou shalt be happy!" There is no use running in the teeth of superstition, so the holy spittle dried on my face. The madman or idiot is universally looked upon in West Barbary as a person to be held in reverence. The Moor tells you that God has retained their reason in heaven, whilst their body is on earth; and that when madmen or idiots speak, their reason is for the time permitted to return to them, and that their words should be treasured up as those of inspired persons. These wretched people are allowed to parade the streets in a state of nudity, and the maniacs sometimes prove most dangerous to unwary Europeans. A French consul-general some years ago was nearly killed by a sainted madman, and in 1830 I had a very narrow escape for my life from another. I happened to be walking on the sea-shore with my sister immediately below the walls of the town of Tangier, when I espied above us a wild-looking fellow about seventy or eighty yards off, with a clotted head of hair that bespoke a sainted madman aiming at me with his long gun, which he had rested on the wall. We were near a rock at the time, behind which we took refuge, and waited there a good while, in the hope that the madman's patience would be worn out; but he did not stir, and the passers by, whom I appealed to for their interference, shook their heads, muttered something about Seedy Tayeb, which proved to be the name of the saint, and went their way. In the mean time the tide was rising rapidly, and we had the unpleasant choice of being drowned or shot. We agreed it was better to risk the latter; so telling my sister to run off in another direction, I stepped forward and gave him the preference of a standing shot. The maniac took aim and fired; and I heard the ball whiz into the water behind me. I was proceeding to run up to him by a path which led to that part of the town wall where he was standing, when I observed that he was coolly reloading his gun; and as the next shot at close quarters might have proved more effective, I thought the best thing I could do was to follow my sister; so I fairly took to my heels."

We must conclude—at least for the present. Mr. Hay, it will be seen, incorporates the experience gathered during many years with the notes of his journey, and therein has done wisely.

From Punch.

EXHIBITION OF THE ENGLISH IN CHINA.

MR. FRISBY, our friend and correspondent, late Anglo-Chinese pundit of Canton, has favored us with a most particular and lucid account of an exhibition now opened at Pekin; a show which has attracted all the mandarins and gentry, their wives and families, of the "flowery kingdom." Little think the sagacious English public who visit Mr. Dunn's Exhibition, Hyde Park Corner, to marvel at the pigtailed and little feet of the Chinese, that a Dunn from Pekin—Li Li by name—has sojourned many years in England, for the express purpose of showing to his countrymen the faces and fashions of the barbarian English. But so it is. At this moment there is open in Flying Dragon Street, Pekin, an exhibition, called "*The Barbarian English in China*." There we all are, from high to low; numbered in cases as at Hyde Park Corner, and a catalogue of our good and bad qualities illuminates the darkened mind of the curious.

Our dear friend the aforesaid pundit has translated this catalogue for *Punch*; and has, moreover, regardless of expense on our part, caused drawings to be made of our countrymen as they are presented by Li Li to the dwellers of the Celestial Kingdom. The prominent parts of this catalogue we lay before the reader; they will be found to beautifully harmonize with the skill which has displayed us in cases; wherein, sooth to say, we do appear with a certain Chinese air, which proves the national prejudices of the artist. Whether he has improved our looks or otherwise for the Chinese public, we leave to the opinion of the judicious and reflecting beholder. Our simple duty is now to lay before the reader the Chinese catalogue, translated and enriched with notes, by our indefatigable and profound correspondent. The exhibition is dedicated to the "Son of Heaven," very vulgarly known as the Emperor. The dedication, however, we omit; as it tells us no more than that Li Li is, in his own opinion, a reptile, a dog, a wretch, a nincompoop, a jackass, when addressing the said "Son of Heaven;" that his "bowels turn to water" with dread, and his pigtail grows erect with amazement. It will be conceded that, allowing a little for oriental painting, the dedication in no way differs from many other such commodities of home manufacture. Leaving the preface, we begin with the

INTRODUCTION.

When your slave remembers that through the creamy compassion of the Son of Heaven, the Father of the Universe, and the Dragon of the World, the barbarian English were not, in the late war, seized, destroyed, and sawn asunder; that their devil-ships were spared, their guns respected, their soldiers mercifully permitted to retain their swords, and their sailors allowed to return to their barbarian wives and little ones,—when your slave remembers all this, his heart is turned to honey by the contemplation of your natural sweetness, whilst, in admiration thereof, his soul drops upon its knees, and, prostrate, worships.

And when your slave further remembers, that in some leisure hour, you may—with a benevolence that is as broad as the earth, and as high as heaven,—vouchsafe to reign over and to comfort the aforesaid barbarians, your slave tremblingly takes hope that the samples of the people he has gathered together, with the subjoined faithful account of their manners and their doings, may find

favor in the sight of Him, who when he sneezes, arouses earthquakes; and when he winks, eclipses the moon.

CASE I.—*An English Peer.* He wears a garter about his leg; an honorable mark of petticoat government bestowed by the barbarian queen. The garter is sometimes given for various reasons, and sometimes for none at all. It answers to the peacock's feather in the "flowery kingdom," and endows with wisdom and benevolence the fortunate possessor. The peer is represented at a most interesting moment. He has won half a million of money upon a horse, the British nobility being much addicted to what is called the turf, which in England often exhibits a singular greenness. The nobleman, however, displays a confidence always characteristic of the highly born. By winning so much money, he has broken the laws of the country, by which more than his winnings may be taken from him; but it will be seen that he has pens, ink, and paper before him, and is at the moment he is taken, making a new law for himself, by which he may, without any penalty whatever, protect his cash. It is the privilege of the nobility to have their laws, like their coats, made expressly to their own measure.

CASE II.—*Shakspeare.* This is the national poet, which the barbarians would, in their dreadful ignorance, compare to Confutzee. It is melancholy to perceive the devotion paid by all ranks of people to this man. He was originally a carcass butcher, and was obliged to fly from his native town because he used to slip out at nights, kill his neighbors' deer, and then sell the venison to the poor for mutton. (All this I have gathered from the last two or three authentic lives lately written.) He went to London, and made a wretched livelihood by selling beans and wisps of hay to the horses of the gentlemen who came to the playhouses. Thinking that he could not sink any lower, he took to writing plays, out of which—it is awful to relate—he made a fortune. (It is, however, but justice to the barbarians to state that they give no such wanton encouragement to playwrights at present.) Shakspeare, or Shakspeer, or Shikspur—for there have been mortal battles waged, and much blood shed, about the proper spelling of his name—is now the idol of the nation. The house he was born in has been bought by the government, and is surrounded by a silver rail. Whenever his plays are played, the queen invariably goes in state to the theatre, and makes it pain of death to any of the nobility to stop away. All his relations are dead, or it is to be feared—such is the devotion of the court to Shakspeare—that they would be turned into lords, and have fortunes settled upon them, like retired ministers and chancellors. A man named Char Les Knite, for only publishing his works, received from the queen her portrait set in precious diamonds, and was made Baron of Stratford-on-Avon. In a word, from the queen to the peasant, all the people worship Shakspeare. The first thing seen on approaching Dover is a statue of the poet, forty feet high, perched upon the Cliff. It is lamentable to record these things; but to fully show the moral darkness of the barbarians, it is necessary.

CASE III.—*An Actor.* In England, play-actors are very different to the players of the "flowery country." They all of them keep their carriages. When they do not, they, like Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, job a Brougham. An actor sometimes spends twelve thousand a year; or if he does not

exactly spend it, he takes credit for the same. Actresses, too, like watches, to act well, must act upon diamonds: these are sometimes borrowed at the rate of a hundred and fifty pounds per annum. The present specimen of the actor is also a sample of the first fashions. He is allowed great privileges beyond those of any vulgar tradesman. When he can't pay his debts he is allowed to make a joke, which is taken by the judge (commissioner he is called) as a very handsome dividend to be shared among the creditors. Three jokes and a fair intention at a fourth are generally received from the actor as satisfaction in full to any amount of thousands.

CASE IV.—*A Sempstress.* The women who live by needle and thread amount to many thousands; and are easily known by the freshness of their complexions and the cheerfulness of their manners. Indeed, nothing shows the humanity of the barbarians in a more favorable light than the great attention which is paid by the rich and high to the comforts of their milliners, dress-makers, and sempstresses. Women of noblest title constantly refuse an invitation to parties rather than press too hardly upon the time of those who have to make their dresses. Indeed, there is what is called a visiting committee of ladies, who take upon themselves the duty of calling, not only on the employers of the needle-women to inquire into the comforts of the workers, but of visiting the humble homes of the women themselves, to see that they want nothing that may administer to their health and reasonable recreation. Hence there is a saying in England, that "the life of a sempstress is as the life of a bee; she does nothing but sing and make honey."

CASE V.—*The Literary Lord.* Perhaps, nothing shows a greater laxity of the English police than the fact that a literary lord is seldom taken up for robbery. The specimen here given is from the life. The fact is, the English love the name of a lord, and so the booksellers pay handsomely for a title wherewith to gull the poor barbarians. The novel of a literary lord is generally made after the following fashion: He obtains the works of half-a-dozen of the lower and laboring classes, and, like a Hottentot, dresses himself in their entrails. He has been known to rob a Lion, gut a Tylney Hall, and knock down an old unoffending Antiquary, and only that he might enrich a miserable Tuft-Hunter. He is here depicted with a portrait of the original scissors with which he stops books upon the highway, and makes them deliver.

CASE VI.—*A Member of the House of Commons.* This is a beautiful specimen of a member of Parliament for a place called Lin Con. He calls himself a true son of Bull, and when his voice is heard, there is no doubting the relationship. He is at home, surrounded by pictures of the painted Britons, and is drawing out a bill by which Englishmen may be carried back to their pictorial condition. A cup of tea is beside him, which he drinks cold; his wholesome aversion to steam not permitting a kettle to boil under his roof. Members of Parliament—especially the members for Lin Con—are always chosen for the clearness of their heads. If a rushlight, held close to one side of the skull, will, in a dark room, enable the electors to read the written professions of the candidate, held close to the other side, he is immediately elected. In the present specimen, there was nothing to intercept the rays of light which shone through the head like the flame of a taper through a water-bottle.

CASE VII.—Literary Gentleman in Summer Costume. The literary men receive the highest honors. From their body are chosen ambassadors to foreign states, plenipotentiaries extraordinary, governors of islands, and other officers of great authority. All the barbarians, from high to low, pay them the greatest homage. The queen herself is so fond of the literary character, that she never sits down to dinner unless surrounded by at least a dozen of poets, novelists, dramatists, and others. In the palace they receive almost royal consideration. Nobody can calculate the sum of money every year expended by the queen in presents of jewels, books, &c., to the authors of England. And it is the same with the painters and sculptors. It need scarcely be added that all these people are immensely rich.

CASE VIII.—A Law Lord. This nobleman was a chancellor, which means an officer who sells the chances of E Qui Ty, an article of excessive luxury, very rarely to be indulged in by the lower classes. Indeed, E Qui Ty may be likened to our delicious swallows' nests;* it is equally dear, and to be obtained only at the greatest peril of the adventurer. The law lord is called, particularly by himself, the Mi Tee Broom, and is accounted the best juggler in the kingdom. He can turn himself inside out, like an old glove, and is often employed by the House of Lords to tumble and throw summersets to keep the noblemen wide awake. He can write a book with his toes, and even after dinner can spell every speech he has made backwards. With all this, he is singularly independent, and "cannot fawn or glose" upon anybody higher than a duke and a field marshal. He is a man of universal doings. There is, perhaps, no man in England who can better balance a straw upon his nose, or blow a new statute out of soap and water. When he would make a law to make a new place, he does it as carefully as a bird builds its nest; and for the like reason, it being for his own especial comfort and advantage.

CASE IX.—A Shopkeeper. The shopkeepers—especially those who deal in silks, hosiery, and linens—are a race of extraordinary people. Many of them write up over their shop-doors, "FROM FLINT'S;" but this is only a pleasant contradiction to show the extreme softness of their hearts, and the benevolence of their natures. They are all of them oracles of truth; and when you see it written up in their windows that they are "selling off at a great sacrifice," you may be sure that the shopkeeper, touched by the misery of his fellow-creatures, has resolved to almost give his goods away, that he may retire to "Bricks Town," or "Eye Gate," or some other suburb famous for hermits. Their shops, like those of the flowery country, are written over with moral sentences, such as "No abatement allowed," "For ready money only," and other choice maxims dear to the barbarian philosophers. The condition of the shopmen is also of the happiest kind; more than sufficient time being allowed them for the cultivation of their souls and the benefit of their health. Most of the masters keep libraries, and even billiard tables, for the improvement and recreation of

their young men. And whereas, in the "flowery country," we say as "happy as a bird," the English exclaim, "as happy as a linendraper's shopman."

Case X.—A Lady of Fashion. This is the wife of a nobleman, in full dress. It will be seen that the barbarian English have no notion whatever of "the golden lilies" which adorn the "flowery country." The poor women of England are, almost from their cradles, made the victims of a horrible custom. It is supposed that thousands and thousands die yearly from a disease called Tite Lace In. The female child is taken at a very early age, and has its stomach compressed by a machine called Sta Iz, which is ribbed with steel and whalebone, (whence the South Sea fishery for whales,) and is corded tightly up the back. The Sta Iz is never, up to the time of womanhood, taken off; as is plain from the specimen here presented. The barbarians have a laughable notion of the use of this custom: they think that, by making the waist no thicker than the arm, it gives beauty to the female—a melancholy bigotry. They also believe that it keeps the blood in the face, and thereby improves the complexion. The women have also another strange custom. They wear what, in their secret language, is called a Buss El. We have inquired of many of them the meaning of the word, but have always received a pouting, resentful evasion. We have, however, searched the dictionaries, and found a word somewhat like it—the word *bustle*, which means swagger, importance, fuss—and in one dictionary it has no other interpretation than cheat.

CASE XI.—A Bishop and a Beggar. The English bishop—unlike the priests of the "flowery country"—is a man chosen from the priesthood for the strength of his mind, and the excelling beauty of his life. Nothing is more common than to find the humble curate of to-day the bishop of to-morrow. Officers, appointed by the government, travel in secret through every part of the kingdom, to discover hidden virtue in the church; and when they find it, it is straightway exalted. To every bishop a large salary is paid, which, it is his religion to lay out to the last penny among the poor and suffering. Remark the extreme simplicity of his dwelling-place. He has just returned from visiting a hospital, and his hat, cloak, and staff, are laid only a little way from him. Wherefore? Alas! although it is a cold wet night, he must out again to comfort a dying widow. He has a hundred orphans at school at his own charge, and often bestows dowries upon poor maidens. He has, by right, a seat in the House of Lords, where he may be seen engaged in silent prayer that the law-makers may do the thing that is holy. When he speaks, it is to condemn war and injustice, and to turn the hearts of his hearers to peace and brotherly love. The English have a proverb which says "the words of a bishop are honey; they feed the poor." They have this other beautiful saying—"The bishop carries the poor man's purse;" and this is the only beggar that, during the long sojourn of the writer in England, was ever seen by him. Therefore, he can give no description of the class from a solitary individual. In fact, after a minute inquiry, it was discovered that the above was not a beggar from necessity; but was really a nobleman begging for a wager. Thus, in England, there are no beggars!

* Li Li here alludes to the nests of the *hirundo esculenta*, which nests are made into delicious soup by the Chinese. The nests are chiefly obtained in the caves of Java. They are generally taken by torch-light from recesses of the rock, where "the slightest slip would plunge the nest-seeker" into the boiling surf below.

* The "golden lilies" are, poetically, the little distorted feet of the Chinese women.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

BANQUET TO THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

THE Duke of Wellington's position at the East India Directors' dinner to Sir Henry Hardinge, on Wednesday, recalls the image of the captive French King in the tent of the Black Prince. The duke was the hero of the evening; Sir Henry, the nominal hero, laid all the honor of the banquet at the duke's feet; the chairman was lavish in his eulogiums of the duke; the great end and aim of the speechification was to soothe the duke. And yet, amid all this homage, the impetuous idea would recur, that the duke was sitting at the hospitable board of the Board that had checkmated him.

The duke, in return, was grimly civil. In his speech—returning thanks for the toast of himself and the army—there was, to be sure, not one word about indiscretion; but rigidly scrutinized, not one word of decided compliment to his entertainers will be found in it. No; though he sat at their table—though all the delicacies of the season, and all the flatteries of half-a-dozen seasons, were showered upon him—not one word of his House-of-Lords philippic was even by implication unsaid by him. Not an expression positively unkind escaped him—but not a kind one either. The bright armor of the French monarch could not have received with more polished coldness and rigidity the blandishments of his youthful captor.

The new governor-general, while apparently bent alone upon soothing his veteran chief, contrived adroitly to pay his court to the directors. The skilful and tortuous climax with which he rose from a panegyric on the Indian army, to dilate upon his own ultra-transcendental pacific disposition, was an unspeakable relief to the assembled chairs. The Board was heard to draw a long sigh of unutterable relief. Each chair muttered to itself, in unpremeditated concert with its fellows—"Public opinion is right; Sir Henry will be a safe governor of India."

Oh the faithlessness of chairs as well as of sitters upon chairs! Three little years have not passed since Lord Ellenborough was feasted with as much *empressement* as now Sir Henry Hardinge; yet on Wednesday his name was not once named, even by the Duke of Wellington; and, what was worse, words rife with implied charges against him superabounded. Sir Henry Hardinge's vehement protestations of pacific policy, his reiterated professions of deference to the Directors, and Sir Robert Peel's magnanimous declarations against any change in the constitution of our Indian government, all indicated where the shoe pinched under the late Governor-General. No one knew what Lord Ellenborough might take into his head next; and Lord Ellenborough, not contented with setting the fee-farm of his masters the directors constantly on the hazard, was barely civil to them when they remonstrated.

So, as far as ministers and directors can do it, Lord Ellenborough is quietly shelved. Whether he will sit quietly down under this on his return, remains to be seen. Doubts appear to be entertained on that head. Nay, from the unwonted despatch with which his successor proceeds to the scene of action, it might almost seem to be expected that Lord Ellenborough, unlike the "good army" of Bombastes Furioso, might "kick up

a row" before he allowed himself to be disbarred.—*Spectator*, May 25.

CUSTOM-HOUSE FRAUDS AND THEIR PREVENTION.—Some time ago, the public were startled with the discovery of enormous frauds, that had gone on for years, in the Customs—not only frauds committed on the department by bold and wealthy smugglers, who drove their trade upon such a scale as to impart to it an air of "respectability," but also among the officials themselves. The government appointed a commission to inquire; law-proceedings were commenced against some of the delinquents; several verdicts were obtained; and—what else? Hitherto, nothing! Not the least wonderful part of the business is the extraordinary backwardness apparent in following up the several proceedings. In the city, these questions have been asked—When is the evidence taken before the commission to be produced, or is it to be suppressed? When are the other revenue-trials to come on, or are they to be quashed? Where verdicts for the crown have been obtained, has judgment been followed up; or have the parties been allowed to laugh at the delay? When are the names of the delinquents to be made public; will *all* be declared; or will some be suppressed, or all? When are fair dealers to be relieved from the suspicions with which they are now regarded? These, and perhaps still darker doubts, thus find voice; and it is not to be wondered that an answer is anxiously looked for, when it is supposed that the revenue has suffered to the extent of several millions per annum—perhaps to the extent of the income-tax! Some alteration has been made in the staff of the department, by appointing two inspectors and increasing the number of surveyors and other subordinates; which may be very needful and very useful; but the evil would seem to be too deep-seated for that sort of surface-plastering. Slight palliatives do not deserve to be taken into account, when such a radical taint, a rottenness at the core of the department, remains untouched. The whole disease should be laid bare; the whole diseased parts extirpated, by searching remedies; and, above all, future wrong should be prevented by publicity, and especially by making the managing Board of Commissioners an open board, where any complaint may be stated; at present, "petitions" which might be disposed of in a few hours remain unanswered for weeks—many weeks! There appears to be no system; and, whatever the evidence may show respecting the particular cases of fraud, nothing can show that the addition of a few officers and a few trivial improvements of regulation will suffice where the causes of evil have been want of system and internal demoralization.—*Spectator*, May 25.

RENEWED INTERCOURSE WITH THE NIGER.—One of the weightiest objections to the government Niger Expedition, was its necessary tendency to suppress the trade from Europe, which had already been opened with the interior through that river. Mr. Jamieson, whose enterprize had created that trade, felt that it was in vain for the merchant to expect returns for his goods, so long as a joint-stock company, supplied with public money, was scattering lavish presents of similar goods. Mr. Jamieson therefore withdrew from the field; and for the civilizing influence of a commercial intercourse with the agents of British merchants, was substituted the "model-farm," in which negroes

who had enough of European education to make them more powerful than the natives, and who were liberated from the control of European observation, soon established slavery!

The government expedition having proved a lamentable and disgraceful failure, has in turn been withdrawn; and the Niger is again left free to the enterprise of British commerce. Mr. Jamieson, we learn from some remarks which he has printed for circulation among those who take an interest in Africa, is of opinion that this mischievous interference having ceased, a successful attempt might be made to re-open the trade of the Niger. Jealousy of the objects of Europeans, he admits, does exist, since the government commissioners attempted to acquire the sovereignty of portions of territory on the river; but this, he is confident, would be effaced after the second visit of a steamer for exclusively commercial purposes. Captain Becroft's experience, during a stay of nearly seven months on the Niger, has shown that the fatal sickness in the government expedition was mainly owing to the excess of Europeans in the ship's companies; and that a crew of natives under European officers are perfectly competent to the management of a steam-ship. Mr. Jamieson proposes to form an association for re-establishing the trade with the Niger, destroyed by government interference, and to raise the requisite funds by subscription. There is this to be said in favor of the proposal—that what Mr. Jamieson formerly did unaided, a company with adequate means may do again. The experience acquired by the officers of the *Ethiopia*, (Mr. Jamieson's steamer,) during a three-years' cruise in the Niger, Calabar, and neighboring rivers, and their willingness to return, are in favor of the experiment. It is to be wished that something of the kind could be tried. An intercourse with the interior of Africa, which was slowly but surely extending by natural means, has been interrupted by a dreamy attempt to do too much; and the inhabitants have been shut out from traffic with a more advanced race—the only means of civilizing them. To undo that evil, is a legitimate field for private enterprise. Mr. Jamieson calculates that £20,000 at the utmost, would purchase the vessels and secure the working of the plan for four years; and he thinks there will surely be found in Great Britain twenty persons willing to subscribe £1,000, or two hundred persons to subscribe £100 each.

Spectator, May 25.

THE ROLEY-POLEY MARTYRS.—Man is a sympathizing animal. He seems incapable of existing unless he has some oppressed beings to pity and protect. A state of perfect happiness would be misery to him, for there would be no one to excite his compassion—no one in whose behalf to indulge his quarrelsome propensities. The county of Surrey must be fast verging towards the insipid state of unalloyed felicity, when the inhabitants of Epsom, for want of better objects to give exercise to their amiable and heroic propensities, are obliged to take up with the owners of roley-poleys, wheels of fortune, &c., scattered before a ruthless Police.

On Monday night, the Commissioners of Police, “ungraciously if not unjustly,” as the newspapers have it, issued a notice for the suppression of gambling-booths at Epsom races. A meeting of the inhabitants addressed a memorial to the Home Office, in consequence of this “arbitrary proceeding” of the Police Commissioners. In the memo-

rial it was represented with due emphasis, that the keepers of the gambling-booths had spent large sums in hiring ground and fitting up tents to inveigle the unwary; and that “if they are not allowed to proceed, hundreds of persons must be reduced to a state of destitution, many having travelled from all parts of the United Kingdom.” This is the richest idea of a “vested interest” on record; the pockets of the honest holiday-folks are to be exposed to the congregated blackguardism of all parts of the United Kingdom, because “a similar practice has prevailed.” And the penny-a-line chroniclers of the races, catching the contagious sympathy of the inhabitants of Epsom, are astonished at the dignified forbearance of the injured swindlers, after Sir James Graham's cruel refusal to repeal the police ordinance—“The unfortunate persons who had hired and paid for ground for their gambling-booths did not create any disturbance; and we have heard that the reason they did not, was not so much from fear and deference for the police, as respect for the local magistrates. Perhaps the presence of the military aided.—*Spectator, May 25.*”

THE LATE MR. CROCKFORD.—The test of a truly great man is the universal confession extorted by his death that his place cannot be filled up. The late Mr. Crockford's reputation stands this difficult test.

It has been said of Lord John Russell that he would take the command of the Channel Fleet at five minutes' warning. But even that enterprising man would shrink from the responsibility of carrying to a successful close the multifarious and multiform speculations of the deceased.

Sir Robert Peel has obtained some credit as a manager of the House of Commons. The skilful way in which he sapped and undermined the advanced position taken up and entrenched by Lord Ashley, gives new countenance to this old opinion. But though Sir Robert may play Neptune, (see Virgil's *Æneid*.) to the storms of the House of Commons, to preserve anything like the decorous outward show of common honesty in a gambling-club would overtask his powers.

The person who shall succeed to the vacant throne of Crockford, must with a taste and talent for successful gaming combine a degree of integrity that commands the confidence of noble and gentle blacklegs who know that he has kept their corrupting company for many years.

If any of our leading members of parliament or barristers should die to-night, the public would say, with the king in *Chery Chase*, that there are within the realm “five hundred good as he.” Now that we have lost Crockford, Wellington and O'Connell are the only public characters of the day to whom no successors could be found. And as there is little chance of Sir Harcourt Lees being able to bring about the repeal of the Emancipation Act, or of a new Napoleon rising up to disturb the peace of Europe, with all deference to these great men, Crockford's loss will be more felt than theirs would be. Though the police have stormed the gaming-houses in Regent's Quadrant—though Sir James Graham has swept the roley-poleys from the race-courses of England, and advances flushed with conquest to crush the “Derby sweeps”—and though the thunders of the law have been directed against Art-Unions—there still survives a gambling public, which requires a Crockford to keep it from becoming too bad.—*Spectator, June 1.*

THE LUNAR ECLIPSE—WHO IS MEANT BY IT?—A solar eclipse, according to Milton, "with fear of change perplexes monarchs;" at whose heads may the evil augury of a lunar eclipse be supposed to be levelled? "Who is meant?" schoolboys ask in whispers when the pedagogue threatens some anonymous culprit; "*who* is meant?" may be asked by the various watchers of last night's portentous eclipse of the moon.

Perhaps at the heads of ministers, who, as subordinate officers of monarchy, may be imagined to be placed under the influence of the "satellites" among planets. In this case, Sir Robert Peel's enjoyment of the Whitsuntide holidays may have suffered abatement from the phenomenon of last night.

Perhaps the primary planets alone have influence on the destinies of premiers, the satellites having power over subordinate officials only. In this case, the eclipse, (if "visible at Calcutta,") may have been to Lord Ellenborough the shadow of his coming recall, cast upon a luminary which appears to have exercised no small influence over some of his sayings and doings.

Or, as the moon shines by borrowed light, perhaps its threats concern theatrical dynasties and representative royalties alone. In this case, Mr. Webster may be supposed to have been panic-struck for the fate of his five hundred pound prize.

The money-makers of this world are accustomed to call everything prized by the imaginative and sentimental "moonshine." They may see some connexion between the eclipse and the financial position of the Free Church, which the *Scotsman* protests "beautifully illustrates the power of the voluntary principle;" this beautiful illustration being neither more nor less than the fact that the worthy ministers, who to constitute the Free Church gave up livings ranging from £250 to £600 per annum, are now in the receipt by "voluntary contributions" each of £100 a year.

The Irish land-owners say that the eclipse was prophetic of the defeat which "*the League*" sustained in South Lancashire a few days before.

Some have alleged that the pickpockets and other "minions of the moon" were extremely slack in their vocation on the night when their "chaste mistress" waned in mid splendour; but it is doubtful whether they are learned enough to have known that they ought to be afraid.

But the most prevalent opinion is, that a lunar eclipse prognosticates the reversal of courses of national policy adopted by wits unsettled by lunar influence. If in this supposition there is anything of truth, perhaps some of the present generation may live to see the slave-trade suppression treaties sent to the chandler-shops.—*Spectator*, June 1.

TEXAS.—It would be difficult to find in any collection of state papers, even drawn up by absolute ministers in the regions of St. Petersburg, Constantinople, or Ispahan, a document of such nefariously tyrannic principles, or so painfully disgraceful to the minister who wrote it, and to the nation he is allowed to represent, as the manifesto or letter respecting Texas, addressed by Mr. Secretary Calhoun to the British envoy, Mr. Pakenham, on the 18th of last April.

Lord Aberdeen in December laid down for his envoy the rules which were to guide him, and which had guided the British government. These were to employ, in efforts to abolish slavery in Texas, merely the means of *counsel*, to do nothing to stir

up even excitement in the slave-holding states of the Union, and to resort to no measures which might even *tend* to disturb the internal tranquillity of those slave states.

Nothing certainly could be meeker than this declaration, but it did not disarm the slave-holding American Secretary of State. Mr. Calhoun declares that England had no right to strive, even by counsel, to bring about the abolition of slavery in other countries; and that he, far from confining himself to counsel, "felt it to be the imperious duty of the Federal government to take the *most effectual measures* to defeat it." These effectual measures are no less than the annexation of Texas.

Not content with this defiance, Mr. Calhoun reads the British envoy and the world a lecture on the inestimable blessings of slavery, and the dreadful results which follow freedom. The consequence of giving freedom to the negro, says Mr. Calhoun, is to strike him with deafness, dumbness, blindness, idiocy, and madness; nay, not only to visit the free negro with these ills, but also to inflict the same dreadful maladies on the whites in those regions where the blacks have been emancipated. The blacks are thus punished by a benign Providence for daring to be free, and the whites of the same regions are similarly punished for the guilt of rendering the blacks equal to them!

Such is the logic, such the philosophy of an American and a republican Secretary of State! And he brings statistics, as every one can, especially a Secretary of State, to support his theory. Having thus satisfied himself and his hearers of the physical expediency of slavery, Mr. Calhoun proceeds to give political reasons. The chief one of these is, that slavery having been once established as the distinguishing mark of one race, whilst freedom is that of the other, it can no longer be hoped, or be possible, to get the two races to live together on equality and in amity. The seeds of mutual hatred and contempt are sown, and form a crop not to be eradicated. There is undoubtedly much truth in this, as there is much wisdom in the conservative maxim, that you should slay the man you have injured for fear of his vengeance. But justice and humanity are the names omitted in the vocabulary of the American Secretary of State, and in the sentiments of his heart. The latter part of his arguments and of his despatch would serve admirably the purpose of an Irish Orangeman who has got the *cacoethes* of prescribing for the ills of Ireland. Here the same argument applies, viz., the impossibility of living on terms of equality and amity with a race injured and oppressed for centuries, the only alternative being the continuance of the system of oppression.

It speaks well, however, for the state of feeling of Americans in general, that the scheme of Texan conquest has called forth loud and active reprobation. Mr. Clay has replied to Calhoun in an able letter; Mr. Van Buren has spoken in the same sense; and public meetings have been held, and have drawn up resolutions, all of which must embolden the Senators and the Whigs to reject the proposed measure. The arguments, indeed, most powerful against it are the expense of war with Mexico, the necessity of more than doubling the army, increasing the Presidential power, creating a military class, and of paying the Texan debt of 14,000,000 dollars at a time when the states are most reluctant even to pay their own.

The time, too, is one of considerable excitement

amongst the negro population. A fierce civil war rages from one end of St. Domingo to the other, where the blacks have risen against the predominance of the mulattoes, and where French and Spanish parties have come to action. In Cuba the effervescence is great. Owing to the extreme rigor and peculation of O'Donnel, the Moderado governor sent out by Christina, who has resumed the custom abolished by the Liberal governor, Veldez, of deriving a revenue from the sale of slaves, the negroes there have been driven to desperation, and conspiracy after conspiracy breaks forth, or is discovered, O'Donnel acting Narvaez, and quenching each, as far as he can, in blood. For the Americans to undertake a war for the avowed purpose of extending and supporting slavery in Texas might prove an exceedingly dangerous experiment, and it is therefore wisely and fortunately shrunk from.—*Examiner*, May 25.

THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.—A young French naval officer who seeks distinction has certainly a hard task of it. He looks back through the annals of defeat, and looking forward, has but the alternative of a repetition of drubbings, or of inglorious peace. It is not surprising, then, that a French admiral should do out-of-the-way things, such as the storming of Queen Pomaré's cabin with 500 marines, or as the pamphlet of the Prince de Joinville. Unable to earn his epaulettes with the sword, he is valiant with the pen; and what reality denies, the prince achieves with his imagination. The pamphlet of Admiral Joinville is a romance—a naval Coningsby. And yet it is not the dream of a fiery poet, full of exaggeration, and pride, and resistless conquest. He does not picture to himself Aboukir or the First of June reversed, the tri-color flying at the mast-head of hostile navies. He does not aspire to be Nelson or Lord Howe. The form of Paul Jones contents him, and the Red Rover is evidently his ideal of nautical heroism.

The Prince de Joinville informs his countrymen that the attempt to rival or meet English fleets is absurd; for that even victory with sixteen sail of the line, which could not be replaced, would be tantamount to defeat. The only prospect, then, for France at sea is a war of *corsairs*, and these should have wings of steam. He therefore recommends them to lay up their men-of-war, build steamers, and turn their sailors and soldiers into engineers and marines. The achievements of those, whenever war may come, will be to render English commerce insecure, ravage the English coasts, and intimidate our fishermen, whenever our war-steamer have their backs turned.

Now we can conceive a petty power, like Tunis or Morocco, indulging in such dreams, and meditating such a war, but for a great and brave country like France, this is pitiable heroism. But the Orleans dynasty is humble in its military ambition. Tahiti is its New World, and Algiers is its India, where, after twenty years of constant war, the Arab enemy the other day defeated the Duc d'Aumale, killed his officers, cut up his division, and nearly captured himself. So much for the modern Condé.

Conjecture is afloat as to what could have induced the Prince de Joinville to publish his amiable plan for pillaging English merchantmen and ravaging the English coasts, at the very time that his royal sire was meditating a visit to Spithead and Windsor. It seems certain that the prince laid his book before his father, who hesitated

much between the fear of offending Queen Victoria and the desire of presenting his son to France as one of its inveterate heroes. The latter prevailed. And M. Thiers' journal represents Louis Philippe as Dædalus, hesitating but at last deciding to launch his naval Icarus on his literary flight. The pamphlet was to be printed to only a certain number of copies for the court and for diplomacy; but this half flight ended naturally in a regular stretch across the channel. And such is the gravity of the least incident in so excitable a community, that the political existence of the marine minister, Mackau, and even of M. Guizot, are said to be in danger on the vote on the *budget de marine*, in consequence of the prince's revelations.

The storm with the French public was not the only menacing one; that from England was looked upon as also alarming. And accordingly a court-disavowal of the prince appeared in the *Debats*, which read the young admiral a severe lesson. The Prince de Joinville, however, took this in dreadful dudgeon, went to Neuilly, and spoke very intemperate words to both his parents, threatening to resign and to appeal to the public against M. Guizot. What arguments were used with the young prince is not known, but he left the palace alone, unattended by friend or aid-de-camp, and it was not till night that he was brought back to calm and reason.

The debate on the Navy Budget will be warm. The opposition will adduce the prince's arguments. On their side, the ministry can plead not merely the immense sums spent on the navy, but their efforts to abolish beet-root sugar, and by confining the consumption of France to colonial sugar, thereby greatly increase the tonnage and the number of seamen. But the prince has the feeling of a large portion of the Chamber with him. The owners of land, wood, and iron do not want to sacrifice their interests to the sea-ports, and care not for the commercial navy; but steam-boats they are prepared to patronize, provided that coal and iron be taken exclusively from them. The prince de Joinville's plan of a steam navy in preference to a sailing one thus chimes in with the interests of the dominant few, as well as with the prejudices of the nose-led many; and such projects are apt to prosper as projects, however little they may be calculated to serve the public ends, put forth as their pretext.—*Examiner*, May 25.

AMIALE PROJECTS OF THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.—Who can doubt that, with a well-organized steam navy, we should have the means of inflicting on the coasts of our enemies losses and sufferings unknown to a nation who has never felt the miseries which follow in the train of war? And as the consequence of these sufferings would come the evil, equally new for her, of a lost confidence. The riches heaped on her coasts, and in her ports, would cease to be in safety; and that, whilst by a well-regulated system of cruisers, the plan of which I will after explain, we should efficaciously war against her commerce, spread over the surface of every sea. The contest would no longer be unequal. I continue to reason under the supposition of war. Our steam navy would then have two theatres of action totally distinct: the English Channel at first, where our ports could conceal a considerable force, which, putting to sea under cover of the night, would escape the English cruisers, were they ever so numerous. Nothing then would hinder our force from meeting, before daybreak, at any point of the coast of England

previously agreed upon, and there it would act with impunity. * * * Without having actually taken part in the long wars against the British navy during the revolution, and under Napoleon, one may yet have studied and profited by reading the history of them. It is an acknowledged fact, that whilst the engagements of fleet against fleet were almost always fatal for us, the cruises of our corsairs were almost invariably successful. Towards the close of the reign of Napoleon, several frigates, despatched from our ports with orders to scour the sea, without decisively engaging against an enemy of superior number, inflicted considerable damage upon the English commerce. And to strike at this commerce, is to strike England at the heart. Until the period I have just mentioned, we had not tried this system, and we had permitted the British merchants to realize enormous profits from prizes gained in the war. This lesson should not be lost upon us at the present time, and we should be prepared, on the first blow being struck, to act so powerfully against the English commerce, as entirely to destroy the confidence reposed in it. And France will gain this object by having in every part of the globe a well-managed system of cruisers. In the English Channel and the Mediterranean this task could be advantageously intrusted to steamers. Those which are employed as packet-boats in time of peace, would, from their great quickness, make excellent corsairs in time of war. They could overtake a merchantman, strip it, burn it, and even escape from the steamers of war, which would be retarded by their heavier construction.—*English edition of the prince's pamphlet.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CURRENCY BILL.—Sir Robert Peel has proceeded with his currency measure, and has made a speech supplementary to that of May the 6th, comprising some important points. He has modified that portion of his plan which relates to the additional circulation, based on securities, that the bank of England is to be empowered to make under certain contingencies: instead of making the extension on grounds sanctioned by three ministers of the crown, the bank is to make it on grounds indicated in the act of Parliament, to communicate the intention to ministers, and to receive the sanction of the queen in council. Another important detail added to the plan is the permission to the bank to base part of its issues on silver, which is construed, as in popular parlance, to be included in the term "bullion;" only with certain restrictions: the public are still to have the right of demanding gold in payment of notes, the bank to be at the risk and cost of converting silver into gold under any possible necessity of the kind; and the proportion of silver included in the "bullion" taken as the basis of circulation must not exceed one-fifth. [Sir Robert Peel said "one-fourth;" but he illustrated his meaning by adding, that in every £5,000,000 of bullion £1,000,000 must be of gold and £1,000,000 might be of silver.] This will obviate several inconveniences that might have arisen from taking gold as the sole basis: the bank will not be interested in avoiding the use of silver, which would have been a troublesome impediment to many customers in the ordinary course of business; silver is the metallic circulating medium in most foreign countries; remittances of coin to or from those countries must be made in silver; the bank is the appropriate great national dépôt to receive or supply the coin; and for the bank to have avoided that function, might not only have been a hindrance to commerce, but a source of disturbance to the exchanges. Another item is, that the public

are to have the right not only to demand gold for notes but notes for gold. And Sir Robert Peel developed several particulars respecting the future regulation of issuing joint-stock and private banks, allowing them as much freedom of action as is consistent with a perfect control over the currency. These further details give completeness to the plan. He also strove to give completeness to his argument, by supplying the link between his premises and his conclusions, observed to be missing in his speech of the 6th. He then laid down principles, but did not show that they led to his particular measures. He now said that he was not aware of the omission; but further to explain the utter disregard of right principles in the management of currency exhibited by the country banks, he cited extraordinary instances of extravagance, mismanagement, and wholesale bankruptcy. This was interesting, and it proved the necessity for interference; but still it failed to supply the strictly logical chain from the data to the particular measure as the sole and inevitable conclusion. With few and eccentric rather than striking exceptions, everybody in the House seemed to admit the great want, and to think that the measure would do remarkably well for the exigency; so that if not logically, practically the minister may be said to have made out his case; as by the boldness, the comprehensiveness, the completeness, and the prudence of his measure, he has vanquished party-jealousies, and has from all sides won an admiring concurrence, alike creditable to him and to those who render it.—*Spectator, May 25.*

STEAM VS. ENGLAND.—Louis Philippe is troubled with a naughty boy, who is out of bounds among politicians, pamphleteers, and opposition agitators. The Prince de Joinville, it appears, abetted Admiral Dupetit-Thouars, that bugbear to Queen Pomaré before her lying-in; and the prince threatened to resign his commission as rear-admiral because ministers refused to ratify M. Dupetit-Thouars's peculiar style of bullying. The tears of his aged mother, however, subdued the wrongheaded youth; the scandal was prevented; and instead of resigning he only went out of town in a huff. But he wrote a pamphlet to prove that France ought to be prepared to go to war at sea—with England, for example. There is nothing further from his wish than a war with England; only France should get and keep the weather-gage of us, and be prepared at a moment's notice to destroy our confidence in our marine, in our commerce, and in our insular position—in short, to drub and scare us. Being relatively thus placed, France is magnanimously to vouchsafe peace. Of course, the young admiral's essay attracted some notice here: the *Times* laughed at it; and the *Morning Chronicle* called it "a buccaneer brochure." This redoubles the clamor among the French press—who think the prince "misconceived," as he only prepares for war to maintain peace, and by no means merits the Antigallican asperities of his English critics. The ministerial *Journal des Débats* first contented itself with copying the English strictures, but at last read the royal pamphleteer a respectful lecture on his indiscretion. The ultra-opposition, on the other hand, are not thoroughly conciliated even by the prince's Anti-British demonstration, because he excuses the French ministers' reluctance to declare war with England in 1840! So the fasciculus has actually revived a kind of war-hubbub, when there is nothing to go to war about. Some seem to think this very clever; others see in it a fore-armed prudence; but for our part we can see in it nothing but a puerile indiscretion. War-distinctions being denied to the prince, he seeks to show how apt he is for them, and meanwhile to snatch a little distinction for an audacious sagacity in a paper-war. It is a pity that his escapade should not be merely harmless, but that there should be older and more influential politicians willing to discuss how England

and France could beat each other. Together, France and England could be an efficient police to keep the peace of Europe, at a tithe of the expense which it would cost either to inflict mutual injury; and some day, perhaps, Frenchmen generally will be as willing to learn that lesson, as most Englishmen, having learned it, are to put it in practice.—*Spectator*, May 25.

SUGAR AND SLAVERY.—The connexions and friends of the West Indies in London have been making a last effort to induce government to do justice to those ill-fated colonies. They have been deprived of their slave-labor; they have been debarred from making up for compulsion of labor by abundance of labor, since free immigration has been prohibited except under great restrictions; and now they are to be deprived of that fiscal "protection" which was a bad substitute for a healthier independence. Sir Robert Peel argues against the ten-hours' agitators, that you cannot impose restrictions on labor and maintain the corn-laws in importing England: *et converso* it may be said, you cannot impose restrictions on labor and enforce free trade in the producing West Indies. But justice might easily be done with the West Indies, if the subject were not complicated with irrelevant considerations. We deprecate the political propagandism of France—the intervention of the United States in Ireland—the meddling of Ireland in foreign aids; forgetting that we are guilty of intervention as gross in propagating anti-slavery doctrines: thus we keep alive a perpetual exasperation in France about the treaties of 1831 and '33; thus we keep certain citizens of the United States in constant trepidation about slave rebellions, not unlike the fears of Orangemen in Ireland about Riband conspiracies; and our embarrassment recoils on us here, in the shape of an incapacity to do justice to the West Indies. Why, if we begin to move towards putting the colonists on an equality with slave-countries in respect of fiscal affairs, can we not put them on an equality with them in respect of the sources and supply of labor? Forbidding slavery in our own dominions, our functions should cease: but we must needs meddle, not merely by precept and didactics, but actively, with the slavery of other countries; and so, if we were to allow the West Indies to obtain free labor as unrestrainedly as others obtain slave-labor, it would be "said" that we encourage a trade we forbid to others. Our harsh constructions make us timid in conscience; our meddling ties our hands; and the West Indies must suffer incompatible exposure and restraint, because we attempt impracticable and inconsistent missions in countries ready to "suspect" us.—*Spectator*, May 25.

O'CONNELL.—Judgment has been pronounced on Mr. O'Connell and his companions. The law's delays—the motions for a new trial, in arrest of judgment, and other hindrances—have been at last overcome, and the award of the highest court of justice in Ireland is enforced. The priest, indeed, got off, on the strength of some doubt expressed by two of the judges as to the evidence against him. The chief traverser is condemned to twelve months' imprisonment, with a fine of £2,000; the others, to nine months' imprisonment, with a fine of £50; and all are bound over to keep the peace for seven years. The sentence cannot justly be regarded as vindictive. The fines may be accounted for nothing, where there is so ample an exchequer to bear them. Compared with the terms of incarceration to which other political offenders have been doomed in England—offenders of a less prominent and dangerous order—O'Connell's imprisonment is short. The bond to keep the peace may prove embarrassing to pledged agitators; but where public pledges to a career of agitation have been given—where "conspiracy," in some form, more or less safe, is made a profession—such a bond is a fair check upon future acts. On the whole, the sentence is one of discipline and precaution, but not of

vengeance. Mr. O'Connell has perhaps done more mischief to Ireland within the last two years than the rest of his life can repair; and the law performs its best office when it prevents rather than punishes further harm.

One word, however, to those who have brought him to account. If this successful trial is all that ministers are going to do for Ireland—and pretty soon too—they had better have let it alone. If Mr. O'Connell has been answerable, and made to answer, for the mischief of the last two years, to the queen's government will belong a heavy and now undivided responsibility for the future.—*Spectator*, June 1.

DE JOINVILLE.—A perusal of the Prince de Joinville's very clever note on the state of the French navy confirms our opinion of its origin. The young admiral burns for distinction; the peace of the seas denies it him; and he rushes into print. And very well he acquits himself. His note is a strictly professional effusion: he sees the French navy, especially the steam marine, (which he acutely perceives to be a modification of shipping suited to the unnautical French nation,) in a deplorable state of inefficiency; he desires to procure an efficient steam marine—would he not signalize himself in its management and use?—and accordingly he sets forth how weak is that arm of France, and how strong and effective it might be made. This is done in language which is plain, terse, and pithy; there is no enfeebling rhetoric—every sentence tells home—the reader is convinced as he reads. Glance beyond the professional view, indeed, and you are struck with the crude statesmanship of so clear-sighted and clever a man, coming too from so prudent a family; for nothing can be more inopportune and indiscreet than the talk about warring with England, which he assumes among his data. And there are other warlike allusions which could not but act like a match thrown among gunpowder when promulgated in Paris. That collateral tendency of his pamphlet may have recommended it to others more cunning and more malicious, and have procured him the advice to publish it. Once determined, it is not surprising that he should have been obstinate in refusing to give up his darling work, so likely to do him credit and at least to make a noise. The papers had last week a story how he threatened, some time back, to resign because Admiral Dupetit-Thouars was given up—how he resisted his father's anger—but how he succumbed to the tearful entreaties of his venerable mother: this week they have the very counterpart of the story, but now it is about the pamphlet; only they say that the king was so far party to a compromise, that he asked, and even executed with his own hand, the alteration of certain passages. The sagacious Nemours too, it is said, was angrily opposed to his sailor-brother: and no wonder if he were. The *Standard* contradicts this tale, "on authority." At all events, the affair is settled: and no war is likely to follow because de Joinville has shown in type how he would display his prowess.

But it seems we are menaced in other quarters. The *Journal des Débats* has a formidable account of renewed understanding between Russia and our enemies in the East—a conspiracy, extending from St. Petersburg to Cabul, from Nicholas to Akhbar Kahn; and once more, in the fancy of the Parisian journalist, our Indian empire totters to its fall! Has some hallucination come over men like these astute French writers? Impossible. But a little anti-British farrago may serve as a set off to the recent lecture administered to the Prince de Joinville, and may reconcile the ultra-French spirits who took fire at the *Débats*, which was pronounced to be more English than our *Times* or *Chronicle*; and accordingly, a topic is chosen on which a most terrible attack can be made upon British interests—where it can do no harm—where it can have no present results.—*Spectator*, June 1.

THE AMERICAN MAIL brings us news on three points,—the House of Representatives has refused to reduce the Tariff, so that hope is gone for the present; the Texas affair is *in statu quo*, the treaty still lying before the Senate without expectation of ever seeing the light again in the legitimate shape of a confirmed treaty; and Philadelphia has been torn by riots. There is in the Union a rising, but apparently not very respectable party, called "the Native Americans," whose object seems to be to discourage popery and the admission of foreigners to rights of citizenship. This party held a meeting at Kensington, a quarter of Philadelphia much inhabited by Irish settlers; some Irish foolishly disturbed the meeting with noises; they were beaten; their fellows assembled and assailed the Native Americans, who resisted; and for three days Philadelphia was a prey to battle, slaughter, and fire. The best of the joke is some praise awarded to the authorities for promptitude and energy: they came out of their strongholds at nightfall, having let the rioters alone each day; and having issued forth on the second night, they looked on; on the third evening, martial law was proclaimed or threatened at one post, while at another the soldiers charged the mob; and then, at both places, "the mob dispersed:" the tumult was quashed. People will be ready enough, as they always are, to charge this disorder on "republican institutions." They must first show how long it is since we saw disorders in monarchical France, Turkey, Portugal, Spain, Bavaria, England, Wales, Scotland, or Ireland: they must acquit Costa Cabral of weakness, the Manchester "authorities" of some suspicion of backwardness, royalty itself in Bavaria from the charge of sanctioning concession of the very thing which the rioters asked. Rioting is not peculiar to republican countries, and it has nothing to do with republican institutions. We see that as soon as the ruling power in Philadelphia effectually interposed, disorder ceased: but it is the ruling power of every country which chooses and stamps the form of government. The shortest road to tranquillity in every country is to ascertain which is the strongest power, whatever it is, and to evoke its strength and opinions, whatever they are. The ruling power in the United States is republican; and until a total change of public opinion shall have created a stronger influence, and revolution shall have transferred executive power to the new party, tranquillity must be sought for the Union from republican authority. Much that is imputed to republicanism in America is more justly chargeable upon the newness and colonial condition of the people, and even on the wild geographical character of the region.—*Spectator*, June 1.

THE IRISH STATE TRIALS.—It was hardly to be supposed that a new trial would be granted to Mr. O'Connell. If the same course was not to be repeated, how was the same verdict to be had? An *accident* could not happen again to the panel; the exclusion of all Catholics could not be ventured on a second time; and the chief justice could not twice charge the jury against "the other side."

When we remember how the verdict has been got, we cannot wonder at the resolution not to disturb it. Certain it is that if it had been abandoned, no other would have been obtained. There are certain things which can only be done once, and which being done once will be resolutely stuck to by those who, having incurred the disgrace, solace themselves for it by the possession of the object.

Lord John Russell has declared in Parliament that Mr. O'Connell has not had a fair trial; the great majority of the public, including a large portion of the Tory party, concur in this opinion; but the sort of trial that he has had is the only one that would have allowed of his conviction. This is its unique merit. A new trial might be a very good way to get

at justice, but it would be a very bad way to get at a verdict against Mr. O'Connell, which is the one thing needful to the ministry. If a fair trial at first could not be hazarded, why was it to be conceded at last? No, no; the verdict once had, however bad, was obviously to be obstinately upheld. Indeed, the judges, in granting a new trial, would have given judgment against themselves, which was a candor hardly to be expected of them.

To the views of Mr. Justice Perrin alone we looked with any hope of finding better principles propounded than the court had acted on; and, we must admit, not without disappointment.

Mr. Justice Perrin declared that some of the evidence against Mr. O'Connell had been improperly admitted, and was for giving him a new trial on that ground; though believing at the same time that there was sufficient evidence to warrant the conviction, had it been unmingled with the objectionable evidence.

We looked in vain in Mr. Justice Perrin's speech for large constitutional doctrines where the question permitted of, nay challenged, them—namely, on the important point of the limits of agitation and discussion. We found nothing but the vague legal language—we had almost written slang.

"The conspiracy imputed was a conspiracy by the collection of large numbers of people in various parts of the country, and by the exhibition and display of great physical force, and by means of the intimidation thereby to be caused to produce changes in the law, and constitution, and overawe the legislature, and thereby effect the change. Now, to conspire by physical force, and by the use of physical force to effect changes in the law and constitution, it was hardly necessary to say was not merely a crime, but one of the highest degree; and if it were criminal to conspire to use physical force for the purpose of effecting a change in the law and constitution, it seemed to be but a step short of that to conspire to exhibit and display a command of power and possession of physical force to that degree and by intimidation, and the apprehension of the use of that physical force, to cause changes to be made. To conspire actually to use physical force would be to conspire to levy war—nothing short of that; and then the charge contained in that indictment was one step short of that, and that was a conspiracy to exhibit the means and powers for using force to overawe the legislature, and produce a change in the laws and constitution."

How then are any great agitations, or demonstrations of opinion, to be conducted so as to keep clear of the charge of overawing the legislature by the display of physical force? As Sir Thomas Wilde has observed, people cannot send their opinions to public meetings without their bodies; and if their bodies appear in large assemblages to express their opinions, they are always liable to the charge of making a display of the physical force for the purpose of intimidation. How is the moral to be separated from the physical display? How, in any popular meetings for a great cause, is it to be shown that the bodies are only brought together to exhibit the force of opinion? A government that finds itself pressed and embarrassed by an agitation, can always allege that the display of numbers at meetings is not a display of the force of opinion, but a display of the physical force for intimidation. And how the people are ever to be safe against this construction, is a question which Mr. Justice Perrin's doctrine does not in any degree solve.

Where does the infraction of the law begin? Up to what point are associations and assemblages to alter or to make law, as legal as they are confessedly necessary to the liberties of a people; and how is to be marked the transition from the representation of opinions to the menace of giving effect to them by force?

A government has only to take fright, or to pre-

tend to take fright,—to cry out, “You intimidate us,”—and it may treat any organized meetings or associations as conspiracies to overawe it.

If the extreme Corn-law section of the Tory party were in power, there is not a doubt that it would deal with the Anti-Corn-Law League as a conspiracy to intimidate it, and the same jargon would be brought to bear against Mr. Cobden that is now applied to Mr. O’Connell.

There can be no security for the right of discussion till its bounds are defined, and it is clearly marked out how the line is passed from the expression of the opinion which numbers entertain, to the menacing display of the physical force possessed by the numbers entertaining such opinion.—*Examiner*, June 1.

THE SENTENCE.—It is quite needless to direct attention to the terms of the sentence. Its fierce, uncompromising, and revengeful severity argues the presence of that inveteracy of spirit, which has been evinced against the leader of the Irish nation from the commencement of the prosecution—and will strike everybody, British or Irish, friend or foe.

But the end is not yet. In the mean time, it is some happiness to feel that the peace in outraged Ireland will be almost religiously preserved. Thanks to the imprisoned chief, whose influence over his countrymen is as powerful to tranquillize as to stir, there will be no commotion in any part of that country, millions of whose people nevertheless will feel the blow as a bitter personal calamity.

The law cannot shut up the spirit of Mr. O’Connell in the Penitentiary: it will be abroad upon Ireland, preserving order in spite of all that the government can do to excite frenzy.—*ib.*

OPINIONS OF THE MORNING PAPERS.—*Times.*—When we read that “the venerable Judge (Burton) was unable to proceed for a few moments, evidently overcome by his emotions, which affected him even to tears,” we must own the most absolute want of sympathy with his transport. It is wholly out of place—totally uncalled for by the severity of the punishment, the circumstances of the crime, or the character of the person punished. Judges should be made of less melting stuff. But the whole speech illustrates, though it does not justify, this conclusion. It is that of a man who is not a little daunted at what he is about. The fate of the chief justice seemed never out of his sight; and his sentence, instead of a solemn and fearless announcement of the judicial conclusion, has too much the air of a half-hearted apology for doing his duty. We are far from advocating hard words. None can be more unwilling than ourselves to see the judicial sentence transformed into a political harangue. But neither do we like to see a judge wince under the responsibility of an act which his conscience must tell him is just and necessary.

Chronicle.—After having sentenced Mr. O’Connell to suffer imprisonment for twelve months, and to pay a fine of £2,000, Mr. Justice Burton proceeded to direct that he should give security to the extent of ten thousand pounds! that he would keep the peace for seven years.

It is scarcely credible that this very judge, who sentenced Mr. O’Connell to give security to the extent of ten thousand pounds! that he would keep the peace for seven years, actually declared in the same judgment, within one minute before, that numerous and multitudinous as the repeal meetings had been, they had not exhibited a single instance of a breach of the peace. That this absence of a single breach of the peace was the result of the pacific influence exercised by Mr. O’Connell, that he himself (the judge who sentenced Mr. O’Connell to give security to the extent of ten thousand pounds, that he would keep the peace for seven years) believed. That all the expressions which he had cited, showed how very anxious was Mr. O’Connell’s desire for the preserva-

tion of the peace, “and whether,” said the learned judge, “Mr. O’Connell had expressed such desire or not, the preservation of the peace was the consequence of all that he said and of all that he did.”

Post.—This sentence we believe no man, who is not prejudiced by party feelings, will consider excessive. Assuredly if ever a man had all the advantages which the forms of law can give, that man is Mr. O’Connell; he was found guilty, after a trial of unusual length, by a jury remarkable for its patient attention to the evidence; he was assisted by the highest legal talent; every technical objection urged on his behalf was discussed without let or hindrance; and he now receives a sentence far more lenient than it was in the power of the court to inflict. Yet he complains of injustice. If he could still *miz in society* here, he would find the *universal opinion* to be, that he has been too indulgently treated.

Herald.—As to the penalties imposed upon the convicted conspirators, they are, in all the instances, light compared with the practice in similar cases, but with respect to Mr. O’Connell ridiculously light in respect to his crimes. It is very true that many considerations justify a shorter imprisonment of Mr. O’Connell than his crimes would seem to warrant. The man is old—a year more or less, which to a young man seems little, is to an old man an important section of his life. Again, he is ruined as a public man.

DEATH FOR EMBRACING THE PROTESTANT FAITH.—Attention has been forcibly called by a movement made in the Town Council of Edinburgh, to a circumstance calculated to shock public feeling in no slight degree, not merely throughout Protestant Europe, but wherever Christianity in any form of toleration can be said to exist. A memorial to Lord Aberdeen has been adopted in the town council, over which the Lord Provost presided, in favor of a Portuguese woman named Maria Joaquina, who in the island of Madeira has been condemned to suffer death, solely for embracing the doctrines of the Protestant faith. Of that alone she is found guilty, nothing indeed being charged against her but denial of worship to images and the doctrine of transubstantiation.

The Edinburgh Witness says:—“The poor victim in this case, Maria Joaquina, wife of Manuel Alves, is the mother of seven children, of which the youngest was an infant at the breast when she was cast into prison. Of the various counts in her indictment, all relating, not to conduct, but belief, two only have been established. It was sworn against her by one witness that he had heard her say the Host is bread; and it was attested by several other witnesses that she had said the Holy Scriptures forbid the worship of images. And for these heresies this poor woman was sentenced, on the second day of the present month, after her long imprisonment in a noisome dungeon, to die on the scaffold. She has been condemned to be hanged for holding that a wafer is not God, but merely a little flour and water, and that images should not be adored.”

The memorial urges upon government the propriety of using such influence as they may be able to exert, to procure a reversal of this sentence; and copies of it have been forwarded to Lord Howard de Walden, our ambassador at the court of Portugal, and to the British consul at Funchal in Madeira. If over any foreign state this country may claim to exercise a reasonable influence, it ought to be the state of Portugal; and if such influence is ever to be put in force by England, for the honor of religion and the interests of enlightened humanity, this is the occasion for exerting it.

A new page of the horrors of history was opened when, in a country which emphatically proclaims itself the land of the free, a human being was sentenced to die for assisting a woman to escape from slavery; but this, universal as was the shock that followed the startling outrage, was only just more

monstrous than reopening in this century the old page of horror, which history has so closely inscribed with religious persecution and blood-seeking intolerance. That such a sentence should be put in execution in an island like Madeira, between which and our own shores such active and constant intercourse is going on, is not readily to be assumed; but the sentence has been passed; and that stage of the proceedings would have appeared to many to be as impossible of attainment in Madeira, as if the scene of martyrdom, the dungeon and the scaffold, had been Manchester. By merciful intervention, the life of this poor female Portuguese convert may perhaps be spared; and bigotry in this instance, like slavery in the other, may be constant in its late-awakened tenderness, to substitute for the blow that destroys life, the lashes at the gallows foot which render the endurance of it a daily death—a memory of bitter and disgraceful persecution.—*Examiner*, June 1.

KING OF SAXONY.—We see with great pleasure that the King of Saxony has arrived in England. In these days even a crown wants the gilding of a little *charlatanism*, and this amiable and accomplished sovereign has so little of it, that we are afraid our countrymen may hardly know how large a claim he has on their respect and admiration. Love of science for its own sake, unaccompanied by the least display, beneficence going to the extent of his limited resources, yet wholly without ostentation, piety without parade and without bigotry, the simplest habits and manners, a pure and upright life, these are qualities which are not much in the world's eye, especially when accompanied by modesty. Yet we much mistake the tastes of Englishmen if, were these qualities but once known, as the attributes of their royal guest, they did not think him, the sovereign of a comparatively small and weak state, more worthy of their attention and their homage than the autocrat of an almost boundless empire. Complimenting kings is no part of our vocation; but a journal which registers the movements of men of science can hardly omit to notice the arrival among us of so distinguished a botanist and geologist as the King of Saxony. That he is still more distinguished as a virtuous, humane, and enlightened man and ruler, does not, we hope, remove him out of our *compétence*.—*Athenæum*.

HUME.—The late Baron Hume, the nephew of the philosopher, was generally known to be in possession of a pretty large collection of letters, forming the correspondence between his uncle and a circle of distinguished contemporaries. Many applications were made for access to this collection, but it was the opinion of the baron, at least until a comparatively late period, that the time had not yet come when a use of these MSS. sufficiently ample and free to be of service to literature, could expediently be made. On his death in 1838, as we then announced, he left the collection at the disposal of the Council of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and it has now been for some time preserved in the archives of that body, accessible only through the special permission of the Council. After some deliberation regarding the proper use to which this peculiar bequest should be applied, the Council resolved that the collection should be placed at the disposal of any editor on whom they might have reliance, who should either publish such parts of the correspondence as have reference to literature, politics, and the personal life of Hume, or employ them as illustrative of a memoir of the philosopher. We understand that with this view the MSS. have been put at the disposal of Mr. J. H. Burton, Advocate, who is at present employing them, together with original materials collected in other quarters, in the preparation of a Life of Hume, with sketches of his contemporaries. The MSS., in the possession of the Royal Society, contain, besides an

ample correspondence with those eminent fellow-countrymen, with whom it is well known that Hume enjoyed unreserved intimacy, letters from D'Alembert, Carnot, Raynal, Montesquieu, and the other leaders of contemporary foreign literature. These, with the letters of Mad. de Boufflers, Mad. Geoffrin, Mdle. de l'Espinasse, and other female ornaments of the literary circles of Paris, will serve to throw light on a curious, but little known episode in Hume's life—his enthusiastic reception by the wits and the fine women of the reign of Louis XV. We understand, too, that these papers throw considerable light on the strange quarrel between Hume and Rousseau.—*Id.*

Our neighbors are honorable competitors in the field of geographical enterprise and scientific exploration. Accounts have been received of the Comte de Castelnau's expedition into the interior of South America, dated from Sabara, one hundred and fifty leagues north of Rio Janeiro, and some of the fruits of its labors, a collection of objects of natural history, have already reached Paris. The Comte Ange de Saint Priest, who lately published a collection of drawings of Mexican antiquities (*Athen.* No. 814) has submitted to the king a project for a scientific exploration of the provinces of Yucatan, Chiapas, and Central America; and a commission, composed of eminent members of the Institute, has been formed to organize the expedition, direct its labors, and trace its route. The king has created the bishop of Iceland a chevalier of the legion of honor, in acknowledgment of the services rendered by him to the Iceland Exploring Scientific Commission; and the Geographical Society has awarded its gold medals, for the most remarkable contributions to geographical literature, to M. H. de Hell for his journey to the shores of the Caspian Sea, and to M. d'Arnaud for his travels to the sources of the White Nile.—*Id.*

The cause of literary property and international copyright is slowly making way. A law has just been promulgated in Prussia, recognizing the right of the Prussian bookseller to an exclusive profit at home in any foreign publications, to an interest in which he can show an authentic title, and protecting him against the effects of piracy, as in the case of native publications: we submit, for the consideration of Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Howitt, (see *ante*, p. 359,) whether some such provision might not be introduced into the proposed International Copyright Act as would meet the general equity of the case, and help to protect translations made in England. It appears from a statement in the French papers, that the first book which will have the benefit of this new legislation, is M. Thiers' forthcoming "History of the Consulate and the Empire." This work is so far advanced, that M. Thiers has undertaken to put six volumes into the publisher's hands by August next, when the printing will be immediately commenced; and an arrangement has been made with the Berlin house of Voss & Co., for its simultaneous publication in Paris and Berlin, by which the German market will be secured to its co-proprietors.—*Id.*

A VOICE FROM THE OTHER END OF THE ROOM.

WELL I remember, dear Maria, well,
As I my suit so earnestly was pressing,
How we were tittered at by beau and belle:
Truly your situation was distressing!—

Just finished Miss Belinda's fleeting song,
Just hushed the melody of the guitar;
Oh! how you blushed to see the listening throng
Smile as they caught—"Dear William, ask mama."
Punch.

AVIS AU PUBLIC. LE PÈRE PUNCH EST DIABLE-
MENT EN COLÈRE CETTE SEMAINE!

PUNCH TO JOINVILLE.

DEAR MONSIEUR,—When the bones of the hero, who left a legacy to Cantillon for trying to assassinate the Duke of Wellington, were given back to the France which he loved so well—it was you, dear Joinville, who were despatched to remove the sacred ashes from the rock where they lay. I always had a good opinion of you after your conduct on that expedition.

It must be confessed, the brutal tyrants who murdered the meek apologist of Cantillon, behaved pretty handsomely in the matter of giving up his imperial bones. You, gentlemen of the *Belle Poule*, were feasted with the best of wine and victuals: you were received with all the honors that such a brutal and uncivilized nation as ours could invent: our government acceded to the request you made; our men dug up the body you wanted; our soldiers carried it down to your ships; our guns fired salutes in its honor and yours; our officers and governors did their utmost to please and welcome you, and held you out, at parting, the hand of fellowship.

The next thing we heard of you, dear Joinville, was, that you had flung your best cabin furniture overboard: turned your ship into a fighting monster—all guns; and had made a solemn vow to die—to sink to a man—'ods marlinspikes and lee-scuppers!—rather than strike to the English.

Nobody asked you to strike to them. They had just been treating you with every imaginable kindness and courtesy: in reply to which you shook your fist in the faces of the brutal islanders, and swore you would never be bullied by them.

It was a genteel and grateful way of expressing your sense of kindness—a polite method of showing gratitude worthy of the most civilized nation in Europe. It had not the least bluster or bad taste. It did not show that you had a propensity to quarrel—that rancor was lurking in your heart—that your return for hospitality was hatred and rage. Your conduct was decent and dignified, and worthy of a gallant sailor, a gentleman, and a king's son.

The gratitude of your nation is proverbial. The fondness of the Carlists of France for the men who sheltered them and fed them, when their countrymen would have had their heads off, is known by all persons who read a French newspaper. You, of the younger branch, seem also to possess the same amiable quality.

What a compliment to our country is this new pamphlet you have been publishing!—a compliment still greater than that of proposing to fight us with the *Belle Poule*!—You were kindly received in our perfidious island last year. You visited our cities, towns, and country, our towns inland and seaboard. And your benevolent patriotism instantly pointed out to you, while considering the "*Etat des Forces Navales de la France*," that it would be very easy to burn all these fair quiet towns, lying so peaceful and confiding along the water side. They were entirely defenceless, and their unprotected condition touched your great soul, and suggested to your Christian spirit the easy opportunity of plunder.

Brave prince: bold seaman: good Frenchman!—You can't see your neighbor comfortable, but you long to cut his throat. Prudent statesman—you are at peace: but you must speculate upon

war; it is the formal condition of the nation you represent; the refined and liberal, the honest and unsuspicious, the great and peaceful French nation.

You want a steam marine for your country, because with it the most audacious aggressive war is permitted. You don't want "brilliant successes" any more; your chivalrous spirit suggests more agreeable conquests. "With a steam navy," say you, "nothing will prevent us from inflicting upon the enemy's coasts losses and sufferings unknown to them hitherto." The riches accumulated upon our coasts and in our ports, would no longer be in safety. Our arsenals are crowded with ships: how they would burn! Our warehouses are full of wealth—what is it for, but for Frenchmen to plunder! Our women are the most beautiful in the world. *Sacrébleu!* how they would scream as five hundred jolly lads from the *Belle Poule* came pouncing down upon them!

Dear Joinville, I can fancy you dropping down the river Thames, and the generous thoughts filling your bosom as (the queen perhaps by your side, all smiles and kindness) you look at the millions of merchant-ships lying round about you. While the sun is shining, the people are shouting welcome, the queen smiling on his arm—the dear fellow is thinking how glorious it would be to burn all those ships and destroy that odious scene of peace, plenty, and confidence. Dear fellow! nice prince—God bless you!

I declare I never read a paragraph more creditable to the writer's head and heart than this:—"*Our present packet-boats would, from their great swiftness, form excellent corsairs in time of war. They could come up with a merchant-ship, pillage it, burn it, and be away before the war-steamers themselves could reach them!*" It is quite noble—Christian, thoughtful, princelike, and Frenchman-like—it ought to be printed in large letters, in letters of blood for preference. The beautiful reflection of a French philosopher, suggested by a scene of plenty.

By heavens! the extravagances of mad old Gilray, the severed heads and reeking axes, the hideous mixture of grinning and murder with which he was wont to typify a Frenchman, are feeble compared to this. Here is a lad—the hope of the nation—anxious to maintain "the honor of France"—and how! by murdering, pillaging, burning, butchering in England. His argument is—You are at peace: therefore, had you not better get ready for war? "*Employ,*" the dear boy says, "*the leisures of peace to prepare and sharpen a blade which will strike effectually in time of war.*" Of course, that is the end of peace.

Suppose His Royal Highness Field Marshal Prince Albert, after his visit to Eu the other day, had taken advantage of his vast military experience, and on his return to England had addressed a report to the War-office, suggesting a "Plan for burning Cherbourg," "Hints on the practicability of bombarding Toulon," "Slight suggestions for a general massacre of the inhabitants of the French coast between Dunkirk and Bayonne;" our neighbors would have thought it a delicate compliment no doubt—a pleasing manifestation of opinion from a person closely connected with the throne; a kind proof of the good feeling between one country and the other.

But no; we don't do these things, dear prince. We are perfidious Englishers; brutal in our habits, vulgar in our notions; absorbed by gross pursuits of commerce, and coarse lust of gain. We are not civi-

lized : we do not care for glory. There is only one nation that really cherishes glory, and possesses civilization. It is yours, dear Joinville ! There is only one nation that prides itself in its rapacity, and glories in its appetite for murder. There is only one nation that boasts of its perfidiousness, and walks the world in the sunshine, proclaiming itself to be an assassin. We may be perfidious, but at least we have the decency of hypocrisy. We may be sordid, but at least we profess to worship Christian peace—not murder and Napoleon.

It is for you to do that : for you to fulfil the mission given you by Heaven, which made you as it made an animal of prey. It is only you who shout daily with fresh triumph your confession of faith, that you will rob when you can ; that when at peace you are meditating aggression ; that statesmanship for you is only the organization of robbery ; you who call rapine, progress—murder and pillage, “the propagation of French ideas,”—and massacre, “the maintenance of the rank of France in Europe.” Go pander to the vanities, Joinville, of your sage and reasonable nation ! foster their noble envy, recreate their angelic propensity to work evil—inflame their Christian appetite for war. The king's son of such a nation can surely not be better employed than in flattering the national spirit. If he love peace, they say he is a bad Frenchman. Commerce is brutal and English, unworthy of the polished intelligence of the French people. Their *culte* is glory. Continue, Joinville, to minister to that noble worship ; the more you insult your neighbors, the more “national” your countrymen will think you. Don't spare your insults, then, but suggest fresh plans of invasion with the calm assurance which renders your nation so popular all over the world. Assert your claims in the true, easy, quiet, unambitious, gentle, good-humored French-polished way, so little querulous, so calmly dignified, so honestly self-reliant ! Do this, and you can't fail to become more popular. Invent a few more plans for abasing England, and you will take your rank as a statesman. Issue a few more prospectuses of murder, and they'll have you in the Pantheon. What a dignity to be worshipped by those, who, if not the leaders at any rate are the bullies of Europe.

Agrééz, Monseigneur,
Les sentimens de Reconnaissance respectueuse
avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être,
de Votre Altesse Royale le profond Admirateur,
PONCHE.

A POET'S LAMENT.

ALAS ! the days of Poetry are flying ;
They blow up mountains, and they cut down trees ;
Through groves of lamp-posts now the zephyr's sigh-
ing,
And steam and ashes choke the once cool breeze.
The engine's whistle scares the lark and throstle ;
The “rural force” puts down the blackbird's song,
And stokers now Stoke-Pogis poets jostle,
As sad they wend their weary way along.

Velocipedal Fancy goes by vapor ;
Imagination soars in a balloon—
Ah me ! I fear the only use for paper
Will be for bills, bank-notes, and cheque-books
soon.
Snowdon, alas ! my own beloved mountain,
They'll level thee ! thy copper into tin

They'll change, and Lake Llanberis' ev'ry fountain
Will be cut off, and rubbish carted in.

Sleep, sleep, ye Dryads ! cut for railroad “sleepers,”
The lofty monarchs of your woods lie low ;
Drown, drown yourself, ye Naiads ! plunge as deep as
Oblivion lies ;—no more your cool waves flow
To the sweet murmuring of sedgy music :—
The gas-works and the vitriol-works have cooked it,
Killed all your fringing flowers ; and, getting too sick,
Turned upside down, the finny fry have hooked it.

Cease, Nature, cease to toil ! thy warm spring-show-
ers

No more are wanted—water carts abound.
Our fair ones smile 'neath artificial flowers,—
Why does the useless lily deck the ground ?
Soon, when the starving poet cannot use it,
The Thames will be one mighty flow of ink ;
But should some future crack-brain try to muse it,
A city pump's the Hippocrene he'll drink.—*Punch*.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF MEDICINE.

THIS is a small but very select society, composed of physicians, surgeons, and general practitioners. Its object is the mutual comparison, so to speak it, of notes, for general edification. It meets once a week, at the house of each member in rotation. At the last meeting—

The chair was taken by Dr. Hookie, at the head of his own tea-table. The worthy chairman, with a cup of Hyson in his hand, begged to propose as a toast, “Success to Practice.” Drunk unanimously.

The secretary (Mr. Jones) then stated that Mr. Baggs had a communication to make to the Society.

Mr. Baggs would, with permission of the Society, relate an interesting case. The patient was an elderly lady, *atatis* 65 ; her complaint was a sinking at the stomach, accompanied by a singing in the ears ; together with a nervous affection, described by herself as “alloverishness.” He (Mr. Baggs) had called the disorder *Debilitas*, and *Tinnitus Aurium*. Ordered—Pil. Micæ Panis, box one,—three pills to be taken every night : and a sixteen-ounce mixture, composed of Tinct. Cardamom : Comp. drachms ten : Syrup : Simp. : ounces two : and the rest, Aqua : three table spoonfuls three times a day. The patient had been two months under treatment—expresses herself to have been done a world of good—but should like to go on with the medicine. He (Mr. Baggs) considered that he had been very lucky in his patient, and only hoped he might have many such.

A member here suggested the propriety of drinking her health. (*No, no ; and laughter.*)

Another member thought that Mr. Baggs had made a good thing of it.

Mr. Baggs rather flattered himself that he had. He had charged “Iter,” each visit, 5s., besides medicine, and he had seen the case daily.

The same member wished, if it was a fair question, to know what might have been the prime cost of the drugs !

Mr. Baggs said that the tincture in each bottle, he should think, was about threepence-halfpenny, and the syrup perhaps three farthings. The aqua was an insignificant fraction of the rate on that fluid ; as was the Panis of the baker's bill.

One member considered that a few powders, now and then, might have been sent in.

Another would have applied an Emplastrum Picis to the *Epigastrium*. It would have been 3s. Mr. Baggs thought that a little moderation was sometimes as well.

The Society, generally, agreed with him.

Dr. Dunham Brown then recounted an instructive case of gout, occurring in an alderman. He had been in attendance on him for a twelve-month, and had taken, on an average, three fees a week.

The Chairman next read a valuable paper "On Professional Appearance," in which he strongly recommended black gaiters.

A discussion ensued respecting the advantages of spectacles in procuring the confidence of patients. At its conclusion—

The Chairman inquired who was for a game at whist? Several members answering for themselves in the affirmative, cards were introduced. The Society separated at a respectable hour.—

Punch.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

Out! weary goes the scrubbing-brush upon the dingy floor,
And sorely weary are the hands that scrub for evermore;
It's scrub, scrub, scrub, from Monday morn, right on to Friday night,
Scrub, scrub, as soon as daylight breaks—scrub, scrub, by candle-light.
I'm sick to death of cleaning, with its everlasting rout—
I'm sure my life's no good to me 'cept on my Sunday out.
Ah! folks may talk of factory-girls, and what they have to do,
And make a dreadful fuss about the women-miners too—
And bring in bills to Parliament, and talk a lot of stuff—
They'd better let them all alone—I'm sure they're well enough.
If they have extra work to do, don't they get extra pay?
But here, my mistress thinks there is no extra to the day.
She rings me up at five o'clock, and often three or four,
And keeps me scrubbing till I drop asleep upon the floor.
The factory engines and their din can't be as bad, I'm clear,
As mistress' screaming, scolding voice forever in my ear.
Those mines must be a Paradise down underneath the ground,
With nothing in the world but coals, or dirty stones all round!—
There's not a bit of scrubbing there, no chests nor tables bright—
For dirt can't be distinguished in the dingy candle-light,
And nobody would think of cleaning, even if it were.
Oh dear!—be what there might to do, I wish I could be there!
If gentlemen would look at home who talk of factory work,
They'd see their household servants slave worse than the heathen Turk.
They'd better mend their own concerns, and lighten servants' cares,
Than lay down laws for other men about their own affairs.
And while they talk of needlework, and mantua-makers too,

Calling the nation's eyes to look at what these women do,

Bidding young ladies calculate the cost of each new dress,

By weary heads, and worn-out eyes, and so on—I confess

I wish when such sit down at home, in nicely furnished rooms,

They'd count the cost of cleanliness in work, instead of brooms—

And recollect that where they lounge, so pleasantly at ease,

"White Slaves" have toil'd and moil'd for hours, sometimes upon their knees.

I wish I were the scrubbing-brush itself, I do declare,
For then I might scrub all my life, and never know nor care.

But now I am so weary, that I can't enjoy my bed;
I go to sleep the very instant I lay down my head.

And as to lying there at morn—why, I'd defy the lark

To wake before my mistress rings; I wish that bell—hush—hark!

I hear her voice upon the stairs, she's coming up this way,

My goodness! if she comes in here whatever will she say?

I'm sure I shan't get this room clean'd before the clock strikes two,

And she expects it done by twelve—she's here!—what shall I do?—*Punch.*

THE TAGUA NUT, OR VEGETABLE IVORY.—

This article, which is coming into pretty general use for ornamental purposes, is the produce of the palm found on the banks of the Magdalena, in the republic of Columbia, South America. The Columbians call it Tagua, or Cabeza de Negro (Negro's head,) in allusion, we presume, to the figure of the nut; and the term *vegetable ivory* is given to it by Europeans, from the close resemblance it bears, when polished, to the animal ivory of the elephant's tooth. Almost all we know about it is contained in the following memorandum by the Spanish botanists Ruiz and Pavon, who give it the generic name of *phytelephas*, or elephant plant, distinguishing two species, the *macrocarpa*, or large fruited, and the *microcarpa*, or small fruited. "The Indians cover their cottages with the leaves of this most beautiful palm. The fruit at first contains a clear insipid fluid, by which travellers allay their thirst; afterwards the same liquid becomes milky and sweet, and changes its taste by degrees as it acquires solidity, till at last it is almost as hard as ivory. The liquor contained in the young fruits becomes acid if they are cut from the tree and kept for some time. From the kernel the Indians fashion the knobs of walking-sticks, the reels of spindles, and little toys, which are whiter than ivory, and as hard, if they are not put under water; and if they are, they become white and hard again when dried. Bears devour the young fruit with avidity." According to the Gardeners' Chronicle, from which we derive the substance of our information, the part of the kernel which is similar to ivory is of the same nature as the meat of the cocoa-nut; this kernel becoming very hard in several palm-trees, such as the date, but not of sufficient size to be of value to the turner. The doum, or forking-palm of Thebes, the fruits of which are called ginger-bread nuts at Alexandria, has a similar albumen, which is turned into beads for rosaries; and that of the double cocoa-nut, or coco-de-mer, is also susceptible of a fine polish.—*Chambers' Journal.*

From the *Britannia*.

FRANCE AND STEAM.

THE French journals still make the foolish pamphlet on their navy a topic, and all the native coxcombs of the Frenchman sharpened by all the vulgar jealousy of the Jacobin is displayed in the columns of every influential paper of France. Yet, why is all this bitterness? Has England exhibited the slightest wish to attack any of her neighbors? No. Has there been the most trivial collision with the French government? Have not our personal intercourses with the people been of the most confiding and conciliatory kind? Are not our merchants, our travellers, our diplomatists, our residents in France, from day to day, making further advances to that state of cordiality in which all nations ought to live with each other? Yet all this is to be broken up at an instant, because a son of the French king happens to be a blockhead, and to write a silly pamphlet about the "recovery" of "national glory." There is no use in national glory but to procure peace; and peace is procured already, and will last for the next hundred, or the next thousand years, if it is to depend on England.

But the Duc de Joinville, a *hero* who has never seen a shot fired, and whose whole service afloat has been confined to summer voyages, wants "glory;" and a succession of sneers and stimulants must be fabricated by the French press to rouse their nation to acts of hostility. This is the cry of "War on any terms," the cry of frenzy; but that does not the more prevent it from being the cry of Frenchmen. For their hostility no man in this country can care; for their threats of conquest, we need only refer to the failures of France in every attempt upon the national power for the last eight hundred years; for the tremendous retribution, we need only turn the eye of the Frenchman to the long and bloody narratives of the English wars with France, down to the double conquest of her country, and seizure of her capital, in 1814 and 1815. And, as it is remarkable that the losses and disgraces of France were regularly heavier in every successive period of war, she may be fully assured that her next British war will bring her nearer still to destruction, if not totally divide, desolate, and destroy the kingdom.

But the truly vexatious part of the whole affair remains, whether we go to war or remain at peace. The evidence is given, that no kindness can conciliate the original bitterness of the Frenchman. England has for the last quarter of a century not merely abstained from offence, but has actually exceeded the natural bounds of courtesy in the attempt to conciliate the peevishness of France. What nation was the first to acknowledge Louis Philippe? What nation has awarded to him the most constant and unhesitating praise? What nation has received the members of his family with more cordiality, and what nation was more willing to receive himself with public honors? And yet a puppy of his household no sooner scribbles a trifling pamphlet than every Frenchman starts on his toe, curls his moustaches, and pronounces the downfall of "perfidious Albion." Is this the honorable recompense of the queen's visit to the French Royal Family—an act of almost romantic reliance, and unquestionably one of the rarest in the intercourse of crowned heads?

Even the nature of the suggestions renders the national offence of this pamphlet more glaring.

If it had been a manly proposition for increasing the naval strength of France for the purpose of fair battle on the seas, though we should have regarded it as folly, yet we should not have regarded it as mischief. But the proposition is, to build a crowd of steam-boats, for the express purpose of being able, in the first event of hostilities, to ravage the coast of England. What a scene of miseries, plunderings, and burnings of the most innocent and helpless portion of our population must be the consequence of even temporary success in an expedition of such a nature! Permanent conquest would be a ridiculous conception, too silly even for the brains of this man of steam-boats. But, is the age of piracy to be restored? Is war to be nothing maulier or more generous than an incursion like those of the Dutch and Norwegian sea-robbers?

But every sailor knows that, important as steam-boats are, they can never decide battles; that ships of the line alone are fit for the service which settles the disposal of kingdoms; and that a single sailing ship of war would demolish a whole fleet of steam-vessels. But any nonsense is good enough for the public of France: while no kindness, national or personal, can ever extinguish the innate arrogance and animosity of a Frenchman.

We give a specimen from the *National*, alluding to the remarks of the *Times* on the pamphlet:—

"It would be difficult, we must confess, to read anything more ignoble than this, or which more clearly betrays the fear which haunts England lest our navy should develop itself in proportion to the power of our nation. The English, who exist at the present only because they carried on the trade of pirates on a grand scale on the coast of China, and who at all periods have trampled under foot the rights of naval powers, lose their senses with rage when the idea of interfering with their commerce in case of war is suggested. We do not expect to bring them back to sentiments of equity and moderation; but would it be too much to ask them that they intersperse their insults with somewhat less of bad taste?"

LADY MARY COKE, to whom Horace Walpole dedicated in a few verses the second edition of the *Castle of Otranto*, was the youngest daughter of John the great Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, who commanded at the battle of Sheriffmuir, was celebrated by Pope, and the patron of Jeanie Deans. She married, in the spring of 1747, Lord Coke, eldest son of the Earl of Leicester, and Horace Walpole, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann of the 12th of January, 1748, mentions his ill-treatment of her. Subsequently, on the 17th Nov. 1749, it appears she swore the peace against him. He died in 1752, without succeeding to the title of Earl. She is believed to have survived the century anniversary of her father's great victory, and to have died in the neighborhood of Chelsea about 1820; but particulars of the last half century of her career are wanting, and our correspondent has been unable to trace her death.

A letter from Vienna says:—"We are going to have a trial of an Atmospheric Railroad. A company has been formed here to construct one between Vienna and Huttelsdorf, by Hiertzing and Miedburg, on the left bank of the Wein. The expense will be 1,200,000 florins (3,000,000 francs.) All the shares, each of which is 10,000 florins, were disposed of the very day the prospectus of the company was published."

From the Athenæum.

Letters of Elizabeth Charlotte Duchess of Orleans, &c.—[Briefe, &c. an die Raugräfin Louise,] London, Williams & Norgate.

Of this new collection of Letters, written by Elizabeth Charlotte Duchess of Orleans, the editor, Wolfgang Menzel, gives us the following history:—

These letters, hitherto entirely hid from the public, have been committed to our care by the kindness of Count Christopher Martin, of Degenfeld, in whose family archives they have been preserved. The circumstances of their origin are as follows: the Elector, Charles Louis, of the Palatinate, had separated from his ill-tempered consort, Charlotte, and married the amiable lady Louisa, of Degenfeld. By this second marriage, he had five sons and three daughters, who found themselves, after their father's decease, in an uncomfortable position, having the family title, but not the power of succession. While the young counts received their military education, their sisters lived in Frankfort, in Hanover, and in England, where Caroline, the eldest, was married to the son of the Duke-Marshal Frederick of Schomberg, and died soon afterwards. The younger sisters, Amelia and Louisa, returned to Germany. To these, while children, the Duchess of Orleans had written many letters; and, when Amelia died, in 1709, the correspondence was maintained with Louisa until the death of the duchess, which took place in 1722. The earlier letters, being addressed to mere children, contain little of historical interest, but exhibit the character of the writer in an amiable light. Forgetting that her own mother had been displaced to make room for a happy rival, she looked upon these children of that rival with kindness, regarding them as sisters. After the death of her aunt, the Princess Sophia of Hanover, (mother of George I., of England,) who had been her principal confidant, the duchess transferred her confidence and communicativeness to Louisa, who had lived with the princess. Whether the letters to the Princess Sophia, which, in historical interest, must surpass all the others which the duchess wrote, are preserved in Hanover or England, I cannot discover. If they are, it would be of great service to make them known. Though we have none of the letters of the Countess Louisa, yet considerable light is shed over her character in the letters of the duchess. Her endeavors to gain the attention of the regent, through the influence of his mother, in favor of the reformed who had been persecuted under Louis XIV., merit our respect.

The leading events in the history of the duchess are already well known. In the year 1671 she was married, against her will, to Philip Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV. She called herself "the political lamb offered up for the peace of the country." Equally against her own conviction was her conversion to Catholicism, though Massillon, in his funeral oration, tells us, "she never relapsed into the faith she had left, because she abandoned it of her own free will!" How little the court-preacher knew of her real character appears from these letters. A few days after her conversion she was married to "Monsieur," who seems to have cared little for her, though she proved a faithful wife. Her German character, honest and kindly, though coarse, found no congeniality in the dissolute court where she lived through her son's regency to see the beginning of the reign of Louis XV. Her chief solace seems to have been in letter-writing, and she was one of the most copious of correspondents, filling, often, twenty or thirty sheets with her gossip. She even

wrote to the philosopher Leibnitz, who complimented her on her German style, of which she was not a little proud. Though she hated the French court, she loved to collect its scandals, and her letters are full of anecdotes characteristic of the dissolute period of the regency; of these we can only give scanty intimations. The times she describes afforded copious materials for a Juvenal. We need not attempt to preserve any order in our brief translations. A few quotations will explain what we have said of Massillon's mistake respecting the religious tenets of the duchess:—

Versailles, 22d January, 1697.—It is a vexatious thing to see how the priests set Christians against one another. In my opinion, the three Christian religions should consider themselves as one, and not trouble themselves with what the people believe, if they only live according to the Gospel; but preach against evil-doers, and let Christians of different sects intermarry and go to whatever churches they like.—*4th of March, 1697.* The priests can never live without disputes, and so, when they have done quarrelling with other religions, they dispute among themselves, as I see here every day. I believe what the good Colonel Webenheim used to tell me, "there is only one good and right religion in the world, and that may be found among all sects and languages; for it includes all honest, honorable people, who are of the same opinions everywhere; but there is only a small company of them."—*7th of May, 1711.* The king here is, in truth, a Christian; but very ignorant in religious matters, for he has never read the Bible, but believes just anything which his priests choose to tell him.

The duchess stood on her own ground, for she could not agree altogether with the Lutherans, as she writes in other letters:—

Dr. Luther was like all the rest of the clergy; he wanted to be a ruler; but if he had consulted the good of Christendom, I think he would never have separated. He and Calvin would have done a thousand times more good if they had not separated. Believe me, Louisa, the distinctions of the Christian religion exist only in the disputes of the priests, of whatever sect they are, Catholic, Reformed, or Lutheran; they all are ambitious, and would fain have dominion. But true Christians trouble not themselves with the quarrels of the priests; they obey the word of God, as far as they understand it, cherish no hatred against their neighbors, of whatever religion they may be, but serve them where they can, and commit themselves entirely to the care of Divine Providence.

The duchess sometimes edified herself in her courtly solitude, with the Lutheran psalms, to which she had been accustomed in her youth, as the following anecdote, with its naïve conclusion, amusingly proves:—

St. Cloud, 4th of August, 1720.—Do you then suppose, dear Louisa, that I never sing any Lutheran hymns? I have many of them by heart, and often sing them, as I find them comfortable. But I must tell you what happened to me as I was singing some of them more than twenty years ago. I did not know that M. Rousseau was painting the orangery, but supposed I was quite alone in the gallery; so I sang quite aloud the sixth psalm, "In thy great wrath rebuke me not!" I had hardly sung the first verse, when M. Rousseau (who was one of the Reformed,) came down in great haste from his scaffold, and fell at my feet. I thought the man must be crazy, and said to him, "Good heavens! M. Rousseau, what is the matter with you?" "Madame,"

he replied, "is it possible that you still remember our psalms and hymns? God bless you, and keep you in these good sentiments!" He had tears in his eyes. After a few days he went away, I know not whither; but wherever he is I wish him happiness. He is a very good painter in fresco.

Against the little, as well as the great corruptions of her day, the duchess is frequent in her protestations. Coffee and tobacco were especial objects of her detestation:—

I am very sorry, dear Louisa, to hear that you have begun to take coffee; for nothing in the world can be more prejudicial to health. Every day I see people who have been compelled to discontinue its use by the serious complaints which it has brought on. The Princess of Hainault has died of it, and, after her death, they found the coffee collected in her stomach, where it had produced a hundred little ulcers. * * I have had one of my son's daughters with me, Mdle. de Valois, the third of those living, a maiden of fourteen years old. When a child, she promised to be pretty; but my hopes are all deceived, for she has got now a great aquiline nose which spoils her face. She once had the prettiest nose in the world, but so children alter. I believe they have allowed her to take snuff, and that has done all the mischief.

We may extract a few sentences from her letters on the illness and decease of Louis XIV.

Our king, alas, is not well, and this has troubled me so, that I am unwell myself, and can neither eat nor sleep as usual. If you knew by what sort of company I am surrounded here, you would not wonder that I choose to live in such a solitary way. I neither can nor will play, and one who will not play has little to do here. Conversation is quite out of fashion. All seem so shy, and dread so to talk, that they seem afraid of each other. I am not of a proper age to dance with young gentlemen, and as for the people here of my years, I am no favorite among them. It is no trouble to me to be alone, for society is only miserable to me, where one cannot speak freely and openly of anything, save the weather, dress, and play. With intrigues I neither can nor will have anything to do, and thus you have my reasons for being solitary. * * You must not believe that the king's decease will leave me at liberty to live as I please. We must submit to the customs of the country; and, in my station, one must, indeed, be a victim of grandeur. You need not say anything of your obligation to me for writing to you amid all my troubles; for nothing so relieves the heart as to tell our grief to those who sympathize with us. It is true that we all supposed the king to be dead, as Mad. de Maintenon herself thought, for he lay in a long fainting-fit; but he came to himself again, and still lives. * * The king remained sensible to the last, and said to Mad. de Maintenon with a smile, "I thought that dying was a harder matter, but I assure you it is not such a great thing." He was twice, for twenty-four hours, so engaged with his prayers, that he said nothing to anybody.

Paris, 27th of September, 1715.—The whole day vexatious people are coming to talk to me, wishing me to speak for them in some affairs. My son gives himself no rest from six in the morning to midnight. I am afraid he will work himself to death. He never can stand it without being ill. If you call this a pleasant and comfortable life, then you may suppose I am enjoying myself. I do not know if my son will be made king; that must be left to God; but if it be so, he will never be able to do anything but what the keepers of his conscience command, and I am not reckoned among them. One thing is sure, that if he

follows his own inclinations no one in the world will be plagued any more about his religion.

The duchess was very affectionately disposed to throw a veil over the faults of her son, the regent, and to dwell upon his good qualities; and this kindness was returned on his part. In her old age, she relates, with great pleasure, how he would come to tell her laughable stories which did her more good than all her medicines. For his failings she generally contrives to find somebody to bear the blame; and often complains that he is "too good," "too easily persuaded," &c. Her picture of his court certainly presents to us the last stage of a dissolute period, and contributes to explain the gathering of that social tempest by which France was, at last, overwhelmed. Only a few traces may be extracted:—

There is no more shame left among us, and even the women, in their conversations, are worse than the men. It seems as if all faith had vanished from the earth. Neither the high nor the low have any religion left. I know not what will come of all this—God preserve us! Most of the people of quality here, think of nothing but dissolute pleasures, and believe in no eternal happiness, but think that after death there will be nothing more, neither good nor bad. As to the modes of dress prevailing here just now, nothing more detestable could be invented, even on purpose to ridicule them. You would think that the men and women were just escaped from the madhouse, or at least, from a masked ball. * * The young people seem to think only of their vices and their interest, and thus they look jaded and melancholy, thinking of nothing but how to get gold. This makes them look so serious, and, to my feelings, so disagreeable. They are far from all thoughts how to live in a happier way, for these vices have quite abused their understandings, so that they will neither learn nor follow the better way of life, that others have chosen before them; they will not see that this new mode of theirs is neither creditable with God nor with the world. One perverts another, and no wonder, when the first men of quality lead as mad a life as the lowest *canaille*. This destroys all, and none but bad dispositions are spread among the people.

Amid the dissolute heroes and heroines of the regent's court, Mr. Law comes in, with his famous monetary scheme for improving the finances. At first, the duchess seems to have entertained a favorable opinion of him:—

I believe Mr. Law is an Englishman, and not a Scotchman. Certainly, he is terribly hated. To me he seems to be a good man, and to possess a good understanding. * * These six days we have had nothing new except some financial movements, of which I cannot tell you, as I do not understand them; only this I know, that my son has found out means, with the help of an Englishman, Mons. Law, (the French people call him Mons. Las,) to pay off, in this year, all the late king's debts. The young king too, will be made a rich king! They who speak evil of Mons. Law and his bank do it out of envy. Nothing can be better than what he is doing here. He is paying off the late king's terrible debts, the taxes are lowering, and so he is taking the burthen off the people's shoulders. Wood costs only the half of what it did a short time ago. Wine, meat, and all articles used in Paris, are growing cheaper, which delights the people, as you may easily suppose. Is it not a good thing? * * Mons. Law is a good gentleman: I respect him highly, and he does me a favor when he can. He is no pilferer, like all others who have governed the finances, but what he gets is only an honest profit.

The story of his purchasing the palace of the Duchess de Berry is a pure lie; for she never had one to sell. All the houses she had fell to the king, who has made one of them his menagerie, and keeps cows, sheep, dogs, goats, and pigeons there. * * Good Mons. Law has been very ill for some days; with persecution and trouble, he has no rest by night or by day. I do not believe there is such an importunate people as the French in all the world beside: what with their begging, by letters and all sorts of ways, they make me so angry and impatient, that I snap about me like a boar. No one can have a better understanding than Mr. Law; but I would not be in his place for all the world: he is plagued like a lost soul. * * Here, (at Paris,) everything is growing terribly dear, double what it should be. They are sending diamonds, jewels, and all sorts of *bijouterie*, from England, and the lucky shareholders buy them up at any price. We have some droll stories. A few days ago a lady at the opera was surprised at the appearance of another lady who entered the house—very ugly, but clothed in the richest things, and covered with diamonds. The daughter of Mad. Begond said to her mother, "Do you see that gay lady? I believe it must be Mary, our cook." "Hush!" said her mother, "'tis not possible." "Nay, but for heaven's sake look at her," said the daughter. The mother gazed well on the gay dame, and confessed that the resemblance was striking. The murmur spread through the opera house—"Mary the cook!" At last the lady in question, arose and said, quite aloud, "*Eh bien!* suppose I am Mary the cook, Mad. Begond, I have become rich. I dress myself with my own property. I owe nothing to anybody. I like dress; I wear it:—that does no harm to any one; and what have you to say against it?"—You may guess what a laugh there was. We have a hundred such stories. * * Another is of Mons. Law's coachman, who (on leaving his service) led to his master two candidates for the office, and replied, on being asked if they were good coachmen, "So good, sir, that the one whom you reject I shall take for myself!" But of Mons. Law and his bank there are a hundred other stories, and indeed, we hear nothing now from day to day but new stories of the kind; for instance, a lady, the other day, ordered her carriage, with herself in it, to be upset just at his door, so that he could neither go in nor out. He rushed out, terrified, and fearing that the lady's neck must be broken, when she rose up and confessed that she had thus contrived to gain an interview with him. This is all very well, but some of the tricks played upon him, have been shameless. * * He himself will laugh till he is ill over them. * * You see how avarice prevails here, and, though I have been in France now forty-eight years, what I hear and see every day still seems quite new and strange to me.

After a few letters more of this sort, a change comes over the aspect of Mons. Law;—

Paris is not so full of people now as it was, for living becomes very dear. Every day we have new stories about the bank-notes, and I do think it most vexatious that one can see nowhere any gold. It is forty-eight years since I carried gold in my purse, and now we have only silver pieces, worth about a half-batz, but decreasing in value every month. It is certain that Mons. Law is bitterly hated, but that he has had no bad intentions, is evident from the large purchase he has made here, and the investment of his capital in land, so that he must stay here. * * I have great cause to be anxious about this fine golden scheme of Mons. Law; gold is scarcer than ever; but falsehood, envy, treason, and avarice, are never scarce here; of such things we have abundance, but nothing agreeable or merry, so that one grows weary of life. I know not what it is that makes men

so anxious-looking, but, all last week Mr. Law looked as pale and haggard as a dead man. * * Of Mons. Law's system I shall say nothing, neither good nor bad; for it is, to me, *perfectly incomprehensible!* only I see this, that it gives my son so much care, anxiety and toil that I do wish it had never been discovered. I am very anxious for my son, on account of the people's displeasure—would to God I were alone in the danger; then I should not care a straw about it. There is still plenty of gold in France; but they wickedly lock it up, and then pretend they cannot trust Mons. Law's system. * * I must confess I have never liked the system, and have always wished that my son had not followed it. * * The Parisians are the best people in the world when parliament does not stir them up to mischief. The conduct of the poor folk has touched me, for they only cry out upon Mons. Law, and not against my son. As I rode amongst the people in the city, they gave me loud benedictions, which moved me so that I fairly wept. It is no wonder that they do not love my son as well as myself; for his enemies have represented him as a godless character; a bad man, though, in fact, he is the best man in the world, and only too good. * * Mons. Law dares not move out of his house. I never before knew an Englishman or a Scotchman to be such a poltroon as Law. I believe he sometimes wishes himself in the Mississippi. * * Some lackeys the other day most vilely insulted Law's daughter, and pelted her with stones as she returned from the promenade. * * In Paris, the Mississippi is turning as many heads as the South-sea scheme did in England. Last week one of the victims in desperation threw himself from his window and broke his neck. I would not be in Mons. Law's skin for the world; he has too much to answer for before God for the misery he has caused. If ever the French take to the English fashion of murdering one another, there will be as many killed as by the plague for all goes by fashion in this country.

That is something like a prediction. We cannot help pitying the old lady, whose declining years were embittered by all the scandals of the court, and the perplexities of the regent's finances. Her gossiping correspondence was the only genial delight left to her, but it must have relieved her of many heavy hours, for she wrote about everything that was rumored in Europe, from the explosion of a *bon-mot* in Paris to the blowing-up of a powder-mill in Prussia. We may hereafter make some further translations.

The original manuscripts of the Correspondence of Burns and Clarinda were sold on Friday, May 10th, by Messrs. Tait, at Edinburgh. The company, as a correspondent informs us, was numerous, and the competition spirited. There being no bidding at the upset price (25*l.*) the letters were sold separately, and realized 38*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* Letter No. 64 of the recent publication, containing the "Lament of Queen Mary," brought 5*l.* 5*s.*; No. 65, which had the Poet's initials, 1*l.* 10*s.*; No. 66, containing the beautiful song, "A fond kiss," 1*l.* 11*s.* Mr. Watson, bookseller, Princes Street, Edinburgh, was the principal purchaser.

AMERICAN DOINGS.—The treaty of the United States for the annexation of Texas, terminates, characteristically enough, with the words, "*Done at Washington.*" It is to be presumed that the Texans are the parties who have in the present instance been "*done at Washington.*"—*Punch.*

From the Athenæum.

ENERGIATYPE, A NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC PROCESS.

WHILE pursuing some investigations, with a view to determine the influence of the solar rays upon precipitation, I have been led to the discovery of a new photographic agent which can be employed in the preparation of paper, with a facility which no other sensitive process possesses. Being desirous of affording all the information I possibly can to those who are anxious to avail themselves of the advantages offered by Photography, I solicit a little space in your columns for the purpose of publishing the particulars of this new process. All the photographic processes with which we are at present acquainted, sufficiently sensitive for the fixation of the images of the camera obscura, require the most careful and precise manipulation; consequently, those who are not accustomed to the niceties of experimental pursuits are frequently annoyed by failures. The following statement will at once show the exceeding simplicity of the new discovery.

Good letter-paper is first washed over with the following solution.

A saturated solution of succinic acid 2 drachms.
Mucilage of gum arabic $\frac{1}{4}$
Water 1 $\frac{1}{2}$

When the paper is dry, it is washed over once with an argentine solution, consisting of one drachm of nitrate of silver to one ounce of distilled water. The paper is allowed to dry in the dark, and it is fit for use; it can be preserved in a portfolio, and at any time employed in the camera. This paper is a pure white, and it retains its color, which is a great advantage. At present, I find it necessary to expose this prepared paper in the camera obscura for periods varying with the quantity of sunshine, from two to eight minutes, although, from some results which I have obtained, I am satisfied that, by a nice adjustment of the proportions of the materials, a much shorter exposure will suffice. When the paper is removed from the camera, no trace of a picture is visible. We have then to mix together one drachm of a saturated solution of *sulphate of iron*, and two or three drachms of the *mucilage of gum arabic*. A wide flat brush saturated with this solution is now swept over the face of the paper rapidly and evenly. In a few seconds, the dormant images are seen to develop themselves, and with great rapidity a pleasing *negative* photographic picture is produced. The iron solution is to be washed off as soon as the best effect appears, this being done with a soft sponge and clean water. The drawing is then soaked for a short time in water, and may be permanently fixed, by being washed over with ammonia—or perhaps better, with a solution of the hyposulphite of soda, care being taken that the salt is afterwards well washed out of the paper. From the pictures thus produced, any number of others correct in position, and in light and shadow, may be produced, by using the same succinated papers in the ordinary way; from five to ten minutes in sunshine producing the desired effect.

The advantages which this process possesses over every other, must be, I think, apparent. The papers are prepared in the most simple manner, and may be kept ready by the tourist until required for use: they require no preparation previously to their being placed in the camera, and they can be preserved until a convenient opportunity offers for bringing out the picture, which is done in the

most simple manner, with a material which can be anywhere procured.

Anxious to give the public the advantage of this process during the beautiful weather of the present season, I have not waited to perfect the manipulatory details which are necessary for the production of portraits. It is sufficient, however, to say, that experiment has satisfied me of its applicability for this purpose.

Prismatic examination has proved that the rays effecting this chemical change are those which I have elsewhere shown to be perfectly independent of solar light or heat. I therefore propose to distinguish this process by a name which has a general rather than a particular application. Regarding all photographic phenomena as due to the principal *ENERGIA*, I would nevertheless wish to distinguish this very interesting process as the *ENERGIATYPE*.

I enclose you a few specimens of the results already obtained. The exceeding sensibility of the *Energiatype* is best shown by an attempt to copy engravings or leaves by it. The three specimens I enclose were produced by an exposure of considerably less than one second. I am, &c.,

ROBERT HUNT.

Falmouth, May 27, 1844.

SPRING—A NEW VERSION.

"COME, *gentle Spring!* ethereal *mildness* come!"

Oh! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum?

There's no such season.

The Spring! I shrink and shudder at her name!

For why, I find her breath a bitter blighter!

And suffer from her *blows* as if they came

From Spring the fighter.

Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing,

And be her tuneless laureates and upholders,

Who do not feel as if they had a *Spring*

Poured down their shoulders!

Let others eulogize her floral shows;

From me they cannot win a single stanza;

I know her blooms are in full blow—and so's

The Influenza.

Her cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale,

Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at,

Her tansies, daffodils, and primrose pale,

Are things I sneeze at!

Fair is the vernal quarter of the year!

And fair its early buddings and its blowings—

But just suppose Consumption's seeds appear

With other sowings!

For me, I find, when eastern winds are high,

A frigid, not a genial inspiration;

Nor can, like iron-chested Chubb, defy

An inflammation.

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,

To me all vernal luxuries are fables;

Oh! where's the *Spring* in a rheumatic leg,

Stiff as a table's?

I limp in agony—I wheeze and cough;

And quake with *Ague*, that great Agitator;

Nor dream, before July, of leaving off

My Respirator.

What wonder if in May itself I lack

A peg for laudatory verse to hang on?—

Spring mild and gentle?—yes, as Spring-heeled Jack

To those he sprang on!

In short, whatever panegyrics lie

In fulsome odes too many to be cited,

The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,

And that is blighted!—*Hood*.

From the Metropolitan.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

"HERE is a day! an English day in February!—rain, snow, wind—sleet, snow, rain—snow, rain, sleet—reciprocated *ad nauseam*, and all in the course of three little hours of sixty minutes each! Horrible climate!—Wretched beings who are heirs to it!—Lapland is a perpetual Paradise to it—Siberia an eternal summer! * * Why should I stay here and die! for die I must—Who can live in such a country! and how can people, respectable people, be guilty of such a lie as to say that they do *live* in such a country! They don't; and they know they don't. It is not life, nor is it death—it is some intermediate state which they cannot understand, and have no terms to express. But I see the horrid distinction too palpably, and sink, sink hourly under the knowledge!"

"I'll go out:—I cannot catch more than fifty entirely English complaints, which no man attached to the institutions of his country can wish to be without. Yes, I'll go out; for I shall have that simpering Simpson calling again, who pretends to cheerfulness—the impostor!—Cheerfulness in the city!—Preposterous lie!—and comes here grinning, chuckling, and crowing out his good-humor, as he thinks it—his melancholy, the unhappy man!—That Johnson, too, threatened *he* would call—Heaven avert such an infliction! I hate that fellow; and I hate his fat French poodle, waddling and wheezing about the place, like a hearth-rug with an asthma!—And that Mr. Mountmidden, the poet—poet, pah!—That's a puppy—one of the sore-throat-catching school—fellows who think a sonnet and a neck-cloth incompatible! He'll be coming here, with his collar down on his shoulders like a greyhound's ears, and his eyes turned up to the attic windows, as if he was apostrophizing the nursery-maid over the way. Thank heaven, I hate every affectation most heartily!"

"I must go out; for, only listen a moment to those Miss Thompsons, next door, beating Rossini to death with wires!—and he deserves the martyrdom;—that intolerable Italian has done more to break the peace of this country than all the radicals and riotists in the last quarter of a century. And there's that Betty, below, buzzing about like a bee, with that eternal Barcarole! I begin to be of opinion with Mrs. Rundell, (*Domestic Cookery*, p. 18,) that 'Maid should be hung up for one day at least.' If I stay at home, I shall be bored again with that rhubarb-headed Doctor counting my pulse and the fractional parts of his fee at the same time—one, two, three, four, five pulsations—shillings, he means, in fewer seconds; and looking at my tongue—What's my tongue to him, the quack!—as Figaro sings, 'Let him look to his own.'

"Yes, I'll go out: for it is as safe out of doors as in. More wind!—There's a gust! A Trinidad tornado is a trumpet solo to it!—More sleet—now snow—and that's rain! What a country! what a clime!—Good heavens! there's a gust!—Ha! ha! ha! the chimney-pots at No. 10 are off on a visit to those at No. 11!—and the fox which surmounted the chimney at No. 9, is at his old tricks with the pigeons at No. 8!—Whew!—well-flown pigeon!—well-run fox!—Down they go over the parapet, with a running accompaniment of tiles and coping-stones! That slow gentleman with the umbrella!—the whole is about his head!—down he goes!—he is killed!—Murder!—no,

up he gets again!—away goes his umbrella!—and now his hat!—a steeple-chase is sedentary to his pursuit!—they have turned the corner, hat, umbrella, and gentleman!—two to one on the hat!—no takers!—O lachrymose laughter! melancholy mirth! * * *

"Mrs. Fondleman, if anything should happen to me in my absence—Why do you smile, Madam!—my affairs are arranged—you will find my will in the writing desk; and the cash in the drawer will disburse your account for the last quarter."

"La, Sir! are you out of your senses!"

"Suppose I am, Madam, have not I, as an Englishman, the birth-right to be so, if I choose? Not a word more, but give me my parabones, cloak, and umbrella, and let me go, for go I will. * * *

It is a sullen and savage satisfaction, in a day like this, when Nature plays the churl, and makes one dark and damp at the heart as herself, to look abroad at her in her own wretched woods and swampy fields, and to see that she is as melancholy and miserable as she has rendered us. * * Pish! pah! poh! rain, sleet, and snow. Merry England!—but no matter—out I will go. No, I will not have a coach—a hearse would be more german to the weather. It is of no use your dissuading me, Madam, I am determined."

"Well, here I am, I care not how many miles from town, that charnel-house of cheerfulness!—What a walk I have had! Walk! wade, I should have said. And what a frightful series of faces I have met with all along the road!—and all, I am happy to say, to all appearance as miserable and unhappy as myself—all climate-struck, winter-wretched, English-happy! * * But I am wet, weary, and hungry—where shall I dry myself?—where dine myself? Psha! what is the use of drying or dining either? *Tedet me vita!* * * *

"What have we here! 'The Marlborough Head.' Another glorious cut-throat's fighting face, making five in ten miles; two land and three amphibious!—I wonder when the men of peace may hope to have their heads hung out for signs! Well, the men of war are welcome to the preference, and may divide their out-of-door honors with the Blue Boars and Red Lions of less naval and military publicans. 'Horses taken in to bait'—aye, and asses too—I'll enter. * * Curse the bell-rope!—woven of cobweb, I suppose, that it may be added as another item to the bill. Waiter! [*Enter Boots.*] "Zur."

"What a brute! in a smock-frock tucked up—one hand in his pocket fumbling half-pence—a head like a hedgehog—a mere mandrake in top-boots and corduroys—with a Salisbury-plain of cheek; the entire being a personification of that elegant compound word *chav-bacon*. What is man, if this Cyclops is one! Have you anything to eat?"

"Zur!"

"Why do you stand there rubbing your hair down! It's flat enough, you sleek roughness! Send your master."

"Ize noa measter, Zur."

"What have you then! who is your keeper?"

"Missuz."

"Well, send in the Sycorax. What a horrible dungeon of a room they have put me into!—fit only for treasours, stratagems, and spoils!—dark, dismal, black-wainscotted, and ringing to the tread like a vaulted tomb! But what matter!—can it be more dreary than my mind! No. Then here

will I take 'mine ease in mine inn.' * * Curses on that peg in the wall! It was put up to hang a hat upon; but it seems by its look to hint that it could sustain the weight of the wearer. And that imp there, perched on the point of it; how busy it is adjusting an unsubstantial rope with a supernatural Jack Ketch-like sort of solemnity! Shadows seem to flicker along the wall, and hideous faces mop and mow at me! That knot in the oaken wainscot glares at me like the eye of an Ogre! The worm-eaten floor cracks and squeaks under my tread; and the cricket shrills under the hearth-stone!—and that hideous half-length of a publican of Queen Anne's Augustan age!—how the plush-coated monster stares at me, like an owl from an ivy-bush metamorphosed into a wig!—I cannot bear this!—Waiter! waiter!—[*Enter the Landlady.*]—What, in the name of all that is monumental, have we here! The Whole Duty of Man, in one volume, *tall copy—neat.* I never beheld such a woman till now!—six feet two, I should think, in her slippers!—Respected be the memory of the late landlord of the Marlborough Head! If he subdued such an Eve as this, he was a greater conqueror than him whose sign he once lived under."

"What is your pleasure, Sir?" courtesying respectfully.

(I stand up—and my eyes are on a line with the keys at her waist.) "Mrs. — Mrs. —."

"Furlong, Sir, at your command."

"Furlong!—mile, exactly—not a foot less. Be good enough, Mrs. Furlong, to let me have a couple of chops, cooked in your most capable manner; and, pray, do show me into a more cheerful room!"

"Certainly, Sir." (I follow like a minnow in the wake of a leviathan!)

"Aye, this will do better. Here I can see what is going on in the world, though it is not worth looking at. [*Exit Landlady.*] I have an antipathy to tall women, but really there is something sublime in this Mrs. Furlong; and as a lover of the picturesque, I shall patronize her. Now, if I was not sick of this working-day world, and all the parts and parcels of it, I should be tempted to propose for about one half of Mrs. Furlong, twenty *poles* or so. She has blue eyes—fair hair—a complexion like a May morning, and really looks handsome, and somewhat of the lady in her widow's weeds: 'Fore heaven! I've seen worse women! Then her voice is soft and low—an excellent thing in woman.' And this is a snug inn too;—a comfortable room this—carpeted, clean, and cosy—a view of watery Venice, in oil, over the fire-place, and Before Marriage and After Marriage, in Bowles and Carver's best manner, on opposite sides, as they should be. * * Ha! the chops already!—and very nice they look!—a shalot too!—Really, Mrs. Furlong, the outworks of my heart—no very impregnable fortress—are taken already. Now let me have just a pint of your particular sherry. * * Ha! this looks well—pale and sparkling too, like a sickly wit. I insist upon your taking a glass with me, madam."

"Sir, you are very good."

"Quite the contrary. A good-sized husband to you!" (Mrs. Furlong smiles, shows a very good set of teeth, and courtesies.)

"Ah, Sir, you gentlemen will have your joke. Your better health, Sir—for you do not look very well."

"She has spoken this with such a pitying ten-

derness of tone, that it has gone through my heart, and would, had it been iron! What makes my lips quiver, my tongue falter, my voice thicken, and an unusual moisture come into my eyes? One touching word of sympathy! Am I then again accessible to those blessed influences upon the heart and affections—pity and human kindness? Yes—then I live again! Oh! honey in the mouth, music to the ear, a cordial to the heart, is the voice of woman in the melancholy hours of man! Mrs. Furlong is called away, and I am spared from making a fool of myself in her presence. Ah, Mary, I will not accuse thee with all the changes which time and disappointment have made in my heart and feelings; but for some of these thou *must* answer! Thou wert my first hope and earliest disappointment! What I am thy little faith has made me; what I should have been—but no matter—I feel how desolate a wretch I *am*, how changed from all I was and ought to be—it is thy work, it is thy deed, and I forgive thee! Behold me here, a broken-spirited man with furrowing cheeks and whitening hair, tears in my eyes, and agony at my heart! Behold me an unsocial man, suspected by the world and suspecting the world—I, who trusted in it, loved it, and would have benefited it! But I have done with it now—I loathe it and avoid it! And why? Why am I now harsh of nature—uncharitable in thought, if not in speech—unforgetful of slight offences—revengeful of deep ones—jealous of looks—watchful of words? I that was gentle, tender of others, to myself severe; forgiving, incapable of anger, open-minded, suspicionless! But why should I anatomize myself? I give my heart to the vultures among men—let them glut on it; and good digestion wait upon their appetite!"

"Did you call, Sir?"

"No, Madam; but I am glad you are here, for your coming in has interrupted a melancholy thought."

"A melancholy thought!—Lud, Sir, do you surrender yourself to such a weakness as melancholy!—Life, to be sure, is a serious thing to the most cheerful of us; but to the over-anxious, and those who groan under its cares, death were happier than such life! The really heavy obligations of existence are worthy of our gravest thoughts; but the lighter evils, the cares and anxieties of the day—Sir, I never allow them to make a deeper impression on my mind than my pencil does on my slate: when I have satisfied myself as to the amount, I rub the lines off, and begin again."

"And am I to be taught philosophy by a Plato in petticoats, and the economy of life by a Dodsley in dimity!—*Nunc dimittis*, then, be my ditty! Pardon my expressions, Madam—the insolence of humbled pride. I sit rebuked. You are a sensible woman, Mrs. Furlong—have, apparently, right views of life; now tell me—what is the end of it?"

"Death, I should think, Sir."

"A pertinent answer, Madam; but you are on the wrong premises."

"I am on my own."

"Indeed—I am happy to hear it; and if I was a widow-watcher, I should make a note of that fact. I meant, Madam—what is the design, the intention, the moving motive of life?"

"Happiness here and in another and a better world."

"Yes, Madam; but our happiness here—what an uncertain good it is—a hope never in our own

hands, but always in those of others! And what do they merit, who, intrusted with so precious a trust for our benefit, deny it to us, and withhold it from us?"

"The same unhappiness at the hands of others."

"What if you would not, if you might, whiten one hair of their heads with sorrow who have silvered the whole of yours—what do they merit?"

"They do not merit so much mercy." (She leaves the room.)

"A negro has a soul, your honor!" said Corporal Trim, putting the right foot of his postulate forward, but in an undecided attitude, as if he doubted whether his position were tenable. "My uncle Toby ran through in his memory all the regimental orders from the siege of Troy to that of Namur, and remembering nothing therein to the contrary, came to the Christian conclusion—that a negro had a soul. And why not an innkeeper—especially if a woman? My prejudice is to let against that abused class of hosts and hostesses: to be sure, it was formed on an acquaintance with those only of the Bath road: *they* may not require souls, as their guests are chiefly fashionable people. Here is a woman 'with a tall man's height,' humbly stationed beside one of the high-ways of life—and stunned and distracted with the stir and bustle of the goers to and comers from the shrine of the great Baal, who has yet contrived to keep her heart from hardening, and her soul in whiter simplicity, in a common inn, than the shrinking and secluded nun shut up from the world in a convent! There is *indeed* a soul of goodness in things evil!—an inborn grace which the world cannot give, and cannot take away! Else how should this poor woman have that which so many minds, so much safer placed to preserve their freshness and native worth, have altogether lost and live without? One half the vices of the world are only acts of conformity with the prejudices of the world. Give a man an ill name, and he wears it as if it were a virtue and proper to him, and keeps up the tone of his depravity with a due sense of its decorum—its keeping, and color, and costume. When will the world learn better! Oh thou worst and vilest weed in the beautiful fields of human thought—Prejudice—grow not in any path of mine, for I will trample thee down to the earth which thou disgracest and must defile! But 'Thinking is an idle waste of thought.' Waiter."

"Zur."

"What, Cyclops again! But that's a prejudice too. Have you an entertaining book in the house?"

"Missuz have, I daur to zay, Zur."

"Bring it then, my good fellow. A change of thought to the mind, like a change of air to the body, refreshes, invigorates, and cheers."

"Here be one, Zur."

"Aye, this will do—nothing so well. Joseph Andrews! Good! good! Blessings be on thee, inimitable Fielding!—for many a lingering hour hast thou shortened, and many a heavy heart hast thou lightened. See the book opens of itself at a page which a man must be fathoms five in the Slough of Despond if he read it with a grave face and a lack-lustre eye! World, I bid you good den!—for here will I forget you as you are, and re-peruse you as you were. * * Ah! I remember well my first acquaintance with Joseph Andrews. I was then a very serious yet very happy boy—any book was a treasure, but a stolen perusal of one like this was a pleasure beyond all

price and worth all risks; for works like this were among the profanities from which I was carefully debarred:—mistaken zeal! If discovered in my hands it was snatched away; and if it escaped the fiery ordeal it was well. But who shall control the strong desires of youth! I remember, too, the candle secretly purchased out of my limited penny of pocket-money; the early stealing to bed; the stealthy lighting the 'flaming minister' to my midnight vigil; the unseen and undisturbed reading of this very book deep into the hours of night; and the late waking and pallid look, the effects of my untimely watching. I remember, too, how nearly my secret was discovered; for laughing too loudly over the merry miseries of poor Parson Adams, the thin waincoat betrayed me: I remember, ere I had breathed thrice, the sound of a stealing foot heard approaching my bed-room door—the light out in an instant—the book thrust deep down under the bed-clothes, and how I was heard snoring so somnolently, that I should have deceived Somnus himself."

"Ecod, you did'um capital!"

"Eh? what!—what, have you been eavesdropping at my elbow all this time, you Titus Oates of a traitor?"

"Yeez, Zur—you did n't tell I to go."

"Go, bring in candles and a pint of sherry—let down the blinds—heap the fire—and don't disturb me till I disturb you."

"Yeez, Zur * * * ."

"Vanish, then, good bottle imp!—And now for Joseph Andrews."

"Capital! excellent! inimitable and immortal Fielding! and thy bones lie unhonored in an alien's grave, and not a stone in thy native land records the name of the instructor and delighter of mankind! Well, there is no accounting for the negligence of nations. * * * Who knocks! Come in."

"Do you mean to sleep here to-night, Sir?"

"Sleep here, Mrs. Furlong! No—quite the reverse."

"I thought you did, as it is so late."

"So late! how late!"

"Eleven, Sir."

"Impossible! Have I been reading so long?"

"It is very true, Sir."

"And what kind of a night is it?"

"Starry and frosty, and the moon is rising."

"What, in England! Then let me have my bill, for I shall be glad to witness such a phenomenon."

"La, Sir, it is ten miles to town, and a gentleman was stopped on this road only last week!"

"How long did they stop him, Mrs. Furlong?"

"Long enough to rob him of his watch and ten pounds, I assure you."

"Well, as I have no watch, and only five, they need not detain me half the time. And if I should come back, bare and barbarously beaten, like poor Joseph Andrews, you are no Mrs. Tow-wouse, Madam—I could not be in better hands."

"I am glad to see you so merry, Sir."

"Merry, Madam! I never mean to be serious again, except at my own funeral, and then it will be expected of me that I should look grave. I have learnt, since that I have been here, that melancholy is to be medicined by mile-stones; that a slight attack of it is to be subdued by four of those communicative monuments taken in the morning before breakfast, and four at night following supper; a severe one, by twenty ditto, in two

portions or potions, washed down by three pints of sherry, and kept down by two mutton chops and shalots, and two volumes of Joseph Andrews—a prescription of more virtue than all which have been written from old Paracelsus's days to Dr. Paris's."

"Well, Sir, you certainly are not the gentleman you came in, and I am glad to see it. Here is your bill, and if you will run the risks of the road at this late hour, I can only wish you safe home, and a long continuance of your present good spirits."

"Thank you, Mrs. Furlong, thank you! And if I come this way again, I shall certainly, as the poet says,

'Stop at the widow's to drink!'

So good night, Madam. Once more good night.
* * * * Blessings be on every foot of Mrs. Furlong, that best of physicians; for SHE HAS CURED ME OF MYSELF!"

THE CRANBERRY.

THERE are two species of this plant, the fruit of which is now so very largely employed as a kitchen article for tarts, and as a cheap and effective antiscorbutic among seamen. The common cranberry (*Oxycoccus palustris*) grows wild in upland marshes and turf-bogs, both in England and Scotland, and generally over the northern parts of Europe. It is a trailing plant, with slender shrubby shoots, which are clothed with small linear leaves; the fruit is an austere red berry about the size of the common currant. It flourishes by the sides of little rills, and not among stagnant water, as its botanical name would imply; hence the difficulty of making it an article of culture. The Russian cranberries of the shops are produced by this species, and are so abundant in some localities, that the snow is stained crimson by the berries crushed to pieces by the passage of sledges over them. They are not gathered till after the disappearance of winter, so that those brought from the Baltic are always the crop of the preceding year. Before our own bogs and mosses were so extensively subjected to drainage and cultivation, cranberries were gathered in large quantities; and it is stated, that at Langton, on the borders of Cumberland, they were once so considerable an article of commerce, that at the season from £20 to £30's worth were sold by the poor people each market day, for five or six weeks together. Cultivation has, however, changed this order of things, and the cranberry is seldom to be met with unless in the fens of Norfolk and Lincoln, in some of the border wilds, and in the mosses of the Scotch Highlands.

The American cranberry (*Oxycoccus macrocarpus*) closely resembles the common species, but is a larger and more luxurious plant. Its fruit is also larger, and of a longish shape; hence the term *macrocarpus*, long-fruited. It is imported from the United States in considerable quantity, and used for the same purposes as the other, only it is considered to be of inferior quality. The American cranberry, though growing wild in great abundance, is a plant of easy culture; and in some parts of the United States, barren wastes, meadows, and coarse herbage, are converted into profitable cranberry fields at little expense. Any meadow, it is said, will answer for their growth. They grow well on sandy bogs; and if these are covered with brushwood, the bushes should be cleared away; but it is not necessary to remove rushes, as the strong roots of the cranberry soon overpower them. Some old cultivators plough the land previous to planting; the latter process being performed by digging holes, four feet distant each way, to receive the roots of the young plants. In three years the whole ground is covered with the vines; and an acre

in full bearing will often produce two hundred bushels, which bring about one dollar per bushel in the American market.

The cultivation of the American cranberry in our own country was first recommended by Sir Joseph Banks, and several gardeners have been so successful in the attempt, that this berry may now be regarded as one of our cultivated fruits. "Wherever there is a pond," says Neill, "the margin may, at a trifling expense, be fitted for the culture of this plant, and it will continue productive for many years. All that is necessary is to drive in a few stakes, two or three feet from the margin of the pond, and to place some old boards within these, so as to prevent the soil of the cranberry-bed from falling into the water; then to lay a parcel of small stones or rubbish into the bottom, and over it peat or bog-earth, to the depth of about three inches above, and seven inches below, the usual surface of the water. In such a situation the plants grow readily; and if a few be put in, they entirely cover the bed in a year or two, by means of their long runners, which take root at different points. From a very small space, a very large quantity of cranberries may be gathered, and they prove a remarkably regular crop, scarcely affected by the state of the weather, and not subject to the attacks of insects." Although a moist situation is best suited to the plant, yet, with a proper mixture of bog-earth or mud, it will flourish, producing abundant crops, even in a comparatively dry soil. It is seldom, however, so treated, the imported berries being so easily and cheaply procured.

What are called *Scotch* cranberries are not the fruit of an *oxycoccus*, but that of the *vaccinium vitis idæa*. This plant, according to Loudon, produces fruit quite as fit for tarts and marmalade as any of the others; while it is of the easiest possible culture, in either dry or moist peat, requiring, indeed, no attention for years, and is a more certain and abundant bearer than either the common or long-fruited cranberries above-mentioned. All the varieties of cranberry have a peculiar flavor, and a sharp acid agreeable taste; but the Russian berry possesses these qualities in greatest perfection. It is said that some very fine ones have recently been brought from New South Wales; and it is more than probable that they flourish in the southern temperate and antarctic regions, as well as in the northern. The cranberry is an easily preserved fruit, and will continue in flavor for many years. Britain imports from 35,000 to 40,000 gallons annually.

FEMALE WOOD ENGRAVERS.—We are glad to see, by announcements in the newspapers, that a class for the instruction of young women in wood engraving has been lately established in the government School of Design, Somerset House, London. No doubt there will be many competitors for instruction in this elegant art; but we should recommend no lady to think of applying herself to it, who is not already a proficient in drawing, both of figures and landscapes; for before the wood can be cut, it must be drawn upon, and therefore to be able to draw the subject with taste, is a matter of first importance; while taste in cutting, so as to bring out the true meaning of the lines and touches, is at the same time indispensable. With a preliminary knowledge of drawing, we should have no fears of soon seeing ladies attain an eminence in this lucrative and respectable profession; with ordinary diligence, they could at least very speedily rival the bulk of the persons who now profess to furnish wood engravings for books. The publishers of the present sheet, who expend several hundreds of pounds per annum on wood engravings for their works, have all along experienced the greatest difficulty in procuring the species of cuts which they require. A want of a thorough knowledge of drawing they feel to be a chief source of the difficulty.—*Chambers' Jour.*

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE LOVE-CHILD.

THE most distant recollection of my life is exceedingly vivid:—I was travelling for several days and nights in a huge vehicle, which I suspect to have been a road wagon. My mother was with me, and often wept most bitterly, without, so far as I could perceive, the least occasion, for we had plenty of straw and plenty of play-fellows. To me the circumstances in which we were placed seemed glorious; she, however thought differently. At last we quitted the wagon, and proceeded on foot across several fields, in which haymakers were at work; I began to grow tired; she took me in her arms, and I fell asleep. On awaking, I was in a small room, and my mother appeared to be quarrelling with two or three other persons, who called me "brat," and threatened to throw me out of doors. To appease them, much to my amazement, my mother said, with great earnestness, that I had taken off her ring while she was thinking of something else, and lost it among the straw in the wagon. This seemed so to increase the wrath of the others that I screamed with all my might, that I had done nothing of this sort. My mother now hastily wrapped me up in her cloak, and rushed out. I struggled to get my head at liberty, but she pressed me closer, and hurried on. Presently I heard voices of persons apparently in pursuit. Terrified to the utmost, fearful of their overtaking us, I gasped out, "Run, mother, run!" In a few moments I felt a sensation of falling—a heavy splash followed, and the roar of rushing waters was in my ears. I clung convulsively to my mother, and after a brief and painful dream and a long sound sleep, I suddenly awoke, and began to cry for water, my mouth, throat, and stomach being, as it seemed, lined with red hot iron. Somebody now got out of the bed in which I was lying; a bustle ensued, and presently the people with whom my mother had been quarrelling, one by one appeared, and ministered to my wants with the greatest tenderness and solicitude. After my thirst was a little quenched, I looked about for my mother—but she was not there.

By the foregoing facts the horizon of my memory is bounded. I recollect nothing with continuous distinctness of that part of my life which ensued, until I became eight or nine years old. Thenceforth events seem to have formed a perfect chain—and I can trace them link by link. A glance at the first will show that I had not been moving in a very enviable sphere of existence.

There was a field bounded on three sides by a copse, in which pheasants were most rigidly preserved, and nuts, crab-apples, and bitter sloes abounded: it, the copse, I can't conceive why, was called Cuckold's Harem. The Squire owned it; but the field which abutted on its boundary was the freehold of a morose farmer, who would not part with his inheritance—and immense offers had been made to him—for "love or money." He had about sixty acres of the best land in the parish, lying in the very heart of the squire's immense estate, across which he had no less than seven distinct rights of way, and one of these ran right in front of the magnificent manor house. The squire's name was Patch, the farmer's Belroy. Patch's grandfather had made an enormous fortune by robbing his employers, while acting as a slave agent on the Gold Coast: Belroy was probably a descendent of one of the Normans who had helped

to beat Harold at the battle of Hastings. The only deed which he possessed as evidence of his title to the land he held, was a bit of parchment scarcely so big as the palm of his huge hand, bearing the same date as Magna Charta, and purporting to have been sealed by "John the King" in the presence of Maud, Cicely, and Egbert Baron of Burr. In very bad Latin it recited and confirmed a grant by William the Norman to Thibaut Belroy and his heirs of all the hundred of Palsover, including Squire Patch's property: how the original donation had been so clipped, that nothing but its nucleus remained in the tenure of the first donee's descendants, did not appear. But on this nucleus no human being set so high a value as its owner. Nothing could tempt him to part with it.

All this I ascertained subsequently to my first well-remembered encounter with him in the field that abutted on Cuckold's Harem. We met on a little bridge, formed by a felled oak sawn in two, and flanked by rude posts and rails, that crossed a slow, silent brook, which crept like a snake from the squire's cover, along the side of the field, and formed a pool in the heart of Belroy's little freehold. At the first glimpse he laughed at me most heartily. I was attired in a tattered coat of the last century: it had been worn by his grandfather, the kneebands of whose respectable velvet breeches dangled at my ankles—while the broad lappels of his upper garment, bedecked with tarnished embroidery, was dragged in the mire at my rear.

"Here's an imp!" quoth he, adding, as he turned to a beautiful child of about my own age, who accompanied him, "don't come on the bridge, Agnes, for it's slippery. Why, how's this, my gentleman! What's the use of my setting up scarecrows to keep off the damned pheasants from my corn, if you—you little ooshert, make a business of robbing them? You must be punished for this." I began to blubber, and the little girl sobbed. "You must be punished for this," added he, after a short pause. "Stay here till I return—keep the pheasants off, and perhaps I may forgive you."

He then turned back, and walked away with his pretty little daughter, who several times looked over her shoulder, to see what I was about. I loitered on the bridge until they disappeared, and then, rather pleased than otherwise with my allotted punishment, I strutted about the field with official importance, and longed for some delinquent pheasant to alight within a stone's throw. Not a bird, however, ventured to appear for above two hours; when, weary with walking, I went up to the scarecrow, and leaned against the stick which supported it. In a few minutes a bird flew from the copse into the centre of the field, and, after flapping his wings, crowed as lustily as though he had been perched upon the topmost branch of an oak: two or three hen pheasants soon joined him, and perceiving that they fearlessly approached me, I refrained from throwing the capital pebble with which I had provided myself, until I could make tolerably sure of my aim. The golden opportunity soon arrived: I let fly, and hit the cock bird on the side of the head. He fell, and began to tumble about the furrows, flapping prodigiously, but not so as to alarm his companions; they were not aware of what I had done: while two of them gazed with curiosity at the phenomenon, the third bristled up and began to peck and spur at him most furiously. The moment I saw the success of my silent artillery, I went forward as speedily

as my cumbrous habiliments would permit, to make sure of my spoil; but scarcely had I advanced a couple of yards when my career was arrested by a loud shout. The hen pheasants ran off into the preserve at the sound, and I, turning to that corner of the field from which it had proceeded, perceived Farmer Belroy advancing towards me with hasty strides. Suspecting, from his violent gestures, that I had committed some error, I started off in an opposite direction, but soon tumbled headlong. The next moment I felt myself in the clutch of my colossal enemy, and commenced a series of desperate manœuvres, the aim and intent of which was to writhe myself out of his grandfather's clothes. In this I should most probably have succeeded, had he not caught me up in a lump and hugged me to his breast, so that, my arms being pinioned, I was comparatively powerless. I say comparatively, for my legs being still at liberty, I drummed away upon his stomach with all my might, and fastening my teeth in his cheek, did all in my power to make them meet.

The farmer, however, almost instantly choked me off, and then holding me at arm's length, by the scruff of the neck, as the huntsman does a fox which he has rescued from his pack, he thus apostrophized me:—"Why thee'rt a stoat lad, a downright imp of Belzebub! listen to sense! I'd no thought of harming thee! Doant thee wriggle, or I'll tie thee foot to foot, and carry thee home, swung by the ankles athirt my stick, like a paunched rabbit. Listen to sense—wilt? Promise and I'll let thee down—promise, and there's an apple for thee—look, a red-streak!"

Half scared to death, I accepted the proffered token of peace, and he placed me on my legs. Observing me stare rather anxiously about, he asked gruffly what I was "glowering at?" I muttered something about the pheasant. "Drat the pheasant," he exclaimed: "luckily he's got his wits again, and crawled off; if you'd a year's mere strength you'd ha' killed un, and then the squire, if he'd heard of it—d'ye mind me? d'ye mind me, I say!—Tellee you mustn't kill 'em: only keep 'em off, that's all. I were on the bridge all the time, and as it seems pretty clear a mopstick's nothing when they've scraped acquaintance wi' un, I'll hire you for the place—d'ye hear—at twopence a week! What d'ye say?"

I pulled down my forelock in token of acquiescence, and after he had given me orders to be in the field by daybreak the next morning, and charged me, with great solemnity, not to kill "any of the d—d varmin," he went off, leaving me to ruminate on my felicity. Twopence a week was an income far—far beyond the utmost limits of my ambition—it soared up to the importance of a revenue! Twopence a week was a boundless amount! I puzzled my small brains to think how the deuce I should contrive to expend it.

The next morning I was at my post before the night-birds had gone to roost. I sat down by the side of the ditch which fenced off the copse from the field, and having nothing better to do, I began to amuse myself by imitating the bark of a fox. Presently I saw the dim figure of a man glide noiselessly through a gap, and approach me; at the distance of about twenty yards he stopped, knelt down, and I heard the click of his trigger. To throw a somerset backwards, which lodged me safely in the mire of the ditch, was the work of a moment, and I had the good luck to escape with

only two or three shots in the lower part of my right leg.

Although but little hurt, I screamed out "Murder" at the very top of my shrill pipe, and in a few seconds, three or four men appeared. One of them turned the glass of a dark-lantern upon me while a second, throwing himself flat on the ground, so that his head and shoulders overhung the edge of the ditch, reached down and obtained such a clutch of my capacious apparel as enabled him to lift me up. While doing this he exclaimed, "Why the twoad comes out as light as a loose cork!"

"I'll be jiggered," said another, as I was thrown upon the bank, "if Ezra han't ashot the farmer's scarecrow!"

Peals of laughter ensued, and I found that I had fallen into the hands of squire Patch's detestable possé of game-keepers, who were evidently prowling for Blue Peter the poacher.

Ezra now came nearer and in a quivering tone observed, "Scarecrow or no scarecrow, nobody can deny there were a fox barking; and as the squire don't hunt, 'twere my duty to kill un, if so be as I could. But then what d'ye make o' the cry of 'murder,'—'twere awful like,—doantee think so?"

A pause ensued, which was broken by a shriek from myself, occasioned by one of the party having poked me in the ribs with the muzzle of his gun. In spite of all the impediments I could offer, my diminutive carcass was now speedily "shelled." After having ascertained the trivial nature of my wounds, one of the keepers tied up my duds with a hazel and slung it across his fowling-piece, while Ezra tenderly wrapped me in his great goat and bore me off. In about half an hour we reached his cottage, at the door of which he took possession of my scarecrow costume, and after having stated that he should serve me up with the breakfast things at the squire's, he wished the other keepers a hurried "good by," and carried me into his kitchen.

His wife immediately hailed him from the room above. "Ezra!" said she, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing at all."

"I know there is—I can tell it by the burr o' thy voice. Is Peter shot at last—and by thy hand!—Oh! God? my poor brother!"

"No, no:—doantee, doantee howl so, missus—it's only a boy."

"Hast killed un dead, Ezra?"

The good woman now ran into the room. By the light of the wood fire, which the rush of air on opening the door had caused to burst into a pale blue flame, she saw that blood was dropping from the coat in which he carried his burden, and overwhelmed with agony, she threw herself upon his neck.

"Unhook your arms, Kitty," cried Ezra: "unhook, I say, or I shall let the boy fall squash upon the stones!—my knees do shake—unhook I say, Kit—d—n thee."

Down we fell, Ezra, Kit, and I, my dirty duds and his spruce fowling piece, in one sprawling group upon the hard flag floor. Ezra was either stunned or had fainted, and his wife, speedily becoming conscious of the calamity, roused her faculties, and, forgetting everything else, affectionately bestirred herself to recover him. I had already dropped from his grasp, and stood stark-naked.

upon the hearth. Willing to make myself useful, I plucked a green twig from the fire, and placed it in such a position that the pungent smoke floated freely into his nostrils. This restored him to sensation, and in a few minutes, as the old women say, "he came round."

His wife Kitty, a very pale, care-worn looking woman, apparently about twenty-five years of age, after having brought down from the room above and tied her warm flannel petticoat about my neck,—my arms being allowed to protrude through the pocket holes,—with astonishing celerity produced "a pot of tea." While this was being discussed, Ezra, who was now "himself again," carefully picked the shots from my leg, and after his wife had washed my face and hands, and most rigidly applied the small-tooth comb to my head, to which she paid the compliment of saying that no young squire's could be cleaner, we went to bed together: they had no children, and I was delightfully cuddled between them.

When Ezra awoke me, my head was couched on his wife's bosom; her arms were wound about me; and she murmured, hugging me up to her heart as she spoke, "Not yet, Ezra! Truly, not yet!"

Ezra, however, was not to be coaxed: he got up, and I was arrayed in the filthy begrimmed costume of the scarecrow. This, as Ezra said, was necessary, in order that the Squire might see the affair in its proper light; but he made no objection to my face being soaped, washed, and polished until it shone like a ripe pippin. After a hearty but hurried breakfast, I limped off by the side of Ezra towards Squire Patch's mansion.

He carried me part of the way, while he was secure from observation, but from the moment that we entered the house, Ezra seemed to have lost all regard for me: the jeers of the servants had their full influence, and I was treated by him as a little outlandish wild beast that he had caught in the woods. After having loitered for some time in the hall, we were ushered, by a spruce footman, who, with a mock heroic air, offered me snuff, into a magnificent library, where Squire Patch and his visitors were breakfasting. The peal of laughter with which I was greeted frightened me; I had never been in such polished society before; and turning to Ezra, I hid my face beneath the skirt of his shooting-jacket. I was, however, speedily torn from my retreat, and fully developed for the amusement of the party. Indignant at such treatment, I had already meditated a bite at the silk breeches of a plump gentleman who sat at the lower end of the table, when, without announcement, Farmer Belroy strode into the room, and calmly took me under his protection, being, as he said, an appurtenance to his property; I was his scarecrow, and who the devil had dared to fire at me on his land!

Patch was quailed, Ezra flinched, the guests looked grave, and Belroy, taking me by the hand, led me out—declaring, as we retired, that he would not only be answerable for my appearance, but would defend, to his last acre, any charge that might be brought against me. Without the slightest molestation I was allowed to be withdrawn; and Belroy led me off silently to the field; there he left me, saying, "Lad, bide here; do as I told thee, and fear nothing; for I'll be thy friend against keeper or squire, hog, dog, or devil, to my last tooth."

My first impulse was to go and look at the

place where I had plumped into the ditch; a pheasant, most probably the one I had hit, was lying breast upwards in the black fud. I then proceeded to halloo joyfully round the field: and scarcely two hours had passed, when a basin full of bacon, brocoli, and potatoes, surmounted by a huge lump of brown bread, was brought to me by little Agnes. She had already dined upon roast fowl and ham, but took a fancy to my bacon. I told her all that had occurred to me in the morning, and by the time we had emptied the basin, Agnes and I were as familiar as though we had known each other a hundred years. After a brilliant game of bo-peep, in the rough uncultivated ground at the upper part of the field, I gallantly escorted her over the bridge, and she tripped off through the adjoining meadow. My tea was brought by a clumsy milk-maid, who gave me a clush on the jaw with her cold, soft, fat palm, and dubby sausage fingers, for innocently asking if her name was Molly.

The next day Agnes did not come; no, nor the next after that, and I began to be weary of my confinement. The dowdy duds of Farmer Belroy's grandfather became disgusting; I loathed them, and determined to resign. Accordingly at night-fall, making another exchange with the mopstick, I went home, perfectly delighted, in my own scanty, coarse, buttonless and tattered suit. The prospect of twopence had ceased to be fascinating.

Determined to resume my former glorious, free, though by no means profitable avocations, on the following morning I reached the foot of Transom Torr, a long and steep hill about a mile off, in time for the stage-coach, which I and six or eight other equally ragged urchins usually attended during its slow progress up the steep, attempting by our feats of agility to amuse the passengers, from whom we were occasionally rewarded with some small donation. I could not only turn heels over head as well as the most active of my competitors, but had a knack of trotting on my hands with my legs aloft, which neither of them possessed. On this occasion my achievements attracted the favorable notice of a middle-aged passenger, who, when we had reached the *pinch* of the hill, alighted, and addressed me. "What's your name, my little man?" said he. I told him it was Tadpole. "What friends have you?" In reply, I enumerated my grandmother, Agnes, Belroy, and Blue Peter the poacher. "Ay! ay!" said he, "I thought you were going to the devil; here, here's a sixpence for you; come across to Caddiscombe Fair next Monday, inquire for Lavolta's troop, and I'll see if we can't save you. If you should forget the name, you will see me with a long whip in my hand; and look, I've a blue wart under my left ear. On Monday, mind, at Caddiscombe."

I was bewildered—the sixpence lay glittering in my open hand, and while I stood gazing at my mysterious benefactor, who had now gone on, Seth Holloway, one of my companions, made a successful grab at the coin, and started off at full speed with his twin brother Bob, and one of his cousins, whose name I forget. My first impulse was to run after Lavolta. Hearing my frantic exclamations, he turned round before I had proceeded half a dozen yards, and perceiving at a glance the posture of affairs, he shouted loud enough for the delinquents to hear him, "Very well, young gentlemen." Then dropping his voice, he said to me, "After them, Tadpole; let me see you catch them; knock it out of the rascals, and a whole

half crown shall be ready for you on Monday next at Caddiscombe. Halloo! my lad! no snivelling!"

Away I went, at my best pace, and after a chase of nearly three quarters of a mile, I began to gain so rapidly on Seth, who was a fat, square, burly little blackguard, that seeing I should soon be up with him, he adopted the mean device of sending his brother on with the sixpence, while he and his cousin faced about, and prepared by force of fists to cover Bob's retreat. This, of course, could not be done without a fight, in which, however, I was so terribly thrashed, that when they withdrew, I had neither the heart nor strength even to dog them. After lying where they had left me, coiled up like a sleeping eur, at the foot of the mile-stone, for nearly an hour, bitterly bemoaning my lost opulence, I was picked up and perched, against my will, on the summit of the stone by Blue Peter. On my making two or three impotent hits at his face for disturbing me, to my deep indignation, Blue Peter laughed. He then stepped back a couple of paces, and in a more serious tone than it was his custom to assume, even on the most important occasions, he thus addressed me, "Of all the cantankerous, resolute, wilful young badgers I ever came athirt, thee'rt out-and-out the worst. Instead of a kind hand and a civil word, thy best friend can get nothing from thee less than a snap and a growl. But there—it's thy fury of a grandmother that's spoiled thee—so I suppose we must put up wi' thee—but I'd as soon live with a hedge-hog—mind me."

Blue Peter's serious tone touched me, and I began to whimper. "Well! come! don't be a fool," said the kind-hearted fellow, "but let's hear what it's all about, and see if we can't mend it."

As well as my sobs would permit, I told him of Lavolta's generosity, and Seth Holloway's turpitude. I even admitted that I had been licked, but added, that the first time I caught Seth or his cousin alone I'd prove pretty soon who was the best man. Blue Peter consoled with me, and after having stated that he had heard all about my hiring with Farmer Belroy, and its consequences, he most earnestly urged me to go at once to Cuck-old's Harem field, and resume my vocation. In reply, I dwelt with emphasis on the consequent restriction of my freedom to a solitary area of four acres, totally destitute as I should be of all interest or amusement—being forbidden even to do any more than merely frighten the pheasants. Peter frankly admitted that so tyrannical an inhibition was altogether insufferable—human nature could not stand it; and when I mentioned to him the stern behest I had received on the subject, he observed that it was quite prudent for Farmer Belroy openly to discourage the destruction of the privileged birds which devoured one half of his crops, but the more of them I could wing on the sly, the better he would be pleased. "Now," added Peter, "do you be off to your berth, lad—Belroy won't ha' missed you, for I saw him start for Caddiscombe market before the sun rose—bide patiently in the field all day—if the pheasants should come down, don't pelt 'em—keep quiet, and about dusk I'll look in, and show you some sport. As to the sixpence, don't fret about that; look ye, lad—here's a shilling; go to business, and at dusk it shall be thine—thoe canst lick Seth and his cousin at thy leisure."

I began to feel that, notwithstanding my recent

calamity, I was rapidly rising into importance. Blue Peter had talked of giving me a shilling, and Lavolta had estimated me at no less than half a crown! that is, if I could replevy my sixpence from Seth and his assistants. I had been unsuccessful to be sure, but that a bare possibility should be held out to me of compassing the possession of such a sum, made me feel big, and tempted by Peter's promise, I hurried off to my field. There I found little Agnes weeping most bitterly. She had brought my breakfast, but could n't find me. In the innocence of her heart, she had imputed my secession from office to her non-attendance with my meals. She begged to explain, with winning simplicity, that her father, who rigidly prohibited her from holding any communication with his servants, had, on discovering the fact of her bringing me—his scarecrow—a dinner, locked her up for three days. She had, however, taken the opportunity of his first absence from home, to wheedle the servants—in short, she had succeeded in bringing me my breakfast.

I had lots to tell her, and the forenoon passed very pleasantly, for we blubbered in unison. About noon, the dairy-maid, whom I had ventured to call Molly, but whose real name it appeared was Dolly, arrived with my daily bacon and its accompaniments. She hurried little Agnes off, protesting that there would be barely time enough to get home and lock her up, before her father's return. Agnes, by accident, left her blue waist-ribbon; and having no better strong box in which to dispose of the valuable, I stuffed it into the deserted nest of a bush-maggie.

Soon after sunset, the tarred and broad-brimmed straw hat of my friend Blue Peter gleamed above the fence. In externals he was a perfect antithesis to a poacher. On the questionable authority of having performed a couple of voyages—one *to* and the other *from* New South Wales, *with an interval of seven years between them*, Blue Peter invariably wore the costume of a sailor. His trowsers were so loose, that he could with perfect impunity bestow a hare in each leg. On approaching the spot where I stood, he produced from beneath his jacket a small canvass bag: this, as I speedily found, contained a little half-bred cock, with a dull dun breast, belly, and back, a white tail and flight, copper-colored hackles, and a brilliant rosette to match on each wing. His eye, beak, and legs were all intensely black. Blue Peter kept him constantly in complete fighting trim, but not with a view to the pit, for the bird was a craven. He might perhaps have been proof against natural spurs, but one touch of the steel settled him. If he did not kill his cock at the second or third stroke, he was sure to be beaten. Still he had frequently been entered in a main, on the ground of his wonderful agility and precision: if his antagonist, however game, happened to be clumsy, it was two to one that Blue Peter's bird gave him "cold pudding." Mousey—that was the little rascal's name—had killed oftener, and been beaten oftener, than any other ten birds in the county; still he looked as fresh, clean, and scathless as though he had passed his whole life at "a walk;" in fact, he had never received any punishment—always turning tail, as he did, at the first scratch he received. Of late he had become utterly useless in the pit; for experience had taught him wisdom, and he would not even face an enemy whose heels were armed. Still he was a merry, bustling, foppish, conceited little fellow, and suited

Blue Peter's purposes much better than a bird of more sterling qualities, and less assassinating agility. He struck out like lightning, and the touch was usually as fatal.

The poacher, after having poised him, laterally, for a few moments on his palm, took him in both hands, and threw him gently on his clipped wings. The little Bobadil came to the ground brim full of pride, and assuming the most gallant attitude imaginable, instantly uttered—not that prolonged drawl, by which mere dunghills are distinguished—but three sharp, shrill, brief, and business-like notes of defiance to all within hearing. His challenge was directly answered by a cock pheasant in the copse. "Tuck, tucca-tue; tuck, tuck, tuck!" responded Mousey, as though he were amazed at the presumption of the unseen champion, whom another crow brought boldly into the arena.

Blue Peter and I had already retired behind a tree. The pheasant, on alighting, commenced a crow, which he was not permitted to complete; for Mousey springing at him, while the gallant victim was in the act of annunciation, entered his head at one eye, and brought out the cold keen point of his steel spur at the other. Blue Peter immediately ran forward, twisted the sprawling, struggling pheasant's neck, and threw the carcass to his little assassin. Mousey, as soon as its convulsive struggles had ceased, leaped upon it, and crowed with rejoicing emphasis. At its second repetition, the appeal was answered, and presently another pheasant, as Blue Peter observed, "volunteered to do the agreeable." He was speedily murdered; but not before—to quote another observation of my friend, "he had fetched Mousey such a wipe on the conk, as made him look over his left wing, and begin to consider." The pheasant, however, fell from the force of his own blow, and while attempting to get back his leg from among his long wing feathers, through which it had passed, the little gladiator finished him.

We should have had more sport, had not something occurred in the copse, which induced Peter to pick up the pheasants, thrust them desperately with his foot into the heart of a blackberry bush, catch the cock, plunge him into the canvass bag, hurl the latter beneath the underwood which fringed the ditch, and prepare to make off. "There's a keeper in the offing," said he, "and take whatever course I may he can get me under his fore-foot: mind your eye, and don't stammer if questioned." As he was retreating, I ventured to mention my shilling; and he intimated by one gesture, not only that he had forgotten it, but that he felt perfectly conscious of its importance, and drawing the desideratum from his pocket, tossed it at my mouth: I caught it between my teeth, and in an instant, lodged it safely under my tongue.

The keeper did not think proper to intercept Blue Peter; but made directly towards me—it was Ezra. He looked with evident anxiety at my leg, and with the utmost sincerity expressed his satisfaction at perceiving that the punctures made by the shot were rapidly healing. His wife, he said, was spinning two pair of stockings for me—luxuries which latterly, during hard frosts, I had frequently invoked, but could not achieve. I was bare-footed; and it occurred to me, that the use of stockings would necessarily entail the purchase of shoes. This I mentioned to Ezra, and he promised to provide me with a pair; that is, if I would avoid bad company, and be ambitious. I did not know what he meant. "Why here," said he, "I've

just caught you hand-in-glove with that rascal Blue Peter, my brother-in-law:—a little chap of such promise to play scarecrow to a bit of a farmer too! It an't decent, mind me, in a lad that's cute. Why, t'other night I could have sworn 'twere a fox, or else, of course, I should n't ha' shot; and they do say, there yeant a beast in the field, from a bee to a bullock, that you can't mimic—birds included. I should like to hear you crow!" Ezra's manner was so open that it imposed upon me, and I obliged him. The challenge was immediately answered by little Mousey, from his bag beneath the bank. I had fallen into the snare.

Ezra soon brought Mousey to light. "I were sure o' this," said he, wringing the poor little cock's neck; "where has he put the pheasants?" Unconsciously I looked at the blackberry-bush, and in a moment Ezra nosed the game. "Now," said he, "here's enough to transport thee, lad: but we be far from harsh; on the contrary, we'll try to save thee. Look up in the world,—cut your low acquaintance, and may be, I may be able to make you a dog-boy;—there's the livery you know—bright blue and silver lace.

At the mention of the livery my virtue dwindled to the admeasurement of a pin's point; I forgot Farmer Belroy, Blue Peter, nay, even little Agnes, and longed for my instalment. To be a dog-boy, an attendant on Squire Patch's pointers, was to attain a preëminence beyond which there was nothing to desire. I closed with Ezra at once; and he directed me to be in waiting near the stable yard by noon the following day.

Next morning I scorned breakfast, and sallied forth to Transom Torr for the purpose of crowing over my companions on the prospect of my approaching employment. This I thought would serve to wile away the lazy hours, until the period of my appointment with Ezra; but I was above joining in the tumble, and accompanied the coach as a dignified spectator up the hill. My shilling I had already converted into halfpence; and, on reaching the summit of the steep, where the stage horses were put into a briskish pace, I gathered a ragged regiment of urchins about me, and gave them a glorious scramble. What did I want with halfpence!—I, who was about to be a dog-boy, and wear Squire Patch's livery of blue and silver! Had Seth Holloway been present, I should scarcely have condescended to pitch into him. The pride of my little heart was aggravated to a crisis by the appearance of Square Patch's equipage. It came flashing and glittering through the beech trees of one of the park drives, which emerged on the brow of the hill. At each side of the road there was a grand lodge—the Patch property spreading far away, as well to the right as to the left.

The carriage, drawn by four horses, the wheelers in reins, and the leaders driven by a postilion, dashed through the open gate on that side from which it approached, and crossing the road, by a masterly manœuvre, brought its broadside to bear full and close upon the opposite entrance. Two footmen leaped down to open the door, and Squire Patch with three or four of his visitors alighted, their object being to wind up an artificial mound which commanded a much more extensive prospect than the crest of the Torr could afford. They had scarcely disappeared, when, with a view of showing off to advantage before my companions, I had the audacity to approach the postilion. He was a lad attributed to the squire's valet, scarcely

exceeding my own height, but two or three years older. He was known by the name of "Master James;" and by that honorable appellation did I address him. The little upstart would not deign to hear me—and the boys behind beginning to titter, I ventured to pull him by the spur, for I could reach no higher on account of his being mounted on a Yorkshire bay, at least sixteen, or perhaps sixteen hands and an inch high. Indignant at this, which he construed into an affront, the pampered puppy dexterously dropped his foot out of the stirrup, clung to the mane, and bringing his heel nearly to a level with my forehead, struck out with such vindictive energy, that, receiving his rowel full in my scalp, I fell prostrate—but not insensible—far from it—

The blow had simply the effect of rendering me so far stupid, that, in my indignation at the insult thus publicly inflicted, I forgot all idea of my promised preferment. Snatching up a stone which lay within my reach, I had no sooner regained a foot and a knee, than I *let go* at him. But my position, hurry, rage, and a slight swimming in the head, rendered the well-intentioned missive so far ineffective, that instead of touching him bang on the cheekbone, it digressed so much as merely to shatter the nerves of his bridle hand. On this member, however, the infliction proved, particularly keen. He screamed, dropped the reins, leaped off his horse, and before I could recover my senses and feet, to get into a defensive position, pitched into me, with an impetuosity, that, considering his superior strength, had I been perfectly prepared, I should have found it impossible to withstand. Besides he was armed with a short docker whip, nicely adapted to his powers, with which he paid away upon me most unmercifully. The lash seemed, intuitively, to discover every hole in my rags, and I writhed on the road in such perfect agony, as not merely to be utterly incapable of making any attempt at defence or escape, but to be wholly unconscious of mortification—that emotion of the mind being overwhelmed by my bodily suffering. A short docker, by the practised hand of an enraged postilion, even on the withers of a horse, is no trifle, but on spots of nakedness, revealed by the meagre apparel of a ragged child, it produces sheer torture—as I, at least, can bear witness.

The little wretch's rage and exertions soon exhausted him, and with a final inefficient slash at my face, which I had turned up to him most pitifully to entreat that he would be merciful, he tottered back to his saddle. Without what is termed a mounting-horse, he could not reach the stirrup with his toe: he therefore made an attempt to clamber up, but was foiled and fell. At that moment the full force of my disgrace rushed upon me like a torrent. All that I had endured seemed to fly to my heart—the remembrance of the last slash at my imploring face was magical—I started up, rushed upon him, twisted the whip from his tired grasp, and began to belabor him with the heavy brass-bound butt-end of it about the head with such ferocious force, that before the coachman, who had previously enjoyed the sport, could descend from the box to his relief, I had left him senseless and pale as the chalky road-dust on which he lay.

On perceiving the approach of Mr. Ongar—that was the coachman's name—I darted beneath the bellies of his leaders, and before he could get round to the off-side of them, I had reached, and

intrenched myself behind a mound of stones, gathered together for the repair of the roads. From this, as he came on to the charge whip in hand, and bursting with fury—for he disputed the valet's claim of the ownership as to Master James—I peppered away at his large legs with prodigious effect. The skill possessed by a blackguard village boy in throwing stones is scarcely credible without ocular proof. I excelled in this low-life accomplishment: and the shins of Mr. Ongar speedily dyed his pale pink silk stockings of a dull wet carmine. He approached my defence, swearing, howling, shrieking, and dancing—he did not run, but lifted up his legs like a slow-paced horse afflicted with the stringhalt—displaying very high action, but little or no speed. When almost within reach of his whip, I brought him down, by a jagged two-ounce fragment of pure granite, which took effect about an inch and a half above his ankle. At that moment, Squire Patch and his party reappeared. In the triumph of puerile conquest, I hurled an effective half-pounder at the plate glass window of the carriage, and before the consequent crash subsided, beat a retreat.

Threading the coverts of the park, into which I found, at once, a practicable entrance, I hurried on with the speed of a hunted fox. My pursuers soon gained upon me however so fast, and I became so weak, that I thought fit to abandon my first intention of making for a distant badger's earth, into which I knew by experiment I could creep, and jumped helter skelter from the brow of a ridge into the little glen of briars and brambles beneath. I had very reasonable fears of my pursuers, for they were the lads among whom I had so recently scrambled my worldly possessions. hallooed on, as I clearly heard, by Squire Patch and his friends—from these I expected nothing less than some mysterious awful "terror of the law."

I switched through the raspers in my descent, with no other misfortune than a few scratches, and the loss of certain portions of my rags—alighting knee-deep in the black unctuous bottom of the broad brook, which glided noiseless and invisible beneath the briars. Fearing that I might have left a bit of my parti-colored apparel on the thorns so visible as to reveal my retreat, I paddled with as little splashing as possible down the brook; but soon felt so completely overcome by fatigue, that I could not resist laying my head on a beautiful bit of moss, which, overhanging a small rocky ledge, fell in natural drapery down the bank. I had neither the strength or inclination to draw my legs out of the mud—my repose might therefore be termed amphibious.

I seemed to have but just closed my eyes—the voices of my rascally pursuers had scarcely died away—when I was aroused by the deep well-known notes of a brace of big frightful foreign hounds which the Squire usually kept chained, among other zoological curiosities, in his courtyard:—they were evidently on the track which I had taken from the brow of Transom Torr.

In the smith's shop, where many of the villagers were accustomed to congregate on winter evenings, to gossip, gambol, and play at ALL FOURS on the anvils, I had heard horrid tales about bloodhounds in foreign parts; and my grandmother's parlor was adorned with a colored print, in which a leash of the breed were depicted in the act of tearing down a poor naked black. One of them, as I remember to this day, had leaped upon the man's shoulder, and thrusting his head forward,

had grabbed him by the throat. Blotches of blood were distributed about the dog's jaws—the victim's tongue lolled forth—it was an awful affair, and I never could look at it without suffering that strange cutaneous emotion which produces "goose's flesh." I was far from an obedient boy; and my wrathful grandmother had often threatened to take me by the scruff of the neck, hurl me over the palisadoes of Squire Patch's court-yard, and let the blood-hounds "worry me a trifle, or two,"—these were her very words.

The ugly monsters (they had been christened SIN and DEATH) were, as I have stated, now on my track—their business was with me.

My first impulse was to go down the bed of the brook, break cover in Cuckold's Harem field, and make off towards Farmer Belroy's house, or my grandmother's hovel. Belroy, I felt satisfied, would protect me; and my formidable grandmother was, in my estimation, single-handed, a match for anything that drew the breath of life. A hare once took shelter, literally, on her hearth—even beneath the grate; and in defiance of a whole army of red-coats belonging to a distant hunt, and a full pack of strong hounds, she preserved the wretched animal's life. The dogs and their attendant gentleman broke through her miserable window and the mud wall beneath it; but my fierce grandmother, who was the washer-woman, stood in the breach, and by dexterously plying the simple artillery of boiling water from an enormous crock, compelled the beleaguers to beat a retreat, after having suffered considerable loss. Most of the leading hounds, and many of the gentlemen and their horses, were dreadfully scalded: the dogs howled with agony, and ran to and fro, snapping at everything in their way, as though they were mad. One of them, I remember, flew at an old elder tree in front of the hut, and seemed to derive immense consolation from gnawing its rough trunk. The gentlemen roared hideously, and the horses snorted, neighed, whinnied, kicked, pranced, pawed, and tore up the hard gravel road with their desperate teeth, in so frightful a manner, that I besought my grandmother, in screams, to desist. Not she indeed! While any of those who had battered her mud castle remained within range of her liquid projectile, she continued to deal it forth by the ladle-full; exclaiming, ever and anon, "You'd worry a hare, would you? She has turned into a witch, you see! When water fails I've irons at the fire, and, God help me! I shall try to flatten your faces!" The gallant hunt retired discomfited and disgraced; but the poor hare, notwithstanding all that we could do for it, died the next day, as my grandmother said, "of a bursten heart," from her efforts in the chase. During the night she squealed like a child in agony—her dying look was dreadfully human. I shall never forget it.

Could I but get beneath or behind my grandmother's stiff, thick, patched petticoat, I should have dared to pebble the noses of Sin and Death with a consciousness of perfect impunity; could I have reached Farmer Belroy's kitchen, I felt sure that I should have nothing to fear from anything appertaining to Squire Patch; but in the open fields I should incur the risk of being viewed, and run down. I therefore determined on steering for another haven, namely, the cottage of Ezra, the gamekeeper, who had shot me in the leg. It was much nearer than Farmer Belroy's or my grandmother's, and it could be come at, entirely, with

the exception of one meadow and a garden, through thick cover. It lay, however, in quite a different direction, and to reach it I was compelled to retrace my floundering up the bed of the brook. As I passed silently and unseen the spot where I had made my plunge, the bloodhounds, Sin and her half-bred daughter Death, whose sire was a bulldog, were baying above me, and I heard Squire Patch shrieking for the Caddiscombe otter hounds. Quietly making my way up the stream, I at length reached the root of a tall and noble maiden oak, which rose from one of its banks, and after having overtopped the underwood, among which it was born, soared bravely up into broad daylight far above the ridge of the little ravine. This friendly tree I climbed with ease, and travelling to the extremity of one of its upper branches, alighted safely on the level of the wood.

Fear, as the novelists of Leadenhall-street observe, lent me wings, and I flew through the copse. In five minutes I had reached the back door of Ezra's cottage. I opened it, shut it quietly behind me, shot the lower bolt, the only one I could reach, and, being barefooted, came into the kitchen without being heard. Kitty was clasped in the arms, and weeping on the shoulder, of her brother, Blue Peter, the poacher. The interview was clandestine; I revealed myself by coughing, and they looked like guilty things. Kitty, notwithstanding my filth, clutched me up to her bosom, and kissed me. Blue Peter laughed. I frankly told them my story; and within a few moments from its conclusion, I was stripped, plunged into a large tub of soap-suds—it was Kitty's washing day—and after having been properly towelled, put to bed. I was still in a state of horrible alarm; but Blue Peter vanquished my bitter apprehensions of the bloodhounds, by assuring me that no canine nose in the world could follow me up a maiden oak. Kitty brought me a podger of hot milk enriched with lots of sugar, and a dash of smuggled brandy, and in half an hour after I had entered the cottage, I was sleeping, at mid-day, in a fine feather-bed—fast as a top.

My repose was, however, doomed to be brief as that hurried but less comfortable slumber which befel me on the bank of the brook. I had a violent and vivid dream, in which, as I subsequently found, imagination had been powerfully assisted or excited by reality. Squire Patch was Satan, cast out of the herd of swine: he vomited bloodhounds in couples—an eternal succession of twins—fac-similes of Sin and Death—and these the swine devoured. Meanwhile my grandmother danced on an upturned washing-tub, and her reverend donkey brayed. Each of the pigs—and there were millions—seemed identical with our Sir Simon—but it is necessary to explain.

My grandmother, as I have said, was a washer-woman—about half a grade above a pauper; but proud, reckless, and independent as any supreme lord of lives and property in the universe. Although earning but a scanty subsistence by the labor of her hands in her old age, after having spent the early and middle part of life in comparative opulence—she feared nothing—she cared for nobody. She had prospectively paid for her bit of burial-ground in the parish church. Her coffin had, for years, been under the bed; its cover possessed hinges and a lock and key; the solemn utensil contained her valuables—a little tea—a little sugar—the keg of cider—the small stone jar of illegitimate white brandy—her thin-worn wed-

ding ring which, unlike herself, not being fitted to endure hard work, had snapped—a lock of Billy Timms' hair, the youth of her maiden love—great grandfather's battered Bible, on the yellow fly-leaf of which was scrawled a register of the birth of every babe born in the family for three generations, *except myself*—several old silver thimbles, pierced through by severe use, in her better days—a gaudy garnet brooch—three singular silk gowns—my grand-uncle's breeches with five *bonâ fide* gold buttons, formed of seven shilling pieces, at each of the knees—several certificates of marriage, stuffed for better security into the toes of so many high-heeled shoes—a padusoy and a stuffed parrot—the sight of which was the only thing in the world that could make her shed tears. God knows why—I never asked, and I never found out. She always produced it with the Bible on Sunday mornings, when it was her invariable practice to take out her spectacles—they had but half a glass left—and read me a chapter. On these occasions she frequently talked of teaching me my letters; but the next day a career of steam and soap-suds was commenced, which lasted throughout the week, and my education was forgotten, until the Sabbath appearance of her battered Bible and its never-failing accompaniment the green poll-parrot with blue cheeks.

To carry home her linen she always had a Ned—that is, always within my memory; and I could hardly believe Blue Peter, the poacher, when he first told me that our fine, tall, stately, stout, long-eared friend, who looked as though he had ever been just as he was, had actually pined for some time about the dead body of his dam on the common, and would have died without an owner, if granny had n't kindly taken to the ragged, miserable foal, and reared him. Poor as we were, the Ned was always fat and sleek—his neigh could be heard for miles—he pranced with pride, and to him were ascribed the finest mules on the Caddiscombe railroad. He was now gray as a badger with age, but his youthful energy had not departed. Though grisly, he galloped most gallantly beneath the weight of granny and her customers' linen. He worked only two days in the week—Monday and Saturday—during the other five he fond in perfect freedom on the common. Once upon a time, Squire Patch's people had caught and put him in harness, by way of a lark; but his emancipation was speedily achieved by a trifling exertion of his prodigious powers—the coachman said “that he could kick a town down.”

This capital creature was a very useful piece of property; but touching my grandmother's other animal nothing laudatory can be said. Nobody could recollect where she had picked him up. The bacon was all bought—there had not been a porker in the parish within the memory of man. Sir Simon had neither contemporaries, progeny, or subjects—he was himself alone—the Pig.

There were plenty of cocks and hens—cows, bulls, bullocks, rams, ewes, lambs, and chilver hogs—but no pig barring Sir Simon. The Ned had not a name—the pig had. Everybody knew him as Sir Simon. He was the kindest, the most patient animal in the world. If the boys had nothing better to do, they sought him out, on the common, and three or four of them at once bestrode him. When fairly mounted he would ejaculate a note or two, expressive of mock-heroic indignation, raise his head, cock his tail,

and set off at full speed. In a few moments his riders were invariably thrown. Buckle himself could not sit a pig at full speed. The scapular and caudal vertebræ are so much lower than the lumbar—at least they were in Sir Simon, the only pig I ever rode—that with the animal's violent action the rider is inevitably shuffled over his head, or shelved over his tail, unless he can take and maintain hold of the latter organ and one of the ears. But this Sir Simon would on no account permit. He was good-humored to a fault; he would dig on the common for the roots he loved with a squib tied to his tail, but the moment you touched his ears you put him in a passion—he debased you to the level of a dog, and knocked you ten feet off, topsy turvy, without the least remorse. His tusks were like the canine teeth of a tiger, but he never used them, even when irritated, except against dogs. He would lift a boy by an upward action of his snout over a fern bush, and leave him unhurt upon the sward beyond; but if a strange dog tackled him, it was his sublime pleasure to adopt a demi-lateral, demi-perpendicular action of the head, by which his assailant was mortally ripped, and tossed, sprawling in the agonies of death, over the swine's head. To the boys Sir Simon was a rough, good-humored playmate on an emergency; to a dog he was dire.

The pig had but one predilection: he never testified the least particle of love towards me, my grandmother, or any other human being; but for the Ned he entertained a decided partiality. He was always with him, except when once now and then he would stroll into Cuckold's Harem wood for a feast of beechmast and acorns. Where the Ned was grazing, there the pig was ploughing. He trotted by the side of his long-eared friend, when their mutual mistress took home her clean linen; he *couched* on the common, at his back. He recognized nothing but the Ned; but the Ned never seemed to take the least notice of him.

The realities that mingled with my dream were my grandmother's screams, the howls of Sin, Squire Patch's shouts, and Sir Simon's deep guttural triumphant grunt. I awoke in a violent fright, and as soon as I become conscious of where I was, stole on tiptoe to the window for information. In the high road from the peak of Transom Torr, which the front of Ezra's cottage commanded for nearly a quarter of a mile, there was to me a most appalling piece of work. At one timid, anxious, furtive peep through the jessamine which partially shaded the window, I saw that I had occasioned a frightful commotion. The living picture before me told its story in an instant. From what I saw, the conviction flashed upon me that some good-natured friend had gone down to my grandmother, and told her about Squire Patch having uncoupled the bloodhounds on my track. The old woman, as a matter of course, had mounted her palfrey, and come off at full speed to the rescue. On reaching the scene of action, Death, the younger of the bloodhounds, having a dash of the bull-dog breed in her derived from her sire, had pinned the Ned. Sir Simon, perceiving the nose of his friend between the jaws of a dog, had torn the latter from neck to navel. Sin, a witness of the catastrophe, having no bull-dog blood in her veins, had taken to her heels—Sir Simon, who went to great lengths when he was put up, had followed, supported by my desperate grandmother, and her enraged Ned.

All this, as I subsequently ascertained, had

taken place ; but, as I have said, the facts flashed upon me at a glance. First came the liver-colored bloodhound, Sin,—a single object—the very centre of the living picture,—fat, gasping, and scarcely able to maintain a gallop : drops of burning sweat rolled over her red fevered tongue (the only part in which dogs perspire ;) her eyes were bloodshot, and the protruded pupils were dragged backward, and fixed in horrid alarm on her pursuers ; her tail was between her legs, her back was smooth, not a hair on it was elevated. Next came Sir Simon :—his tusks were gory ; he frequently licked his hirsute lips ; the bristles on his back were all bolt upright ; his tail, which naturally had a trifling curl, looked as though he had tied it into a knot ; by setting in action some of the muscles about his jaws, his long rugged tusks were fully developed—he grunted with glee.

My granny and her Ned followed. The old lady was in a desperate plight. Her cap had blown off, and her long grizzly hair, divided into numerous ropy rat's tails, shot out in straight lines from the back of her head. Her brown sinewy arms were in violent motion, for she was urging the Ned, by thumping his neck with her white fists, saddened in soap suds, to increase his speed. But this exertion on her part was needless. The Ned seemed to be personally interested in the exploit ; his lips were margined with crimson foam ; the spirit of vengeance beamed forth from his dark eyes ; his ears lay flat on his neck ; his flexible and wounded upper lip was in constant motion ; he frequently revealed his long teeth, and evidently had an intense desire to have a *scrunch* at the bones of the bloodhound.

Squire Patch and his visitors—the troop of boys who had followed me from Transom Torr—two or three gamekeepers—that infernal postilion who flogged me so—the blacksmith, hot from his forge—the tailor, in slippers—Mr. Smikes, the shoemaker, trying to tuck up his intractable new leathern apron—old hobbling Holloway—Shriek, the parish clerk—in fact, two-thirds of the village formed a busy back-ground to the picture. Patch was blaspheming as though he had been Beelzebub : he could not overtake my granny, and foresaw that his darling bloodhound must inevitably fall a prey to the tusk of the pig. Among the multitude I perceived Ezra ; he had a fowling-piece in his hand, which he contrived to charge as he ran. Leaping on a dunghill, clothed with weeds in brilliant blossom, by the road side, he knelt down and levelled at Sir Simon. I stood on the tips of my great toes, and clenched my hands until I saw the result of his fire. It took effect.

The small shot, however, merely tickled the pig's thick hide ; he received them as a possé of practical jokes, and uttering two or three very gruff, but, to those who knew him, intensely joose grunts, galloped on with increased speed, although, as I perceived, when he passed, a few of the long bristles that clothed his nether haunch were strung with liquid rubies. There was a patch of flat green turf, at the other side of the road, on which, when the pig had passed, I discovered Blue Peter sprawling in a paroxysm of laughter.

But the scene, however comic it might have been to him, was truly dolorous to me. The last glimpse I obtained of Sir Simon, his enormous ears were flapping up and down like an eagle's

wings triumphantly, as it seemed, bearing him onward to his prey. Granny, mounted on her infuriate Ned, was hard by his haunch ; no aid was at hand, and I foresaw that, if Sin had nine lives, they would in a few moments be nine times annihilated. Sir Simon would rip up his flanks—the Ned would scrunch his ribs, and granny would complete the massacre by tearing him limb from limb. The fatal consequences of so audacious an exploit would not be felt so much by the Ned, Sir Simon, or granny, as by me—the first cause of the calamity. Ezra, I was sure, had detected me behind the jessamine as he passed, and I determined to decamp.

After having made my wet and grimy toilet, I descended the stairs, and—Kitty having gone out to see the fun—made my escape by the back-door, sneaked along the garden, and through the ditch of the meadow, into cover. I descended the maiden oak—traversed the brook until the point where it reached Cuckold's Harem Field—emerged there and threw myself flat in a diagonal furrow. Many hours elapsed, and when the west began to grow rosy, I ventured to peep above the corn-blades. My eye fell upon the face of a human being—it was that of dear little Agnes.

Her father being from home again, she had brought me successively, my breakfast, dinner, and supper. Supposing that I was playing the truant, and would probably make my appearance before night, she had kindly concealed my absence from the servants. How I loved her ! The bacon, though cold, was capital. I did not eat—I devoured ! Her aspect gradually brightened up, and at length my voracity so much amused her, that she cackled like a pullet. While she was in this pleasant mood, having satisfied my appetite, and drained a shooting horn of stout old cider, which she had brought with the bacon, I recounted my recent exploits and perils, and from my mode of treating them, they seemed to strike her as being replete with fun. Once now and then, however, she turned pale, and stared at me awfully ; and when I showed her the ridges raised on my urchin hide, by the short-docker of that atrocious postilion—base-born as myself—she recoiled with horror, and I had made much ado to prevent her from running away. As soon as I could prevail upon her to resume the seat she had previously occupied, I excited her interest by discoursing on my future prospects. I had made the village by far too hot to hold me, and I considered it very advisable to be off. It was Saturday evening, and I proposed, during the night, to crawl away to Caddiscombe, where, if Lavolta kept his word, I should meet with him at the fair, on Monday morning. Agnes suggested, that the intervening Sabbath would starve me. To knock this objection on the head, I proposed to pocket my untouched maternal mess of fried potatoes, and vesper ditto of brown bread and cheese : besides, I should meet with lots of hawthorn buds, and it was hard, if, after all my experience—as I meant to work my way as much as possible in covert—I couldn't find at least one squirrel's winter hoard of nuts unexhausted, in the Caddiscombe woods.

We were sitting opposite each other in the diagonal furrow, into which I had first thrown myself. Agnes, with a melancholy glance, surveyed the space between my naked head and naked ankles—she gazed on tatters. Granny never thought of buying me raiment—I clothed myself. The nether garments I wore, were my

own. I purchased them for a penny three months before, from Dick Withers, who had found them somewhere; my jacket was a loan. I had no pretension to shirt, waistcoat, hat, shoes or stockings. Had I accepted the two latter articles from Ezra and his wife, perhaps I should not have had the courage to have worn them—in *me*, and among *my* companions, it would have looked proud.

Agnes, without speaking a word, took from her bosom a little *huswife*, given to her for the purpose of dressing her dolls. Selecting a little fairy needle, and threading it with a bit of blue silk, she knelt down and commenced sowing up a large rent which revealed the whole of my right knee. We soon began to talk again, and before she had proceeded far in cobbling up the numberless breaches in my garments, I had half persuaded her to be the companion of my meditated expatriation—for such the flight to Caddiscombe to both of us appeared. Her father had often threatened to pack her off to a boarding-school; but do what she would to make him angry, he still delayed the fulfilment of his menace, which it was her intense desire to bring about, for she felt sick of home, and longed to learn dancing. Poor little dear! She had no mother—no sisters or brothers—no companions. Her intercourse with humanity was rigidly restricted: with nothing to do, she felt herself enslaved. When a good girl, she was allowed to play with her dolls in the parlor or the garden; when deemed naughty, she was shut up with them in the brown closet, behind the back bedroom.

We were just on the point of coming to a conclusion, when somebody tittered—we looked up and there was Blue Peter; over his shoulder gleamed the ruddy countenance of Dolly. They had overheard us, and in a few moments our project, so far as regarded Agnes, was utterly annihilated. Neither of them would, for an instant, entertain it. Agnes was lugged home, shrieking, by Dolly; and Blue Peter promised to hide me under a hen-coop in his own cottage, during the Sabbath, and put me far and free on the road to Caddiscombe long before the sun rose on Monday morning; for he thought that I could not do better than try my luck with Lavolta. My grandmother, he said, was ruined, out and out; for not only did Sir Simon sacrifice Sin, but the ferocious old woman had most severely thrashed Squire Patch.

On hearing this, I would on no account trust myself, for a whole day, to the protection of Blue Peter's hen-coop, but determined to get away at once—threatening the poacher that I would bite him if he attempted to prevent me. Peter took this very good-humoredly, and offering me his back, said he would carry me a clear mile on my road. Pocketing my provisions, and taking the ribbon of Agnes from the deserted bush-magpie's nest, where I had deposited it—I had not thought of it while the young darling was present—I mounted my friend's back, and away we went.

We had scarcely gone a quarter of a mile, when he pulled up under a broad oak. The sky above us was still, in patches, blue and bright; but the spray and budding foliage of the trees made our path occasionally gloomy. Beneath the oak we were in perfect shade. Casting his recondite eye upwards, he said that there were three pheasants at perch on a lofty slender branch, which would not bear him. "They're *craning* out their necks," quoth he; "steal up and twist 'em.

Mind me—they be wide awake, but bothered between the lights." I moved, as an amendment, that I should take up three pebbles, and hit them one by one off the roost. We were, however, walking on a bed of thick elastic moss, and Blue Peter, partially falling in with my views, in the absence of pebbles, furnished me with a few penny pieces. I got up the oak with ease, and when upon a level with the birds—they had not yet tucked their heads under their wings—I placed three of my monetary missiles, one upon the other, between my finger and thumb, and carefully, but with all my strength let go. There were three of them, but I only hit one: down he fell—it was a splendid cock—like lead; the others dashed up into the light and disappeared.

Blue Peter was pleased, and gave me sixpence. Soon after we parted; and being excessively tired, I crept into the hollow of a tree that had fallen, and enjoyed a sound repose. When I awoke it was past mid-day; but this fact it took me an hour's labor to ascertain. I had crept in easily enough, but I found it a matter of appalling difficulty to retrograde. At one time, I felt all but certain that my bed would prove my coffin. The worst of my position was, that although faint with hunger and exertion, I could not get at the fried potatoes, the bread, and the cheese in my pockets—both my hands being unfortunately above my head. At last, by an accidental tortuous exertion, I emancipated myself; and after breakfasting by the side of a pond, from which, as I sat silently, two or three thrushes came for mud to plaster the interior of their nests, I went on my way.

Before nightfall I reached Caddiscombe, and ventured into the market-place, where the fair was about to be held. It was a cattle as well as what is called a pleasure fair. All was bustle, and everybody seemed big with preparation for the next morning. I wandered to and fro, half stupefied by the uproar, for several hours, without seeing Lavolta. About two o'clock in the morning the hurly-burly had considerably decreased—the sheep and swine were penned—the horned cattle tethered, and it behoved me to look out for a bed. Crawling into the group of cattle, I at length found a recumbent cow tied to a post, whose large belly and bursting udder offered peculiar attractions. I scratched the poor creature's head—rubbed her painful dugs, which the calf, muzzled and tied to one of her horns, had not sucked for at least two meals, and having sufficiently ingratiated myself, ventured to lie down and take one of the teats in my mouth. When I had sucked my fill, all around me being tolerably quiet, I untethered the calf, slipped off his muzzle, and let him have a bellyfull; then, curling myself on the cow's warm paunch, I composed myself to sleep. Towards morning my slumbers were dreadfully interrupted by vehement hammering, and when I thought proper to open my eyes, right opposite me, where the night before a number of bare poles had slightly intercepted the moonbeams, I perceived a superb erection, in front of which, about ten o'clock, I experienced the felicity of seeing Lavolta.

He was clad from top to toe in velvet, and silk, and spangles—the most splendid personage I had ever beheld. Squire Patch was a cow-boy to him. But I should never have detected him but for the large blue wen, which he called a mole, under his left ear. The moment I recognized this, I dashed up the steps. My costume and boldness produced

a burst of merriment from the spectators, and Lavolta tickled me down with a tandem whip, which he wielded with extraordinary grace and emphasis. It was clear that he did not recollect me. To make myself known to him, I threw myself on my hands, and with legs aloft, proceeded to mount the steps. As soon as I came within his reach, he gave me two or three encouraging taps with the crop of his whip, and when I reached the stage on which he stood, he took me by the shoulder, and led me kindly to the entrance of a dark narrow passage, down which he desired me to grope, and consider myself a part of his establishment.

CHEAP BOOKS.

Of late years, the public has shown in the most unequivocal way, that, if books really to its taste were presented at moderate prices, it would buy, and that largely. Perhaps more striking evidences of this fact could not be produced than the success of various books which we have issued as *People's Editions*, in a plain style of typography, and at correspondingly moderate prices. Within the last four or five years, we have thus disposed, of a *Tour in Holland*, by W. Chambers, (1s. 6d.,) 10,000 copies; of a new translation of Lamartine's *Travels in the Holy Land*, (3s. 9d.,) 10,000 copies; of a new translation of Guizot's *History of Civilization*, (1s. 4d.,) 13,000 copies; of Jackson's *Treatise on Agriculture*, (2s. 3d.,) 7000 copies; of *Stories of Irish Peasantry*, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, (1s. 9d.,) 10,000 copies; and so on with about a dozen other works, original or newly translated, each with sales of from four to ten thousand copies. Now, one material reason for these large sales is clearly the low price of the works, for by that means they come within the reach of thousands of individuals having a taste for reading, yet who can at no time command above one or two shillings for a book, however desirable be its possession. Stinted of original works at moderate prices, the bulk of the reading community are obliged to take up with reprints furnished by a comparatively humble but far from useless class of publishers—so far, that they may be considered as doing an important service to the community, by furnishing literature in almost the only shape in which it can be procured. But all such books of a past day are necessarily more or less out of harmony with existing tastes; the public looks with indifference on the offer of *Rasselas* and the *Simple Story*, when its wishes are pointing to the last novel of Bulwer. What matters it to the people that they may have a cheap copy of Falconer's *Shipwreck*, when they want to become a little acquainted with Wordsworth? The books calculated, by the taste in which they are written, and their novelty, to meet with an extensive demand, are withheld, and twenty cheap libraries of reprints will not make up for the deficiency. The modified success of these reprints only shows how gladly the people would buy books more to their taste if they could be got. Hitherto, in America, modern British books have been republished at cheap prices, and have met with large sales, though we may suppose they were not in all instances so well adapted to the taste of that country as to our own. These reprints have also been introduced in large quantity into Canada. The law now forbids the Canadians

to have them, and Mr. Murray of London, with the best intentions, offers these colonists, instead, a cheap library of reprints mostly old, but containing a few that are new. The Canadians, however, have already shown that it is not old, but new books, that they want. Mr. Murray's reprints will only succeed in the degree in which our own *People's Editions* and other cheap libraries of the last few years have succeeded, and that will be equivalent to the measure of the suitability of the books to modern taste. Should the American congress go a step further, and establish a copyright in British books in their own country, there too shall we see this craving of the public starved. It is not unlikely that, of many of the best productions of English intellect, more copies will then be sold in France, Russia, and other continental countries, where they are not of course generally understood, than in the whole range of countries where the English language is spoken, and this simply because they can be had on the continent at reasonable prices, but not in those regions to which, by language, taste, and every essential peculiarity, they might be presumed to be best adapted.

All this is not saying that the authors of English books are not entitled to remuneration from the productions of their brains—although we by no means sympathize in the clamors about American "pirates," of authors, many of whom would be found unwilling to admit the American people to any one brotherly right or claim in our commerce which could be withheld from them; neither are we quite sure that the best way in which nations can remunerate their most gifted sons, is to give them a right which operates in the bad way in which all monopolies must ever operate. But it appears to us most decidedly, from all which has been stated, that the present system of prices for new books of all kinds is altogether an error; and till it is rectified, there will be a tendency in Canada to smuggle from the States, and a success in this country for cheap literature even of inferior or antiquated taste—just as high duties on brandy at the custom-house cause a considerable running of the contraband article on the Sussex coast, and a considerable manufacture of "British" in London—while, at the same time, the public intellect is only half or a fourth fed with its favorite aliment, and literary men are half or a fourth starved likewise—as they ought to be.—*Chambers' Journal*.

FRENCH SAVINGS-BANKS.—At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences, M. C. Dupin read a statistical paper on the Savings-Banks of Paris, and of the different cities and towns of France, showing the constantly increasing amount of the deposits, and arguing against the fears entertained by some persons in regard to the difficulties which a sudden demand for repayment would present. He dwelt upon the just confidence which the people had in these institutions, and on the amount of good which they were calculated to produce among those who were sufficiently provident and self-dependent thus to preserve the surplus of their earnings. According to M. Dupin, the deposits in the Savings-Bank of Paris in January, 1843, exceeded a hundred millions of francs.

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Publications of the Stuttgart Literary Union.
London, Williams & Norgate.

A SOCIETY was, it appears, established at Stuttgart in 1842, resembling in its general principles our Camden Society, for the publication of curious and valuable old manuscripts. Already it has sent out several volumes interesting to the historian and the antiquary, some of which we think it well briefly to introduce to the notice of our readers, and all gentle dreamers over "the antique world," and all who love to spend summer afternoons in old libraries, where the light, through painted windows, falls on the illuminated manuscript, and occasionally to banquet on some old garland of the lays sung by the Troubadours ere the earth was disenchanted by the loadstone and the press—all who prefer these old sincerities in manuscript to the effusions of our laboriously light and studiously comic literature, will be pleased with the fruits of the Stuttgart Union.

The first publication of the society was the *Strassburgh Chronicle* of Closener, a work of the fourteenth century. The early productions of Alsace historiography consist, as usual in the middle ages, of very brief notices of events. Among the earliest works of this kind are the Colmar annals, comprised in short sentences, and extending their notices from 1211 to 1303. Their author was a Dominican friar of the town whose name they bear. Besides ecclesiastical affairs, he notices natural phenomena, and seems to have had a taste for geography. Closener was industrious in literature, and wrote, besides his *Chronicle*, a Latin and German dictionary, and a work on ecclesiastical ceremonies. He died in 1284. His *Chronicle* contains a list of the Popes down to Clement VI., and a catalogue of kings. Then we have accounts of conflagrations, persecutions of the Jews, pestilences, civil disturbances, and several notices of natural phenomena—all, it must be confessed, related in a very dry way. The following is a brief record of a great persecution of the Jews:—

In 1349 the Jews were burned upon a wooden stage in the church-yard at Strassburgh on St. Feltin's Day. In the same year, also, they were burned in all the towns on the Rhine. The reason was, because it was said that they had poisoned the springs and waters. In some of the towns they were burned with judgment, but in others the people set fire to their houses, and so burned them inside.

That is all! Immediately following we have a curious account of the sect of Flagellators, who arose in great power in the same year, and the mania spread fast and extensively among the men, women, and children of the country. They entered the towns in solemn procession, bearing lights and crosses, and singing their peculiar hymns. The church-bells welcomed them, and, after a service in the church, they repaired to their place of exer-

cise, where they stripped their shoulders, sang penitential hymns, and, meanwhile, scourged themselves severely. After this public ceremony of flagellation, one of their number read a letter containing a pretended new revelation. The flagellators rose into such fame as workers of miracles, and so infected the people with their fanaticism, that at last the priests felt it necessary strenuously to oppose the nuisance, and an edict was issued, commanding that "whosoever was seized with a fit of flagellation should be content to whip himself privately in his own house." "This I have written," says Closener, "of what took place at Strassburgh, and as it was there so was it also in all the towns on the Rhine, in Suabia, in Franconia, and in Westrick."

In the second publication we have collected in a volume, the autobiography of a Suabian nobleman, *George von Ehingen*, who made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and tells us of his duel with a very strong Saracen; the work of Æneas Sylvius, *De Viris Illustribus*, the *Account-Book of Ott Rutland*, a merchant of Ulm, and the *Codex Hirsauensis*, containing memoirs of the convent of Hirsau. The last record is of considerable importance in the history of Suabia, Alsace and South-west Germany.

Another work of interest to the lover of old world records, is a copy of the Weingarten manuscript collection of old German Minstrelsy. Besides the Parisian copy, it is the only one ornamented with the minstrels' portraits, and it has a better text; for many of the lays of the twelfth century, which suffered alterations in the former, are here found in their original forms. The figures with which it is decorated are not without expression, and seem to be productions of the close of the thirteenth century. Of course these old lays are somewhat monotonous in their complaints of cold dames and zealous services unrewarded. Here is a short specimen of the language, which, with a little attention to certain contractions and other peculiarities, may be easily read:—

Sol min sprechen sol min singen,
Sol min läger dieneſt sol min ſtetekait,
Niht ain liebes ende bringen,
Iſt es alles ain verlornv arebait.
Wie ſint danne hin verwunden
Mine tage.
Sol ich niht genade vinden
Das iſt min clage.

Our version is, we grant, not closely literal,—

Shall all that I have ſung and ſaid,
My patient, faithful ſervice paſt,
My days of toil forever fled,
Be crowned with no reward at laſt?
All fail to make her heart relent,
And leave me only this lament?

But the moſt intereſting of the publications of the Stuttgart Society which have reached us is, certainly, the complete copy, in three handſome octavo volumes, of the "Evagatorium," or "Jour-

nal of Peregrinations in the Holy Land, Arabia, and Egypt," written in the fifteenth century, by Felix Faber, a brother of the convent of Ulm. The work is well edited by Conrad Hassler, Professor of the Royal Gymnasium at Ulm, who discovered it in the library there a few years ago. A vernacular epitome of the work, written by Faber at the close of the fifteenth century, has been already introduced to our notice, with commendation, by Dr. Robinson, in his "Biblical Researches in Palestine." Though Brother Felix was often deceived by the stories of the monks, his descriptions of the places he visited are faithful and valuable. On Paschal Sunday, the 9th of April, 1480, he performed his farewell service at Ulm, commending himself to the prayers of his brethren and congregation, and, on the fourteenth day of the same month, set out upon his arduous pilgrimage.

We like a thorough-going book, either all faith or all science; and for this reason few of our modern books of travels in Palestine have pleased us. We have no patience with Chateaubriand or any of his followers. The imagination has its part to play, and so has the understanding; but the one has no right to act under the colors of the other. When we are attending to an argument we do not like to be interrupted by a burst of poetry; and if the traditions of Palestine are to be examined by the usual rules of historical evidence, let the trial proceed as rigorously and coolly as if they were only matters of English history; let no glow of poetry render indistinct the lines of evidence. Or if they are to be regarded in faith, let it be a whole, hearty, sweeping faith, like that of old Felix Faber. In his book all is faith. He saw almost every distinct locality mentioned in Scripture, and several not mentioned there; he placed his foot firmly upon each sacred spot, and rested his faith there, without any assistance from the latitudinarian consolation of the waverer, "well, if not just here, the spot is somewhere not many miles away." He believed in the particularities as well as the generalities of the Holy Land. His book, though its Latin is far from being classical, is written in a style of great simplicity and honesty, and is not without its beauties. It exhibits a striking picture of that curiously compounded system of religion to which he belonged. A rich veil of poetry was cast over the original substance, but alas! under that veil the primitive truth was, in a great measure, hidden and lost; and simple philanthropic Christianity was buried under a sectarian mysticism. This most complex perversion is the wonder of the Christian world: to expose its analysis, to trace its genesis, is a work requiring all the penetration of the philosopher, and the reversion to the truth is, indeed, the labor of Christendom, threatening still to be long and severe. But let us not mingle the thoughts of our day with our notice of Felix Faber's Palestine in the days of chivalry. And yet how greatly those days resemble our own, if we are to credit our

ecclesiastics and the language of the exhortation which Felix addressed, in the German tongue, to the soldiers of the Holy Sepulchre.

A sad time (he says) I may call this, in which we live, when the evening shades of faith are coming upon the world. The morning-star of righteousness loses its splendor. The law is forsaken by the priests, justice leaves our rulers, counsel departs from our old men, faith from the people, love from parents, reverence from inferiors, charity from the bishops, religion from the monks, honesty from our youths, discipline from the clergy, sound doctrine from our magistrates, good service from our military men, concord from our citizens, truth from our merchants, virtue from our nobility, chastity from our maidens, humility from our widows, love from our married people, patience from our paupers, &c. *O tempora et mores!*

Could things grow worse after this?

Felix bestows a very bad character upon the pilgrimage from Jerusalem to the Jordan, declaring it to be a most fatal journey:—

Never would I (he observes) persuade any pilgrim, however robust, if he counts his life precious, to visit the Jordan, for I have seen many noble and brave men faint and die in the journey.

On reaching the sacred river a divine service was performed; and here, as at other localities to whose visitors such grace was promised by the Pope, Felix quietly and believingly records how he and his associates, kneeling down and kissing the holy soil, received "the indulgence of plenary remission." What a contrast to "the age of unbelief," as some divines have styled our day! Yet the errors of that "age of faith" produced this unbelief; for neither faith nor skepticism, but only truth is permanent. It seems a little out of character for pious pilgrims, immediately after these sacred offices, to fall to play in the river Jordan, but so Felix honestly confesses they did:—

We stood in the water with great pleasantry, and one baptized another in sport. As I attempted to swim to the opposite side of the river a sudden terror seized me, when I thought how, in my levity, I had abandoned the habit of my order, and how, if I should sink in the water, I must also sink in the depth of hell for my dissolute trifling and irreligious exposure of myself, which almost made me liable to excommunication. "O Lord," I cried, "let not the water swallow me up, nor the pit close its mouth upon me!" With this prayer I fortified myself with the sign of the cross, and then, with a great effort of hands and feet, reached the shore. Then I immediately seized my scapular, and made a vow that never again in my lifetime would I be found so far distant from the habit of my order. To have sunk in those waters without my scapular would indeed have been an intolerable fate! if in my regular dress I should have cared less about it.

An amusing instance of the reference of all the seriousness of conscience to matters indifferent, rather than to moral realities. He proceeds to tell the perilous consequences of sporting with the Jordan, and to account for them:—

In my second journey, among those who would

swim across the river, in spite of all the prohibitions of the Saracens, (who constantly predict that some evil is sure to attend such attempts,) was a priest who had no sooner reached the other bank than all his bodily energies forsook him, and he stood trembling until his associates used means to restore his vigor. I have often asked him how it happened to him, and he replied, that suddenly he felt deprived of all strength, though he had previously been a very robust man. And I have asked many pilgrims to the Jordan, before and after me, how they fared, and have found that some trouble happened to all of them. From these facts arises the question how it is that such frequent perils and disasters attend those who bathe in this river, which is neither broad nor rapid. Some say that dangerous beasts lurk in the river, and strive to seize the swimmers. Others say that near the place is the chasm through which the river runs underground into the Dead Sea, so that there is a mixture with the waters of that sea, which are deadly to the body. Others say that infernal beasts come up out of that sea to seize their prey. Again, others will say the peril is all in the imagination of the swimmers, who have heard so many tales about it. But again, others assign as the cause, with more probability, the divine displeasure on account of those who make such a place the scene of their hardihood and displeasure, for nothing evil happens to those who dip themselves in the water, soberly and devoutly, of which we saw an instance in some female pilgrims modestly performing their immersions among the reeds above us. Indeed, I could wish that the common report may prove true in favor of some of these old women; for the common people say, that whoever bathes in the Jordan will never grow any older; but for all the time he spends in the water, will become so much younger than he was on entering it.

The refutation of this "vulgar error," on a matter open to constant experiments, would have made a rare long chapter for Sir Thomas Brown. Felix then goes on to tell how very unlucky the water of the Jordan is to carry on sea-voyages, and how the sailors would examine their pilgrim-passengers, and throw their bottles filled from the sacred river into the sea. For the dangerous property of the water he seeks to give a reason, never thinking of the reason given for the professed fact, that a live fish put into a basin of water makes it no heavier; it is *not* a fact. But such was the style of philosophy in his day on matters of higher import. Felix was not without poetry. He gives us an eloquent laudation of the roses of Jericho, and on the hill where the children mocked Elisha, breaks forth into an eulogium on the tinsure. After a visit to the cave where Christ fasted, he tells of the difficult ascent of a neighboring mountain, and of the frantic penance performed by one of the pilgrims, who, while the others with great distress climbed up on their hands and knees, ascended it with his arms outstretched, "in modum crucis," and arrived at the summit, almost dead with fatigue. On his return to the holy sepulchre he exposes the fact, that inattention to the rule of "*ne quid nimis*," had led the sub-

lime into the ridiculous, and censures the irreverent tattle on politics, martial affairs, and soldiers' pay, which he heard there, telling a notable instance of the profanity of a German soldier at the spot, which was instantly punished with a stroke of palsy. In justification of his collection of stones and thorns as relics from the Holy Land, he tells of the great value which the Eastern people set upon all relics from the famous church of the Three Kings at Cologne. He gives us, after a history of Jerusalem and its rulers, an account of sixteen classes of people inhabiting the holy city in his day, viz., Saracens, (*facibus omnium heresum squalentes*;) Greeks, (full of envy against the Romish Church,) Syrians, (lying people,) Jacobites, (a sect from the Greek Church,) Abyssinians, Nestorians, Armenians, Gregorians, Maronites, Turks, Bedouins, (equally hated by Christians and Saracens,) Assassines, a sect of Mohammedans, (who professed to hold a secret law,) Mamelukes, Jews, and, lastly, Latin Christians, "who desire, with all their hearts, that the Christian princes would come and subject all things to the dominion of the Roman Church."

No doubt some source of unity must have been desirable amid such an incongruous assemblage of people, but might not common justice, charity and moderation, have produced a more permanent peace than could be insured by any established despotism?

If we have not swept away the nuisance of sectarian animosities from the Christian world, we have certainly made some slight improvements in other matters since the days of Felix, as all will allow who read his account of the filth and discomfort attending his voyage on the Mediterranean. He may well declare that the pilgrimage required some nerve; for we should dread all the Saracen armies less than such a vessel as he describes. The details of the account may safely rest in Latin almost as bad as themselves, for we shall not venture to attempt their decoration in English. Here is a specimen of the international morality which accompanied all this ecclesiastical enterprise. Felix was tempted to pay a visit to the shrine of the prophet (*filius perditionis*) at Mecca:—

If I could have found a companion for the journey, I think I should have ventured. But here arises the question, whether he who kisses the tomb of Mohammed, or kneels before it, or performs any outward sign of veneration there, is to be accounted an infidel? Alexander of Halle replies, that if a Christian should do so, and really mean so, in his heart, he would be, of course, an apostate and a heretic. But if he should do so only in words, or urged by fear, then he would sin indeed, mortally, yet not so as to be excommunicated or reckoned a heretic, nor that he should need to go to the Pope or the bishop for absolution. So says Alexander. But he who goes to Mecca in pretended veneration, but in his heart all the while abominates the error of Mohammed, certainly sins more than a little, yet I believe he is to be lightly punished and excused.

If Felix is unfair towards the Saracens, he is

not more charitable towards the Greek Church, as his account of the monastery of St. Catherine will show ;—

This monastery had, some years ago, about a hundred monks ; but now there are scarcely thirty in it. They have some things praiseworthy among them ; but other things execrable. I commend them for their attention to the rule of St. Basil, according to whose directions, they lead a life sufficiently rigorous as to spare diet and vile clothing. They never eat flesh, and only drink wine on rare festivals. There are several serious and devout old men among them. Whoever will join them from any sect, whether he be Roman, Greek, German, or Egyptian, excepting the Jacobite and Armenian sects, they willingly receive him. They suffer no woman to enter the convent, well knowing the satire, "peace and a woman cannot dwell under one roof ; he who would live without contention must be a bachelor." Formerly, while they continued in obedience to the pope, they received pilgrims with cheerful hospitality. On this account, St. Gregory sent large sums from Rome, for these religious men of Mt. Sinai, which they devoted to the prosperity of the Roman church in the east. But now what shall I say ? If I had seen these monks even raising the dead, celebrating masses, acting as confessors, performing all divine offices, peacefully dwelling together, keeping the rules of their order, mortifying themselves with fasts and vigils, zealous for chastity, and exercising themselves in all other eminent virtues,—still I would not believe them to possess any sanctity or genuine virtue, or that they could perform any action pleasing to God ; I would still believe there to be no religion acceptable to God among them ; *because* they are not in the Catholic church, but the obstinacy of their schism has made them heretics. Therefore they cannot be in charity. Lazarus is not raised from the dead except at Bethany, in the home of obedience, in the Roman church. Neither the active life of Martha, nor the contemplative life of Mary, is to be found, except in the same Bethany ; nor can true peace or virtue exist out of the church. Last year, as I was preaching in the church at Ulm, on the feast of St. Michael, a Greek monk came into the church with a letter bearing the seal of the Patriarch of Alexandria, and desired that he might read it to the people. It was to solicit contributions for the repairs of the church of St. Catherine on Mt. Sinai, and promised large indulgences to all contributors. After the letter had been read, I addressed the people plainly as follows :—"See, here stands a brother of the convent of Mt. Sinai, and begs your aid towards the restoration of the church of St. Catherine ; but I exhort you, in the Lord, to give nothing to that brother, who is a schismatic, a heretic, an infidel, and anathematized : so that he ought not even to be admitted into our churches. Secondly, give nothing toward the repairs of St. Catherine's church, though it should be threatened with total ruin (which is not the case ;) for that church is, alas ! no longer Catholic, but heretical, and does not afford a place in its services to us of the Roman church. So let it go to ruin ! Here stands this brother, and begs for your gold and silver ; but I know very well that when he is at home he will not so much as open the door of the church for us gratis, nor give one of us a cup of cold water ; nay, you must *buy* of his brethren your very staves to climb the sacred Mount." When I had said this,

the people dispersed, leaving him without a farthing ; and, indeed, he was advised speedily to quit the town lest he should come under a strict questioning. I do not believe that the money which he has collected elsewhere will ever find its way to Mt. Sinai.

So much for our pilgrim's charity towards the Greeks. To the Saracens he gives some praise for their skill in hydropathy ; for he confesses that in their baths he saw many cured of diseases generally reckoned incurable. He also allows them credit for the cleanliness and beauty of their mosques, and adds "a sad contrast to our churches in Jerusalem, which are like stables for filth !" Then arises a serious question, "an Christianus sine peccato possit muscheam intrare et contumeliam, derisionem et truffiam aliquam facere ; libros vel fenestras vel lampades destruere, lutum aut stercora ponere !" and, from his anecdotes of most indecent outrages committed, by some of the Christian soldiery, in the mosques, we cannot wonder if the Saracens entertained low ideas of western civilization. The exclamation, "procul profani !" might certainly have been applied to many of the defenders of the sacred places with justice. The symbol of the Crescent supplies our author with a theme for pious meditation :—

The Saracens, at first, when they took away the cross from the summits of our churches, retained the cock. But, when they found that this symbol might have a Christian meaning, they changed the cock into the figure of the crescent moon, placed in a supine position like a boat ; this change was easily made, as a cock standing with head and tail erect, is not unlike the crescent moon in such a position. And even where there are cocks on the tops of the churches the Saracens persist in calling them moons. So they make some changes in all their ceremonies to differ from us. Another reason for the sign of the crescent, is that Mohammed was a man much under the influence of the moon, given to luxury, to which the moon disposes men more than all the other planets because it is of a humid nature, as we see by its effects on the sea. Another reason we may find in the doctrine of Mohammed which, indeed, is turned away from the light of the sun, but borrows some radiance from the moon, as the Koran mentions the praises of the blessed Virgin, &c.

Among the rules of conduct laid down for the pilgrims, we find some reasonable observations, which might be regarded with profit by the tourists of our enlightened age ; for instance—"let the pilgrims beware of breaking off any fragments from the holy sepulchre or other sacred buildings ; for this is prohibited under sentence of excommunication. Again, pilgrims are not to deface the walls by drawing pictures of their arms, or writing their names thereon, or cutting out any forms to serve as tokens of their presence ; for this conduct scandalizes the Saracens who reckon all who do such things for fools. Again, if a pilgrim have a flask of wine, and wishes to drink, if Saracens are present, let him drink secretly, requesting one of his comrades to stand before him and hide him

with his cloak. Again, pilgrims must not ridicule the Saracens in their prayers and religious gestures; for they cannot bear it."

Seven distinct sects of Christians frequented the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in the time of our pilgrim; and he draws a strange picture of the confusion that often arose from the zealous contention of various priests for the use of the altar. On the whole, Faber's account of the Holy Land does not elevate our view of the motives and conduct of his fellow-pilgrims. This notice may suffice to introduce the book to such of our readers as take an interest in these curiosities of literature.

From Chambers' Journal.

AN ADVENTURE AT LEGHORN AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

IN the beginning of 1799 I was intrusted by M. Barras, of the French Directory, with a mission to Leghorn, there to lay out a large sum of money in the purchase of provisions and ammunition for the army under General Bonaparte in Egypt. As at that time the ports of the Mediterranean, and especially those of Egypt, were almost blockaded by the ships of the English and their allies, my business was one of no ordinary difficulty. I was instructed either to employ, for the transport of whatever I could forward to the national army, neutral merchant ships and privateers; or, by offering large premiums, to excite the interest of covetous speculators to undertake the providing of the army at their own risk.

Leghorn is the only city of Italy where a certain degree of religious and civil toleration exists, and, in consequence of its being a free port, and the mart of the Levant commerce, the traveller may there meet with merchants, captains, and sailors of almost all the maritime cities of Europe, Africa, and Asia Minor. At the time I am speaking of, most of the commercial business, and also that of the money market, was in the hands of Jews and Armenians. It was therefore chiefly with these crafty speculators that I had to negotiate; a task, it may well be supposed, of considerable difficulty, but which I had, nevertheless, the good fortune to fulfil to the satisfaction of not only Barras, who was my friend, but also that of Sayes, then at the head of the Directory.

On the morning of the 16th June, I went by appointment to meet at his residence Jacob Solomon, who was then the Rothschild of Italy, and lived in a splendid villa about three miles from town. On my return towards home, observing at the side of a deep ditch a great mob of the lowest class, some fighting, some haranguing, and others throwing all sorts of missiles at an object whose lineaments I could not clearly discern at that distance, I ordered my coachman to drive thither, when, to my surprise and disgust, I found that this base populace were in the act of stoning to death a poor Turk or Arab, whom they had previously thrown into a pit of deep and tenacious mud. Grasping my pistols, I alighted and made up to the spot, where, partly by remonstrances and partly by threats, I succeeded in dispersing the assemblage; after which, with the aid of my servants and a couple of stray sailors, who procured a ladder, I extricated the poor victim from his miserable situation. The wretched man was still breathing; but

he was covered with bruises and wounds, and so sadly disfigured with gore and mud, as scarcely to bear the aspect of anything human. Placing him in my carriage, I drove home as fast as possible, and had him put under proper medical treatment at my hotel. When Dr. Speroni had examined him, I asked what likelihood there was of his recovery, and learnt there was but little, for, besides having in his fall into the ditch dislocated his collar-bone, and broke three of his ribs, he had received a severe wound on his frontal bone, besides two of less consequence on the back of the head. I could only instruct the doctor to spare no pains in endeavoring to effect the poor man's recovery, and assure him that I should willingly recompense him for his trouble.

That very evening I received a letter from Colonel Menard, who had arrived in Florence from Naples, with General Championnet's despatches for Barras, and who requested me either to come to see him, or, if I had any official communications for the Directory, to forward them to him, that he might carry them along with those of Championnet. I deemed it necessary to go in person to Florence; but, before starting, I strictly recommended the suffering Arab to my housekeeper, and renewed my injunctions to the surgeon.

Returning about a week after, I found that the patient had recovered his senses, but was still so weak, that he could hardly speak loud enough to be heard, and he was extremely dejected in spirits. However, next morning I entered into conversation with him, and learned that his name was Abdal-Ali, that he was the mate of an Algerine brig, and that on the day when I first saw him, he had been sent by his captain with some papers to the country house of Jacob Solomon. He was returning to his ship, which was to sail next day, when he was beset by a senseless mob, whose first dispositions seemed to be those of petty mischief, but who, when he resolutely defended himself, were provoked, and from less to more, came to throw him headlong into the ditch, where they fell a-pelting him with stones. His senses had then left him; but he had no doubt that, but for my interference, he would have lost his life upon the spot. He then bewailed his hard fate; for even if he recovered, what was he but an outcast in a strange land, without money or friends, and with but faint reason to hope that he would ever again see his native country. I here interrupted him with words of comfort, bidding him entertain no fears on that account, as I should certainly provide him with the means of returning to his country whenever he should be fit for the voyage. The depression of the poor wretch was wonderfully relieved by these words; indeed, they acted upon him like a medicine; and from this time he evidently improved more rapidly in health. In about six weeks I had the pleasure of learning from Dr. Speroni that the Arab was no longer in any need of his services.

According to the poor man's wishes, I procured for him a passage in a Sardinian merchant vessel bound for Algiers, and early in August he sailed for his destination, amply furnished with provisions and money. I shall never forget the scene that took place when the grateful Arab was to take leave of me. He threw himself on his knees, and, clasping my legs, with tears streaming from his eyes, expressed eloquent thanks for my kindness, which he felt to be the greater as being shown to one differing from myself in country, in nation, and in faith—concluding thus solemnly—"May Allah

grant me, noble sir, the opportunity of showing that, though an Arab, I have a grateful heart, inasmuch as to be ready to sacrifice my life for your welfare!" I could not help being considerably affected by the looks, words, and gestures of my humble protégé, who now left me to go on board the vessel in which he was to sail. The impression of these events was, of course, vivid at the time, but in a few months the affair of the poor Arab and his gratitude had waxed faint in my memory, taking its place there beside the thousands of other casual things with which I had been connected in the progress of my life.

Years passed on: the Directory gave way to the Consulate, that again to the Empire, and at length came the restoration of the old state of affairs in Europe, in consequence of the events of 1814. I now returned to my native city Naples, thinking to spend the remainder of my days in peace. The stormy and dangerous part of my life is now, thought I, past. I have outridden the tempests of the Reign of Terror, and glided smoothly through all the subsequent revolutions. Surely I am now safe for life. Alas! I had completely miscalculated; and it soon appeared that a man of my ardent temperament was most in danger under a quiescent government. The rule of the restored Ferdinand, in the kingdom of the two Sicilies, was so atrocious, that it was sure to be conspired against. In 1816, I joined a sect of politicians who combined with a view to freeing our country from a thralldom so execrable. I was arrested, tried, and condemned to death, but without revealing the name of any one of my associates. My mother, supported by her numerous and influential relations, appealed to the mercy of the king, but was unsuccessful. She then contrived, by great sacrifices, the means of my escape, and on the day previous to that intended for my execution, dressed in deep mourning, called upon me, professedly to take her last farewell of a son whom she had so much loved and cherished. When we were alone together, she informed me of her plans, and told me that she had obtained from Prince Canosa, then minister of police, permission for the renowned Franciscan, Father Antonio di Dio, to visit me under the pretext of affording the spiritual consolation desirable in my situation; and I was to do all that the father should direct me to do, trusting that, when escaped from the Castel Nuovo, in which I lay, I should find all proper arrangements made for my further proceedings.

About nine o'clock in the evening my anxiously wakeful ears caught the sound of "*Chi vive!*" to which the names of the father and a companion were answered. In a few minutes the guard in attendance unlocked the door, and introduced two Franciscan monks of the most venerable aspect, having long beards, sandalled feet, and other appropriate parts of costume. When the door was again closed, he who seemed to be Father Antonio desired me in a loud voice to kneel and make confession of all my crimes; which I immediately proceeded to do, not for a moment doubting that I saw a real monk. Presently, however, the man before whom I knelt told me with a changed voice that he was no more a monk than myself, but an actor who could personate almost any character, and who had undertaken to procure my release at the solicitation of my mother. I now found, to my inexpressible delight, that the other figure was that of my faithful valet Joseph, who told me that I was to change dresses with him, and leave him to

occupy my place, while I should make the best of my way out of my troubles. At first I positively refused to place the worthy fellow in such jeopardy; but when assured that counsel had been consulted, who gave it as their opinion that only a short imprisonment could be bestowed upon him as a punishment, I at length consented. Joseph immediately went to bed; I put on his dress and beard; and Father Antonio having in an elevated voice bidden me farewell, with a promise to see me again in the morning, we immediately left the prison, passing through the whole of the guards without challenge.

A few minutes after, I found myself in the presence of my mother, who, transported with joy, could only call on me to thank Providence, and enter the chariot which she had provided for me. My mind was too bewildered to admit of my saying what I ought to have said to either her or the clever personator who had done me so important a piece of service. There was, however, no time to be lost; so they pushed me into the carriage, which instantly drove to a place at some distance along the shore, where a large fishing-boat lay ready to receive me. Here I recognized the pretended Father Antonio, who informed me that I was to be conveyed towards the Isle of Capri, in order to be taken up by an Algerine merchant vessel, which had that day sailed from Naples, and which was appointed to await me there. In fact, at five in the morning I was received into the ship, which immediately hoisted sails, and proceeded on her destined way, the boat with my friend Antonio returning to land in the direction of Sorrento. We at first encountered rough weather, but in due time approached the end of our voyage, and on the 18th of August I stepped upon the quay of Algiers.

My provident and generous mother had not only, through the English house of Bell and Company, rewarded the captain for his future services to me, but sent into the ship two large and heavy boxes containing things intended for my use, but which, to prevent suspicion at Naples, had been directed to his Excellency C. S. Blankley, Esquire, British Consul-General at Algiers. The reader will presently see what important consequences flowed from this innocent and well-meant little stratagem.

I took up my abode in the house of Ben Isaac, a Jew, who was the agent of Bell and Company. For the first six days I seldom left my room, and when I did go out, it was always in the evening, and in company with some member of the family of my landlord, who seemed anxious to pay me all proper attention, and even to sympathize in my misfortunes. But on the afternoon of the sixth day I was unexpectedly arrested by orders of the mufti, having been denounced as an English spy. The fleet under Lord Exmouth was now coming within sight of this den of pirates, and the greatest apprehensions were entertained by the government on that account. I was immediately carried before the atrocious Dey Omar Pacha, who, in the most savage manner, told me I had been plotting in favor of the English, that Ben Isaac had himself seen two boxes in my possession which belonged to the English consul-general, and in consequence of this treason I had forfeited my life. To exculpate myself I related the story of my captivity in, and escape from, my native land, and accounted for the inscription on my boxes as a stratagem of the negotiators of my release, an English commercial house at Naples. The accusation, I said, had

arisen only from the cupidity of Jacob, who had observed me to possess some money. All, however, was in vain. The dey gave orders that I should be kept in chains in a state dungeon, and if the English fired a single shot against his fleet or city, I was to be immediately impaled. When I attempted once more to address him, the mufti prevented me by giving me in charge to four janissaries.

In passing through a gate on my way to the dungeon, I observed a chief of the Mamelukes staring at me with great attention, as if he earnestly wished to recognize in me some one whom he had seen long before. He addressed some words to a bystander, evidently referring to me, but I did not know their import. After having descended some flights of steps, and passed along several subterraneous corridors, I was ushered into a small dark cell, chained to the ground, and left to meditate on my deplorable situation.

Amidst the mental vicissitudes of a life spent amongst all kinds of men, I had never once, before this fatal moment, been shaken in my dependence upon a supreme eternal Providence guiding the affairs of men, and operating for the good of the innocent and the virtuous. But now this faith began to give way; and as I hopelessly tugged at the fetters upon my limbs, and surveyed the dense walls which intervened between me and freedom, I felt more inclined to believe that there is an evil destiny presiding over the lot of man. My feelings in Castel Nuovo had been quite of a different kind, for there I was sustained by the reflection, that my late design and my contemplated death tended to promote the good of my country; but here to perish miserably and obscurely, at the bidding of a reckless savage chief, for an imaginary offence—this was a thought at which my nature recoiled with horror.

Some time passed in this desperate state of feeling. And when I heard my door unlocked and opened, I fully expected to see some barbarous emissary enter to put an end to my misery. Something at the very first assured me that my visitor was of a different character. It was the same tall Mameluke whom I had passed under the gate as I came to my dungeon. As he approached me, and brought his lantern near my face, he said, "Fear nothing from me, stranger; but tell me if you have ever been at Leghorn?" "Yes," I answered, "several times;" and now a flash of hope, though arising from no defined source, entered my mind. "Were you in that city in the month of June, 1799?" "Yes," I replied, "I was there at that time." "Allah be praised," he said. "Do you remember doing a kind action to a countryman of mine at that time?" At these words I felt an inexpressible consolation overspreading me. "I remember," said I, "doing the duty of a man to a poor Arab named Abd-al-Ali." The eyes of my visitor filled with tears, as he said, "And have you ever thought of him since that time?" "No," I replied; "when I do a good action, I make no endeavor to remember it, because doing so can be of no use; it is different when I commit a bad one, for then one may hope to atone for and repair it." "Oh, my generous savior!" exclaimed the Mameluke, kneeling before me, and clasping my legs; "behold before you Abd-al-Ali, who owes you his life and his present elevation, and who most sincerely thanks Allah, the God of all mankind, for having afforded him an opportunity of showing you his gratitude, and of fulfilling the promise he made

to you, that he would gladly sacrifice his own life for your welfare."

Having then unlocked my chains, he raised me, bade me lean upon his arm, and led me from my dungeon, and out of the Casouba, when, having confided me to one of his servants, he embraced me affectionately, and with tears in his eyes, said, "Allah be praised, you are saved, and I have fulfilled my duty." At the same instant seizing his right hand, I said, "And will you not escape with me? Are you not afraid of the dreadful consequences, were it discovered that you have saved me?" "Yes," answered he calmly—"yes, I am almost certain of my fate; but, Allah be praised, I must perform my duties even at the risk of my life. To-morrow my lord and master may require my services in assisting him to defend our faith and our national independence; I therefore return to my post." So saying, he returned towards the Casouba, and I followed my guide, by whom I was conducted to the house of an Arabian marabout, where I was to remain concealed until means were found of effecting my escape from Algiers with safety and comfort.

The next day, however, Lord Exmouth having entirely annihilated the barbarous arrogance and despotism of Omar Pacha by bombarding his city, and destroying almost the whole of his fleet, I had no longer any need to conceal myself; and on the 29th of August, I called on the English consul-general, who, now restored to liberty, had resumed his diplomatical functions, and acquainted him with my situation; through his protection and interest I soon obtained the effects that were at the residence of that specimen of Iscariotic perfidy, Ben Isaac.

Would that I could end this interesting incident of my life with a joyous recollection! But no; my mind is even now distressed in informing the reader that, on making inquiries about my grateful friend Abd-al-Ali, I found that, early in the morning of the 27th, having been denounced by a Mameluke for saving me, he had been immediately beheaded at the place where, three hours after him, the high admiral and minister of the Algerine navy had met with the same fate.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

THE WEDDING—A BACKWOOD SKETCH.

DURING a residence in America, no observing person can fail to have remarked, whether he travel in Canada, the United States, or Texas, the vast number of Irish families everywhere to be met with. They bear such distinctly-marked peculiarities, that no mistake can occur in attributing to them their native soil. It has been my lot to visit many of the settlements of these wanderers from the green isle; but nowhere did I meet any family which so singularly interested me, as one which a few months back was residing within the limits of the young republic of Texas, consisting of the father, mother, a son, and two daughters. Old Rock, or as he is generally called, Captain Rock—a name doubtless assumed—emigrated to America seventeen years ago—his family then consisting of two daughters; for the son was born afterwards in the land of his adoption. For seven years, the sturdy Irishman, (originally well informed and well educated, though his early history was never known,) contended with the difficulties incident to new settlers, with various success in different parts of the Union, when he was induced to join the first band

of adventurers who, under General Austin, obtained leave from the Mexican government to locate themselves in Texas. The family obtained a grant of land as a matter of course; but old Rock did not fancy settled agricultural pursuits. To have round him a well-stocked farm, cleared and productive fields, and herds of cattle, would have required a degree of perseverance and patient personal labor of which he was incapable. He preferred the life of a wandering squatter, upon which he at once entered, and which he has never since deserted. Building a boat, old Rock embarked in it on one of the Texian rivers, with his family, an old gun, and a small stock of ammunition, and, following the windings of the stream, did not stop until he came to an abandoned log hut, or frame-house, where he thought he might find temporary accommodation.

Of these deserted houses Texas has many, their abundance arising from various causes—death from fever, the terrible civil war, or, oftener still, from men having hastily chosen a location, and built thereon, before it was found out that the spot was undesirable and unproductive. Rock was not nice. If the neighborhood supplied game, he was satisfied. Sometimes an acre of sweet potatoes, Indian corn, and pumpkins, might be put under cultivation; otherwise, the family lived entirely upon venison, wild fowl, fish and oysters, and it was whispered, pork upon occasion. A reported fondness for this latter article was one of the causes of old Rock's frequent migrations. No sooner did he pitch himself in any neighborhood, than it was said, pork was at a premium. Pigs certainly disappeared most mysteriously; but though all threw the blame upon Rock, he ever averred the panthers, wolves, and stray hunters, to have been the real culprits. However this might be, after some months' residence in any particular spot, the family usually received a polite notice to quit, and find another dwelling-place. Eighteen several times had the Hibernian patriarch removed his tent at the bidding of his fellows; any neglect of such orders being usually followed by the infliction of that summary justice called Lynch law.

When I became acquainted with the family, early in the autumn of 1842, they were residing on one of the tributaries which pour into Galveston bay—known as Dick's Creek. The son was sixteen, a small-made lad, who entirely supported the family by means of his gun, being one of the most expert hunters I ever met with in the backwoods. Every article not produced by themselves—their clothing being entirely of deer skin—was obtained by bartering venison hams, which they always carefully preserved for this purpose. Rock and his wife were now old; the former, though yet sturdy, moving about only in his boat, and smoking over his fire; the latter doing all the cooking. Mary and Betsy Rock, the daughters, it would be vain to attempt faithfully to delineate. Fat, brown, and healthy, dressed in petticoats and spencers of deerskin, they were the most original pair it was ever my lot to encounter. They could neither read nor write, but could hunt and fish most excellently well; and two adventurous days they were that I spent in their company. They had never seen an Englishman before since they were grown up, and my pictures of life at home enraptured them. With the younger daughter, Mary—the other was engaged to be married to a Yankee—I became a prodigious favorite, and many a hunt in canoe and in the prairie had we together. But

to my story. After leaving them with a faithful promise of paying another visit, I found myself, six weeks after, again at the door of the once elegant frame-house where I had left them. To my surprise it was half-burnt and desolate. This disappointed me much; for I had brought up several appropriate presents for both my young friends. Pursuing my way, however, up the river, I halted at a farm-house, where I found several persons collected, who quickly informed me that the family had been "mobbed" off the creek, with threats of being shot if they settled within ten miles of the spot. Where they had gone to no one knew, nor seemed to care; and these parties being the very extempore administrators of justice who had warned them off, I soon departed, and gained the house of my friend Captain Tod, where I purposed ruralizing during some weeks. From Tod I learned that two fat pigs had lately disappeared; and suspicion most unjustly, as it afterwards turned out, having fallen on the Rocks, the squatter and his family had to seek a new resting-place. On hearing this, I gave up all idea of ever again seeing my fair friends.

Three days passed in the usual occupations of a hunting party, when, on the afternoon of the fourth day, I was left alone in the log-hut to amuse myself over certain lately arrived English papers, while my companions were employed in searching the country round for some cattle which my friend the captain was desirous of selling. About an hour before sunset, footsteps, which I supposed to be those of one of the returning party of cow-boys, were heard behind the hut, then at its side, and in a minute more the latch was raised, and in walked—Tim Rock. The young hunter, having satisfied himself that I was really there, advanced close to me, and answered my greetings. My first inquiries were after his sisters. "Why," said he, "sister Bet is to be married to-morrow, and sister Mary has sent me to invite you to the wedding." "How," said I, in some surprise, "did your sister know I was here?" Tim laughed, and replied that, when I stopped with my boat's crew at the farm-house, he was on the opposite bank in the big timber hunting, but dared not communicate with me in consequence of what had occurred. After a few more words of explanation, I shouldered my gun, my packet of presents for the young ladies, and, leaving a line in pencil for my friends, followed Tim through the forest, until we reached the water's edge, where, carefully concealed by overhanging trees and bushes, I found a moderate-sized canoe. It was almost dark when I stepped into the boat, but still I saw that it already contained a human being; so my hand mechanically sought the butt of my pistol. "You won't shoot me, sir," said the rich, full, merry voice of Mary Rock to my infinite surprise. Tim laughed heartily at my mistaking her for an Indian, and then, cautioning me to speak low, until all the houses on the river were passed, we placed ourselves in the craft, and commenced our voyage. I, knowing the bayou to a nicety, acted as steersman. Mary sat next with a paddle, and Tim in the bows with another. It seemed that, determined to have me at the wedding, the brother and sister, with the consent of their friends, had started to fetch me, feeling certain that I would come, after the promises I had made to that effect. It seemed that they had judged rightly; for here was I, in company with two of the rudest settlers in the wilderness, embarked in a frail canoe to go I knew not

whither—nor did I much care. This roving spirit it was, indeed, which initiated me into many secrets and mysteries of the woods and prairies which escape the more sober and methodical.

The record of that night's journey would in itself be a curious chapter in western economy; but more important matters forbid. Suffice it to remark, that, after sixteen miles' journey down a river by moonlight, and as many more across the rough and sea-like bay of Galveston, enlivened by merry jocund talk all the way, we arrived about dawn at the new settlement of the Rock family. It was a large deserted barn or warehouse near Clare Creek. The family were already up and stirring, and engaged in active preparation for the important ceremony; and, to my surprise, the supply of eatables and drinkables was both varied and great—all, however, being presents from the bridegroom, one Luke, a wealthy land-owner for Texas, in possession of much cleared ground, and many hundred head of cattle. It may be matter of surprise that a man well to do in the world should have chosen a bride so every way rude and uneducated; but in Texas women are scarce, and then the lover might have looked far before he could have found a more cheerful and good-natured companion, more willing to learn, more likely to be loving, faithful, and true, than Betsy Rock. The blushing bride received me in a cotton gown, shoes and stockings, and other articles of civilized clothing previously unknown to her, and in which she felt sufficiently awkward. But Luke had sent them, and Betsy wished to appear somebody on her wedding day. My presents were all, therefore, except a bead-necklace, employed in decorating Mary, who, secreting herself behind a screen with her sister, almost convulsed me with laughter by appearing a few minutes after in a man's red hunting-shirt, a cotton petticoat, white stockings and moccasins, the body of a silk dress sent to her by a Galveston lady, and a cap and bonnet. Never was London or Parisian belle prouder than was this little rosy-cheeked light-hearted Texian beauty.

About eight o'clock the visitors began to arrive. First came a boatful of men and women from Galveston, bringing with them a negro fiddler, without whom little could have been done. Then came Dr. Worcester and his lady from St. Leon in a canoe; after them Colonel Brown from Anahuac in his *dug-out*; and, about nine, the bridegroom and four male and an equal number of female companions on horseback, the ladies riding either before or behind the gentlemen on pillions. Ere ten, there were thirty odd persons assembled, when a most substantial breakfast was set down to, chiefly consisting of game, though pork, beef, coffee, and, rarer still, bread, proved that Luke had had a hand in it. This meal being over, the boat in which the party from Galveston had come up, and which was an open craft for sailing or pulling, was put in requisition to convey the bride and bridegroom to the nearest magistrate, there to plight their troth. The distance to be run was six miles with a fair wind going, but dead against us on our return. The party consisted of Luke, who was a young man of powerful frame, but rather unpleasant features; the bride and bride's maid, (Mary Rock officiating in this capacity,) papa of course, myself as captain, and eight men to pull us back. The breeze was fresh, the craft a smart sailer, the canvass was rap full, and all therefore being in our favor, we reached West Point, the residence of Mr. Parr, the magistrate,

in less than an hour. We found our Texian Solon about to start in chase of a herd of deer, just reported by his son as visible, and being therefore in a hurry, the necessary formalities were gone through, the fee paid, and the usual document in the possession of the husband in ten minutes. The eye of the old squatter was moistened as he gave his child away; some natural tears *she* shed, but dried them soon; and presently everybody was as merry as ever.

No sooner were the formalities concluded, than we returned to the boat, and to our great delight found that, close-hauled, we could almost make the desired spot. The wind had shifted a point, and ere ten minutes, we were again clean full, the tide with us, and the boat walking the waters at a noble rate. All looked upon this as a good omen, and were proportionably merrier; none more so than my own particular friend Mary, who, in her finery, was an object of much good-humored joking from the men who surrounded her. About one o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Charles Luke were presented by old Rock to the assembled company at the barn; and, after an embrace from her mother, the bride led the way, accompanied by her lord and master, to the dinner table. The woods, prairies, and waters, as well as the Galveston market, had all liberally contributed their share of provender. Wild turkeys, ducks, geese, haunches of venison, were displayed, beside roast beef, pork, red-fish, Irish and sweet potatoes, pumpkin and apple pie, and an abundant supply of whisky, brandy, and Hollands, without which a *fête* in Texas is nothing thought of. An hour was consumed in eating and drinking, when Sambo was summoned to take his share in the day's proceedings. Tables, such as they were, were cleared away, the floor swept, partners chosen, and, despite the remonstrance of one of the faculty present, Dr. Worcester, against dancing so shortly after a heavy meal, all present, the dissident included, began to foot it most nimbly. Never was there seen such dancing since the world began, never such laughing, such screaming, such fiddling. Every one took off shoes and stockings. I was compelled to do so, to save the toes of my especial partner, Mary; and to the rapid music of the old negro, reels and country dances were rattled off at a most surprising rate. All talked, and joked, and laughed, such couples as were tired retreating to seek refreshment; but the dancing never ceasing, except at rare intervals, when Sambo gave in from sheer fatigue and thirst. Such was the state of things until about nine o'clock, when a sudden diminution in our number was noticed by all present. Mary had before let me into the secret; and the bride and bridegroom were missed, as well as the four couples who had accompanied Luke. Rushing into the open air, we descried the husband and wife on their fine black horse galloping beneath the pale moon across the prairie, escorted by their friends. A loud shout was given them, and those who remained, returned to the house to renew the dancing, which was kept up until a late hour. It was four days after my departure ere I regained my companions at Todville.

Such was the wedding of one of those hardy pioneers of civilization, whose descendants may yet be members of a great and powerful nation. I saw Luke and his wife, as well as Mary, on many subsequent occasions; but I never learned that the American backwoodsman repented his union with the wild Irish Diana, who had hunted deer on

Murtany island with the English stranger, could paddle a canoe with more ease than she could use a needle, and shoot a duck with more facility than write her name. Luke, however, is teaching her more useful accomplishments; and Betsy, ere her children—one of whom I have already seen—are of an age to require instruction, will doubtless be able to render it. I hope, however, my picture will send over no one to wed Mary; for, though I have for the meantime returned to civilization, I cannot yet resign a certain faint notion, that there might be worse lives than that of a Texian settler with such an associate.

From Chambers' Journal.

JOHN PARISH ROBERTSON.

PARTICULAR circumstances enable us to give a sketch of the life of a man extraordinary in many respects—John Parish Robertson—who died on 1st of November last at Calais, whither he had gone for the benefit of a mild climate. This individual, it will be recollected, returned to England a few years ago as ambassador for some of the South American republics, a function to which he was chosen on account of the remarkable talents and energy which he had shown in that part of the world in his capacity as a merchant; singular to tell, he had left his native country, only a few years before, as a boy, without either money or friends. A career, distinguished by so extraordinary a circumstance, cannot, we may well suppose, be without some interest.

The father of the subject of our memoir was at one time assistant-secretary to the Bank of Scotland in Edinburgh: we remember him in the decline of his days, a clever, lively, quaint old man, with a strong spice of the good breeding of the old school, which gave at once limitation and point to his many humorous sallies, and made him the delight of listening youth. The mother of Mr. Robertson was Juliet Parish, daughter of an eminent Hamburg merchant of Scottish extraction. John Parish Robertson was born either in Kelso or Edinburgh, and educated at the grammar school of Dalkeith. While he was still a boy, his father was obliged, on account of bad health, to resign his situation in the bank, and enter a mercantile house at Glasgow. Commissioned to visit the river Plate for business objects, he took his clever boy along with him, partly for the sake of his company, and partly with a view to introduce him to a mercantile career. They were together in Monte Video when it was occupied by the British under General Whitelock in 1806; and Mr. Robertson used to say that his first appearance in public life was as a powder-monkey, having been put to the business of handing out cartridges during some of the military operations of the place. On the cession of this city, Mr. Robertson senior sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, but sent his son home by the shortest road. The boy had now, however, imbibed a taste for foreign mercantile adventure; and before he had been long at home, and while still in his fourteenth year, he resolved to start anew on his own account, by a vessel bound from Greenock for Rio Janeiro. When he had paid his passage in this bark, he found himself in possession of two guineas, and one of these he thought it as well to send back to his mother, who he thought might need it more than he, as his father was still absent.

The humble duties of a clerk at Rio and on the river Plate brought Robertson on to near his twenty-first year, by which time his abilities and good conduct had gained him the confidence of several influential persons. He was now enabled to proceed in the capacity of a mercantile agent to Assumption, the chief city of Paraguay, a country of great resources, but at that time, and for many years after, prostrated under the eccentric tyrant Francia. Of his residence there, and all that fell under his notice, including an interview with the tyrant himself, he afterwards presented a faithful account to the world, in two works entitled *Letters on Paraguay*, and *Francia's Reign of Terror*. Being compelled by Francia to leave the country in 1815, along with a younger brother who had joined him, he sailed with the remainder of his property for Buenos Ayres, but was stopped by accident at Corrientes, and induced to remain there for some time. This part of South America was now under the control of a mere master of brigands, by name Artigas, who plundered the poor estancieros, or farmers, at his pleasure, and was indeed rapidly reducing the province to a desert. The circumstances which detained Mr. Robertson were as follow.

He was one evening sitting under the corridor of his house, revolving what slight accidents among these marauders might give his body to the dogs, and his property to the winds, when he was accosted by a tall, raw-boned, ferocious-looking man in gaucho attire, (that is, the attire of the shepherd chiefs of these plains,) with two cavalry pistols stuck in his girdle, a sabre in a rusty steel scabbard, &c.; unkempt, unwashed, and blistered to the eyes; and who, with a page or follower entirely worthy of himself, rode up to his very chair. Mr. Robertson expected that these would speedily be followed by others, and, in short, that the period he had expected was come. This, however, proved a friend; an *Irishman* of the name of Campbell, originally bred as a tanner, afterwards a soldier, who, having remained in the country when it was evacuated by the British, was at this time in possession of a command under Artigas, and for his desperate courage much esteemed by him. To Mr. Robertson's astonishment, this man, who had previously, seen him in a very critical period of his history, a prisoner in the camp of Artigas, but who was now his friend, the moment he had heard of his arrival from Paraguay, under circumstances of misfortune which were perfectly known to him, had conceived a plan of operations for their mutual interest. "There is not an estanciero," he said, "that has the courage to go to his own estate, or to peep out of his own window, unless he knows I am out to protect him; nor is there a gaucho among them dares to interfere with them, knowing I am out. I know you have the control of large property here, and that you are endeavoring to convert it into produce to take to Buenos Ayres; but you will never get all you want, till you command my humble abilities. Therefore let me go out and scour the country with your money, carried by Eduardo (his follower;) and I promise you, that in a year the hides of 50,000 bullocks, and 100,000 horses, shall be sent here or to Goya" [a port about 150 miles nearer Buenos Ayres.] "I don't want much salary," he continued; "I like the occupation. Give me 1200 dollars a-year [about £250] for myself and Eduardo, and I am your man. I want nothing for my expenditure either in food or horses; my friends are ever too

happy to see me, to admit of remuneration for either."

In conclusion, this bargain was struck; money to a large amount was from time to time intrusted to his man, and he always faithfully accounted for it. He made many large purchases, and as honestly paid for them. The Messrs. Robertson found the business so profitable, that they at last invested £5000 even in the wagons and bullocks necessary to transport their merchandize. As the people came to their abandoned and miserable-looking establishments, Campbell and his men would set about helping them to put their farm-houses into repair, to get their corrales, or pens for cattle, made good, to collect some milch-cows and horses, and to gather together a flock of sheep from the peon's huts scattered about. He would here procure from some village a carpenter to mend doors and set up wagons; and there he would engage to send carts of our own to take away produce. He aroused the small towns and villages, as well as the estancieros, from their dormant state into an active pursuit of business; and, in short, under the protection, as it may be said, of this admirable fellow, and the enterprise of these liberal and adventurous men, the country, as if by magic, started into new life and prosperity. Messrs. Robertson, however, were induced by prudential considerations to wind up the business after a year, and retire to Buenos Ayres. Campbell soon after sunk into some obscure situation.

In 1817, Mr. Robertson returned to Scotland, at once to revisit home and establish more extensive and intimate relations with it, having left his brother and a friend in charge of matters in Buenos Ayres. He was now received by his grandfather (by this time in splendid retirement at Bath) as a worthy scion of the house. He in due time settled at Liverpool, for the purpose of establishing connections there and at Manchester; and he added Glasgow, Paisley, and London. In the end of 1820 he sailed again for Buenos Ayres, but destined for Chili and Peru. He effected settlements in those quarters also; and thus, as he states in the last of his "Letters on South America," their connection extended "from Paraguay to Corrientes, from Corrientes to Santa Fe, from Santa Fe to Buenos Ayres, and round Cape Horn, and across the Andes, to Chili and Peru." In fine, in the autumn of 1824 or 1825, this still young man landed at the port of Greenock, which he had left about eighteen years before with a single guinea in his pocket, with claims and assets to the value of £100,000; in a ship chartered for his sole use, and with the character of political agent and representative in this country of several of the South American republics.

It is truly painful to think that this well-gained wealth and distinction was to be of brief duration. He had established himself in London in connection with some of the first merchants there, and was prepared to carry on South American business with new spirit and new means, when the widespread ruin of 1826 involved him, and he was compelled to return to that country to attempt the recovery of some part of his fortune. Baffled in this object, he returned in 1830 comparatively an impoverished man, and finding that he must wait in the hope of better days, he quietly entered himself a student in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, in order to effect an object he had long contemplated, that of making himself a scholar. It was an odd resolution in one approaching forty, but not un-

worthy of an enthusiasm which had already in another walk led him to such brilliant results. He did acquire, in three years, much scholarship, but it was at a cost somewhat too great, as afterwards appeared. Mr. Robertson, it may be remarked, though under the middle size, was originally of a robust frame of body; but he had undergone, in the course of his adventurous career in South America, much fatigue and hardship, and some flesh and spirit-shaking trials of no ordinary kind. While still a youth, he had had many long journeys on horseback across the Pampas and the Cordilleras, and in various other directions, in pursuit of business objects. On one occasion, in ascending the Parana by navigation, he had had his ship and cargo seized, and himself carried before the brutal Artigas, who was about to shoot him, when his brother arrived, and successfully interceded for him. The writer of this has seen a small prayer-book belonging to him, in the fly-leaf of which he had written a prayer in contemplation of immediate death on this occasion. Then he had seen the fruits of all his toils reft from him in one moment, and himself reduced from something like greatness to penury: few pass altogether unaffected in health through such calamities. The addition of severe study was little needed to endanger the constitutional health of this remarkable man. So it was, however, that he found it necessary to retire from college sooner than he intended, and seek for new vigor in a beautifully placed cottage in the Isle of Wight.

Here, for about a year, he was chiefly occupied with his endeavors to obtain an arrangement of his business affairs. The necessity of seeking for bread then (1834) brought him to London, where for some years more his pursuits were almost solely of a literary kind. Besides publishing the two works, on South America, which have been named, he contributed many papers on similar subjects to the magazines, and thus contrived to realize some moderate gains. More recently, he gave the world a work entitled *Letters on South America*. Another comparatively recent event of his life was his marriage to a young lady who loved him solely for his own sake and "for the dangers he had passed." He contemplated, we believe, a third series of South American Letters, but death has stepped in to balk the intention.

Such is, we fear, a very imperfect outline of the life of one of those men—the guiltless Napoleons of common life—who occasionally start from obscurity under impulses given to them by Providence for no mean purposes. Robertson was, we think, altogether a remarkable man—a merchant while yet a boy—a political figure of considerable importance while little above thirty—afterwards an accomplished scholar and litterateur, and all this without anything like the basis of patrimony or education—all the product of his own innate energy and genius. His first independent act in life stamps, we think, the moral nature of the man as pure and genuine. It never was belied by any subsequent act. His courage and coolness in the most trying situations could not be exceeded; and as his means increased, so did his liberality to his family, and to all having claims upon him.

His enterprise, and the soundness of his judgment in that enterprise, were equally conspicuous, though ultimately baffled by misconduct, not so much in individuals, as in states. He was the first to open up and to establish a considerable intercourse with Paraguay; and though himself ex-

truded from that country, the intercourse he had established he still kept up. The extent of his transactions at Corrientes, and the consequences to himself and the country, have been in some degree indicated. Upwards of one thousand bullocks were at last daily occupied on land, and several ships on water, in carrying on the business of which he was the head. He and his brother not only repeatedly rode along great part of the distance from Corrientes to Buenos Ayres in the course of that business, with the rapidity of couriers, but they established a regular courier, perhaps the first and only one ever established on the banks of the Parana. As the voyage up the Plate and Parana, by the usual mode of tracking the vessels, was in the last degree tedious and expensive, Mr. Robertson, at his own expense and risk, introduced steam, having sent a steam-vessel from this country under the command of a friend. Agriculture on a proper principle being almost unknown in those countries, Mr. Robertson purchased an estate of many thousand acres within twenty miles of Buenos Ayres, and introduced on it a colony of Scottish agriculturists, with all their implements and habits, including the schoolmaster and clergyman. The moment he could calculate that the republics of Chili and Peru, or even their principal cities, would be open to British commerce, he followed in the wake of the conquerors, who were his particular friends, and established a trade on the most respectable scale; and finally, though he left a trade established and warehouses stocked with every requisite for its continuance, he was himself so prudent in his selection of customers that on leaving those establishments to come and serve the republics in which they had been set up in this country, he did not leave three thousand dollars due to them in any direction. Wherever he saw an opening for industry, thither he went; and wherever he went, he organized a trade; and not merely with a view to the present, but also to future times. All his plans will yet pay, though not to him; and they would have paid him, but for a perversity in the states which he sought to benefit, that astonished and disappointed every one taking an interest in their affairs, as well as himself. Even his estate of Monte-Grande, which, as a model introduced for the benefit of the republic, much more than of the individual, should have been held sacred, was profaned and almost devastated by the barbarous followers of the wretches contending for political power; the trees on it being broken down for fire-wood in some of their senseless contests, and the walls of the gardens and houses used as fortifications. Yet notwithstanding all these injuries, personal, and, it may be said, public, and although he has related traits in the persons who have successively risen to power in those states, which seem to stigmatize the people, yet he has never written of them in any other than a spirit of the greatest impartiality and even tenderness.

Mr. Robertson's features were not fine, but they were manly and pleasing. In business he was grave and decided, but business over, he was all cheerfulness. Being imprisoned with his brother at Corrientes by some worthies who had mistaken their power, he turned their prison into a ball-room, as is related by his brother, not in the way of bravado, but to make his more unfortunate companions temporarily happy. Being stripped of everything, even his linen, by the soldiers of Artigas, and an old soldier's coat thrown to him in lieu

of all, he was still cheerful; and whenever, on his visits to this country, he could strike up a dance instead of indulging at table, he was ever ready to do it. His wish to diffuse more lasting happiness was not less. A friend in Liverpool having lost his all, Mr. Robertson, without being solicited, but asking what would assist him, gave him £2000. A friend of his father in Edinburgh (when he required a friend) having expressed a wish to carry out some improvements on his estate, which required a similar amount, Mr. Robertson gave it. His liberality in encouraging useful enterprise has been already mentioned; and, in short, what he acquired by skill as a merchant, he used with munificence as a man. Of all the sums so bestowed, it is believed he lost little: his losses proceeded from the faults of states, and not of individuals.

As a writer, we think Mr. Robertson's style is singularly clear and strong; and as he wrote mostly of what he had seen, his descriptions are in the last degree graphic, as well as entertaining and useful. He sometimes fails in humor—in serious matters never. His conversational style was good; and having travelled far, and read and thought much, and mingled in almost every variety of life, his opinions were always ready and sound. Had he lived to write more variously, he would have attained a higher place, because in that variety would have been displayed the extent of his information and his sagacity; and even in the peculiar path he had chosen, no one who knew him doubts that the concluding portion of his labors would have been the most valuable.

From the Athenæum.

RELIGIO MEDICI. *Its sequel, Christian Morals.* By Sir THOMAS BROWNE, Kt. M. D. With Resemblant Passages from Cowper's Task, and a Verbal Index. Longman & Co.

THE present, we are told by the editor, is the first correct edition that has been printed of this quaintly attractive book. A table of errata to the edition of 1643 shows, he observes, that it underwent a nice examination by the author; yet all subsequent editions have overlooked this important table.

It is pleasant after many years, to renew one's acquaintance with an old literary favorite and friend. To enjoy such a work, the reader must be willing to enter dramatically into its scope and design—to see the author in it rather than his subject—to take pleasure in his egotism, and sympathize with his idiosyncrasy. Here, then, is a benevolent genial nature, revelling unembarrassed in its own riches, believing and loving for the mere sake of believing and loving, and affecting occasional doubt only by way of relief from the monotony of one prevailing sentiment; uttering its opinions as heresies, and defending its heresies as orthodox dogmas. Nothing is more amusing than such a display of mono-dramatic character; nothing more delightful than the individuality of it. Every class and section of readers can find something to like and agree with in the *Religio Medici*; and no reader will find anything to quarrel with, when rightly understood, and in relation to the author's personality, unless he be a bigot or a partizan. Those who are disposed to what Sir T. Browne calls "wingy mysteries in divinity," will here receive sufficient encouragement to the exercise of

an active faith ; and those whose minds are troubled with suspicions and misapprehensions, will here meet with a friend and brother who will freely confess to the same difficulties, and yet demonstrate their consistency and compatibility with the constant possession of a willing belief, so powerful and energetic in its nature and quality, that, like Aaron's rod, it swallows them up, and makes nothing of them.

Much grave matter, too, may here be gleaned—thoughts deep as the centre ; clear, and pure, and lofty, as the Empyrean—wisdom made visible in the mirror of the universe—cryptic meanings in all apparent chances, that substitute Providence where others would read Fortune, and ascribe “the swing of her wheel,” not to the motion of “intelligences,” but to “the hand of God,” wide-reaching charities, willing to believe all things and so thorough a perception of the soul's immortality, as to predicate no miracle, but the privilege of her own proper nature, for her outliving death. Fancies also of the finest and subtlest vein abound in the mine of this old book ; some of them best contemplated in the obscurity of their origin, and others that will bear bringing to the broader light of the present day. How exquisite the author's notion, that he was not so much *afraid* as *ashamed* of death !—that we are happier with death, than we should have been without it !—and that to be immortal, we must die daily !—Nor let us idly esteem such sportive phrases as mere verbal clenches ; but appreciate them for thoughtful concatenations such as, in the more favored hours of meditation, come together in the world of mind, after long wandering about its borders, and are recognized by their parent as brethren, by reason of their unexpected similitude. In the harmony of their welcome, you shall hear the loftiest utterances of truth, and of that philosophy, which, by the necessity of its being, is anticipative of all possible science.

Such as this :—

“I believe the world grows near its end, yet is neither old nor decayed, nor will ever perish upon the ruins of its own principles. As the work of creation was above nature, so its adversary, annihilation ; without which the world hath not its end but its mutation. Now what force should be able to consume it thus far, without the breath of God which is the truest consuming flame, my philosophy cannot inform me. Some believe there went not a minute to the world's creation, nor shall there go to its destruction ; those six days so punctually described, make not to them one moment, but rather seem to manifest the method and idea of the great work in the intellect of God, than the manner how he proceeded in its operation. I cannot dream that there should be at the last day any such judicial proceeding, or calling to the bar, as indeed the Scripture seems to imply, and the literal commentators do conceive ; for unspeakable mysteries in the Scriptures are often delivered in a vulgar and illustrative way ; and being written unto man, are delivered not as they truly are, but as they may be understood ; wherein, notwithstanding, the different interpretations according to different capacities may stand firm with our devotion, nor be any way prejudicial to each single edification.”

This, however, is not a book to be quoted, but read. We therefore commend the present edition to the studious reader, protesting only against the list of so-called “resemblant passages,” with which it concludes. With one or two exceptions, never perhaps was contrast rather than comparison so prerogative and cardinal.

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

I'D BE A PARODY.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I'd be a Parody, made by a ninny,
On some little song with a popular tune,
Not worth a halfpenny, sold for a guinea,
And sung in the Strand by the light of the moon ;
I'd never sigh for the sense of a Pliny,
(Who cares for sense at St. James' in June ?)
I'd be a Parody, made by a ninny,
And sung in the Strand by the light of the moon.

Oh, could I pick up a thought or a stanza,
I'd take a flight on another bard's wings,
Turning his rhymes into extravaganza,
Laugh at his harp—and then pilfer its strings !
When a poll-parrot can croak the cadenza
A nightingale loves, he supposes he sings !
Oh, never mind, I will pick up a stanza,
Laugh at his harp—and then pilfer its strings !

What though you tell me each metrical puppy
Might make of such parodies *two pair a day* ;
Mocking birds think they obtain for each copy
Paradise plumes for the parodied lay :—
Ladder of fame ! if man *can't* reach thy top, he
Is right to sing just as high up as he may ;
I'd be a Parody, made by a puppy,
Who makes of such parodies *two pair a day* !

GLORY.—Mr. Allen, in his work descriptive of the march through Scinde, presents the following scene, a fine comment on military glory :—“The entrance to the pass would have formed a fine subject for Salvator Rosa. The sun had not risen, and the gorge looked dark, gloomy, and threatening. I was between the quarter-master-general's party and the column ; consequently, there were but few people, and one or two officers scattered about. The craggy and fantastic rocks towered almost perpendicularly on both sides, many of them quite so, to an enormous height. The foreground was occupied by the skeletons of the ill-fated troops, with the larger forms of camels and horses. The gray light of morning scarcely allowed the eye to penetrate the pass, which appeared entirely shut in. Large carrion-crows and vultures, with flagging wings, were soaring heavily overhead. As we entered, the ghastly memorials of past calamity became more and more frequent. It is impossible to estimate their numbers, but the ground through the whole length of the pass, about five miles, was cumbered with them. Some were gathered in crowds under rocks, as if to obtain shelter from the biting wind ; we could conceive what it must have been in January, for such was the intensity of the cold, that we were almost all compelled to dismount and walk to keep life in our limbs, and the water froze in icicles on the legs of the horses. I counted in one place twelve skeletons huddled together in a little nook. Some, from their attitudes, appeared to be those of persons who had expired in great agony, probably from wounds. Most of them retained their hair, and the skin was dried on the bones, so that the hands and feet were little altered in form. Some were still covered with fragments of clothing, and here and there the uniform was discoverable. The horse and rider lay side by side, or men were seen clasped in each other's arms, as they had crowded together for warmth. One spot, where the pass was almost closed by rocks projecting from either side, was literally choked with the corpses of men, horses, and camels. It appeared as if a tremendous volley had been poured among them, or that the delay unavoidable in passing so narrow a gorge had caused them to drop from cold. A small ruined building, on the left of the road, was quite filled with dead bodies.”

From the Gallery of Portraits.

SCHWARTZ.

It is refreshing to turn from the scenes of war and bloodshed, and frequently of perfidy and oppression, by which our European empire in India was established and consolidated, to watch the progress of a benevolent and peaceful enterprise, the substitution of the Christian faith for the impure, and bloody, and oppressive superstitions of the Hindoos. We augur well of its success, though it is still far from its accomplishment; for, since the first hand was put to it, it has advanced with slow, yet certain and unflinching steps. Many able and good men have devoted themselves to the cause, and none with more distinguished success than he who has been called the Apostle of the East, CHRISTIAN SCHWARTZ. The saying of an eminent missionary, who preached to a far different people, the stern and high-minded Indians of North America, is exemplified in his life,—"Prayer and pains, through faith, will do anything." For years Schwartz labored in obscurity, with few scattered and broken rays of encouragement to cheer his way. But his patience, his integrity, his unwearied benevolence, his sincerity and unblemished purity of life, won a hearing for his words of doctrine; and he was rewarded at last by a more extended empire in the hearts of the Hindoos, both heathen and convert, than perhaps any other European has obtained.

Christian Frederic Schwartz was born at Sonnenburg, in the New Mark, Germany, October 26, 1726. His mother died while he was very young, and, in dying, devoted the child, in the presence of her husband and her spiritual guide, to the service of God, exacting from both of them a promise that they would use every means for the accomplishment of this, her last and earnest wish. Schwartz received his education at the schools of Sonnenburg and Custrin. He grew up a serious and well-disposed boy, much under the influence of religious impressions; and a train of fortunate circumstances deepened those impressions, at a time when the vivacity of youth, and the excitement of secular pursuits, had nearly withdrawn him from the career to which he was dedicated. When about twenty years of age he entered the University of Halle, where he obtained the friendship of one of the professors, Herman Francke, a warm and generous supporter of the missionary cause. While resident at Halle, Schwartz, together with another student, was appointed to learn the Tamul or Malabar language, in order to superintend the printing of a Bible in that tongue. His labor was not thrown away, though the proposed edition never was completed; for it led Francke to propose to him that he should go out to India as a missionary. The suggestion suited his ardent and laborious character, and was at once accepted. The appointed scene of his labors was Tranquebar, on the Coromandel coast, the seat of a Danish mission; and, after repairing to Copenhagen for ordination, he embarked from London for India, January 21, 1750, and reached Tranquebar in July.

It is seldom that the life of one employed in advocating the faith of Christ presents much of adventure, except from the fiery trials of persecution; or much of interest, except to those who will enter into the missionary's chief joy or sorrow, the success or inefficiency of his preaching. From persecution Schwartz's whole life was free; his difficulties did not proceed from bigoted or inter-

ested zeal, but from the apathetic subtlety of his Hindoo hearers, ready to listen, slow to be convinced, enjoying the mental sword-play of hearing, and answering, and being confuted, and renewing the same or similar objections at the next meeting, as if the preacher's former labors had not been. The latter part of his life was possessed of active interest; for he was no stranger to the court or the camp; and his known probity and truthfulness won for him the confidence of three most dissimilar parties, a suspicious tyrant, an oppressed people, and the martial and diplomatic directors of the British empire in India. But the early years of his abode in India possess interest neither from the marked success of his preaching, nor from his commerce with the busy scenes of conquest and negotiation. For sixteen years he resided chiefly at Tranquebar, a member of the mission to which he was first attached; but at the end of that time, in 1766, he transferred his services to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, with which he acted until death, and to which the care of the Danish mission at Tranquebar was soon after transferred. He had already, in 1765, established a church and school at Trichinopoly, and in that town he now took up his abode, holding the office of chaplain to the garrison, for which he received a salary of £100 yearly. This entire sum he devoted to the service of the mission.

For several years Schwartz resided principally at Trichinopoly, visiting other places, from time to time, especially Tanjore, where his labors ultimately had no small effect. He was heard with attention, he was everywhere received with respect, for the Hindoos could not but admire the beauty of his life, though it failed to win souls to his preaching. "The fruit," he said, "will perhaps appear when I am at rest." He had, however, the pleasure of seeing some portion of it ripen, for in more than one place a small congregation grew gradually up under his care. His toil was lightened and cheered in 1777, when another missionary was sent to his assistance from Tranquebar. Already he had derived help from some of his more advanced converts, who acted as catechists, for the instruction of others. He was sedulous in preparing these men for their important duty. "The catechists," he says, "require to be daily admonished and stirred up, otherwise they fall into indolence and impurity." Accordingly he daily assembled all those whose nearness permitted this frequency of intercourse; he taught them to explain the doctrines of their religion; he directed their labors for the day, and he received a report of those labors in the evening.

His visits to Tanjore became more frequent, and he obtained the confidence of the Rajah, or native prince, Tulia Maha, who ruled that city under the protection of the British. In 1779, Schwartz procured permission from him to erect a church in his capital, and, with the sanction of the Madras Government, set immediately to work on this task. His funds failing, he applied at Madras for further aid; but, in reply, he was summoned to the seat of government with all speed, and requested to act as an ambassador, to treat with Hyder Ally for the continuance of peace. It has been said, that Schwartz engaged more deeply than became his calling in the secular affairs of India. The best apology for his interference, if apology be needful, is contained in his own account:—"The novelty of the proposal surprised me at first; I begged some time to consider of it. At last I accepted of the offer, because by so doing I hoped to prevent evil, and to

promote the welfare of the country." The reason for sending him is at least too honorable to him to be omitted; it was the requisition of Hyder himself. "Do not send to me," he said, "any of your agents; for I do not trust their words or treaties; but if you wish me to listen to your proposals, send to me the missionary of whose character I hear so much from every one; him I will receive and trust."

In his character of an envoy, Schwartz succeeded admirably. He conciliated the crafty, suspicious, and unfeeling despot, without compromising the dignity of those whom he represented, or forgetting the meekness of his calling. He would gladly have rendered his visit to Seringapatam available to higher than temporal interest; but here he met with little encouragement. Indifferent to all religion, Hyder suffered the preacher to speak to him of mercy and of judgment; but in these things his heart had no part. Some few converts Schwartz made during his abode of three months; but on the whole he met with little success. He parted with Hyder upon good terms, and returned with joy to Tanjore. The peace, however, was of no long continuance; and Schwartz complained that the British government were guilty of the infraction. Hyder invaded the Carnatic, wasting it with fire and sword; and the frightened inhabitants flocked for relief and protection to the towns. Tanjore and Trichinopoly were filled with famishing multitudes. During the years 1781, 2, and 3, this misery continued. At Tanjore, especially, the scene was dreadful. Numbers perished in the streets of want and disease; corpses lay unburied, because the survivors had not energy or strength to inter them; the bonds of affection were so broken that parents offered their children for sale; and the garrison, though less afflicted than the native population, were enfeebled and depressed by want, and threatened by a powerful army without the walls. There were provisions in the country; but the cultivators frightened and alienated by the customary exactions and ill-usage, refused to bring it to the fort. They would trust neither the British authorities nor the Rajah; all confidence was destroyed. "At last the Rajah said to one of our principal gentlemen, 'We all, you and I, have lost our credit; let us try whether the inhabitants will trust Mr. Schwartz.' Accordingly, he sent me a blank paper, empowering me to make a proper agreement with the people. Here was no time for hesitation. The Sepoys fell down as dead people, being emaciated with hunger; our streets were lined with dead corpses every morning—our condition was deplorable. I sent therefore letters everywhere round about, promising to pay any one with my own hands, and to pay them for any bullock which might be taken by the enemy. In one or two days I got above a thousand bullocks; and sent one of our catechists, and other Christians, into the country. They went at the risk of their lives, made all possible haste, and brought into the fort, in a very short time, 80,000 kalams of grain. By this means the fort was saved. When all was over, I paid the people, even with some money which belonged to others, made them a small present, and sent them home."

The letter from which this passage is extracted was written to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, in consequence of an attack made by a member of parliament upon the character of the Hindoo converts, and depreciation of the labors of the missionaries. To boast was not in Schwartz's

nature; but he was not deterred by a false modesty from vindicating his own reputation, when it was expedient for his Master's service; and there has seldom been a more striking tribute paid to virtue, unassisted by power, than in the conduct of the Hindoos, as told in this simple statement. His labors did not cease with this crisis, nor with his personal exertions. He bought a quantity of rice at his own expense, and prevailed on some European merchants to furnish him with a monthly supply; by means of which he preserved many persons from perishing. In 1784, he was again employed by the Company on a mission to Tippoo Saib; but the son of Hyder refused to receive him. About this period his health, hitherto robust, began to fail; and in a letter, dated July, 1784, he speaks of the approach of death, of his comfort in the prospect, and firm belief in the doctrines which he preached. In the same year the increase of his congregation rendered it necessary to build a Malabar church in the suburbs of Tanjore, which was done chiefly at his own expense. In February, 1785, he engaged in a scheme for raising English schools throughout the country, to facilitate the intercourse of the natives with Europeans. Schools were accordingly established at Tanjore and three other places. The pupils were chiefly children of the upper classes—of Bramins and merchants; and the good faith with which Schwartz conducted these establishments deserves to be praised as well as his religious zeal. "Their intention, doubtless, is to learn the English language, with a view to their temporal welfare; but they thereby become better acquainted with good principles. No deceitful methods are used to bring them over to the doctrines of Christ, though the most earnest wishes are felt that they may attain that knowledge which is life eternal." In a temporal view, these establishments proved very serviceable to many of the pupils; but, contrary to Schwartz's hopes and wishes, not one of the young men became missionaries.

In January, 1787, Schwartz's friend, the Rajah of Tanjore, lay at the point of death. Being childless, he had adopted a boy, yet in his minority, as his successor; a practice recognized by the Hindoo law. His brother, Ameer Sing, however, was supported by a strong British party, and it was not likely that he would submit quietly to his exclusion from the throne. In this strait Tulia Maha sent for Schwartz, as the only person to whom he could intrust his adopted son. "This," he said, "is not my, but your son; into your hands I deliver the child." Schwartz accepted the charge with reluctance; he represented his inability to protect the orphan, and suggested that Ameer Sing should be named regent and guardian. The advice probably was the best that could be given; but the regent proved false, or at least doubtful in his trust; and the charge proved a source of trouble and anxiety. But by Schwartz's care, and influence with the Company, the young prince was reared to manhood, and established in possession of his inheritance. Nor were Schwartz's pains unsuccessful in cultivation of his young pupil's mind, who is characterized by Heber as an "extraordinary man." He repaid these fatherly cares with a filial affection, and long after the death of Schwartz testified, both by word and deed, his regard for his memory.

We find little to relate during the latter part of Schwartz's life, though much might be written, but that the nature of this work forbids us to dilate upon religious subjects. His efforts were unceas-

ing to promote the good, temporal as well as spiritual, of the Indian population. On one occasion he was requested to inspect the water-courses by which the arid lands of the Carnatic are irrigated; and his labors were rewarded by a great increase in the annual produce. Once the inhabitants of the Tanjore country had been so grievously oppressed, that they abandoned their farms, and fled the country. The cultivation which should have begun in June was not commenced even at the beginning of September, and all began to apprehend a famine. Schwartz says in the letter, which we have already quoted, "I entreated the Rajah to remove that shameful oppression, and to recall the inhabitants. He sent them word that justice should be done to them, but they disbelieved his promises. He then desired me to write to them, and to assure them that he, at my intercession, would show kindness to them. I did so. All immediately returned; and first of all the Collaries believed my word, so that seven thousand men came back in one day. The rest of the inhabitants followed their example. When I exhorted them to exert themselves to the utmost, because the time for cultivation was almost lost, they replied in the following manner:—'As you have showed kindness to us, you shall not have reason to repent of it: we intend to work night and day to show our regard for you.'"

His preaching was rewarded by a slow, but a progressive effect; and the number of missionaries being increased by the Society in England, the growth of the good seed, which he had sown during a residence of forty years, became more rapid and perceptible. In the country villages numerous congregations were formed, and preachers were established at Cuddalore, Vepery, Negapatam, and Palamcottah, as well as at the earlier stations of Tranquebar, Trichinopoly, and Tanjore, whose chief recreation was the occasional intercourse with each other which their duty afforded them, and who lived in true harmony and union of mind and purpose. The last illness of Schwartz was cheered by the presence of almost all the missionaries in the south of India, who regarded him as a father, and called him by that endearing name. His labors did not diminish as his years increased. From the beginning of January to the middle of October, 1797, we are told by his pupil and assistant, Caspar Kolhoff, he preached every Sunday in the English and Tamil languages by turns; for several successive Wednesdays he gave lectures in their own languages to the Portuguese and German soldiers incorporated in the 51st regiment; during the week he explained the New Testament in his usual order at morning and evening prayer; and he dedicated an hour every day to the instruction of the Malabar school children. In October, he who hitherto had scarce known disease, received the warning of his mortality. He rallied for a while, and his friends hoped that he might yet be spared to them. But a relapse took place, and he expired February 13, 1798, having displayed throughout a long and painful illness a beautiful example of resignation and happiness, and an interest undimmed by pain in the welfare of all for and with whom he had labored. His funeral, on the day after his death, presented a most affecting scene. It was delayed by the arrival of the Rajah, who wished to behold once more his kind, and faithful, and watchful friend and guardian. The coffin lid was removed; the prince gazed for the last time on the pale and composed features, and burst into tears. The funeral service was inter-

rupted by the cries of a multitude who loved the reliever of their distresses, and honored the pure life of the preacher who for near fifty years had dwelt among them, careless alike of pleasure, interest, and ambition, pursuing a difficult and thankless task with unchanging ardor, the friend of princes, yet unsullied even by the suspicion of a bribe, devoting his whole income, beyond a scanty maintenance, to the service of the cause which his life was spent in advocating.

The Rajah continued to cherish Schwartz's memory. He commissioned Flaxman for a monument erected to him at Tanjore; he placed his picture among those of his own ancestors; he erected more than one costly establishment for charitable purposes in honor of his name; and, though not professing Christianity, he secured to the Christians in his service not only liberty, but full convenience for the performance of their religious duties. Nor were the Directors backward in testifying their gratitude for his services. They sent out a monument by Bacon to be erected in St. Mary's Church at Madras, with orders to pay every becoming honor to his memory, and especially to permit to the natives, by whom he was so revered, free access to view this memorial of his virtues.

It is to be regretted that no full memoir of the life and labors of this admirable man has been published. It is understood that his correspondence, preserved by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, would furnish ample materials for such a work. The facts of this account are taken from the only two memoirs of Schwartz which we know to be in print,—a short one for cheap circulation published by the Religious Tract Society; and a more finished tribute to his memory in Mr. Carne's "Lives of Eminent Missionaries," recently published. We conclude in the words of one whose praise carries with it authority, Bishop Heber: "Of Schwartz, and his fifty years' labor among the heathen, the extraordinary influence and popularity which he acquired, both with Mussulmans, Hindoos, and contending European governments, I need give you no account, except that my idea of him has been raised since I came into the south of India. I used to suspect that, with many admirable qualities, there was too great a mixture of intrigue in his character—that he was too much of a political prophet, and that the veneration which the heathen paid, and still pay him, (and which indeed almost regards him as a superior being, putting crowns, and burning lights before his statue,) was purchased by some unwarrantable compromise with their prejudices. I find I was quite mistaken. He was really one of the most active and fearless, as he was one of the most successful missionaries, who have appeared since the apostles. To say that he was disinterested in regard of money, is nothing; he was perfectly careless of power, and renown never seemed to affect him, even so far as to induce an outward show of humility. His temper was perfectly simple, open, and cheerful; and in his political negotiations, (employments which he never sought, but which fell in his way,) he never pretended to impartiality, but acted as the avowed, though certainly the successful and judicious, agent of the orphan prince committed to his care, and from attempting whose conversion to Christianity he seems to have abstained from a feeling of honor.* His other converts were between six and seven thousand, being those which his companions and predecessors in the cause had brought over."

* He probably acted on the same principle as in conducting the English schools above-mentioned, using "no deceitful methods." That he was earnest in recommending the *means* of conversion, appears from a dying conversation with his pupil, Serfojee Rajah.